June 17, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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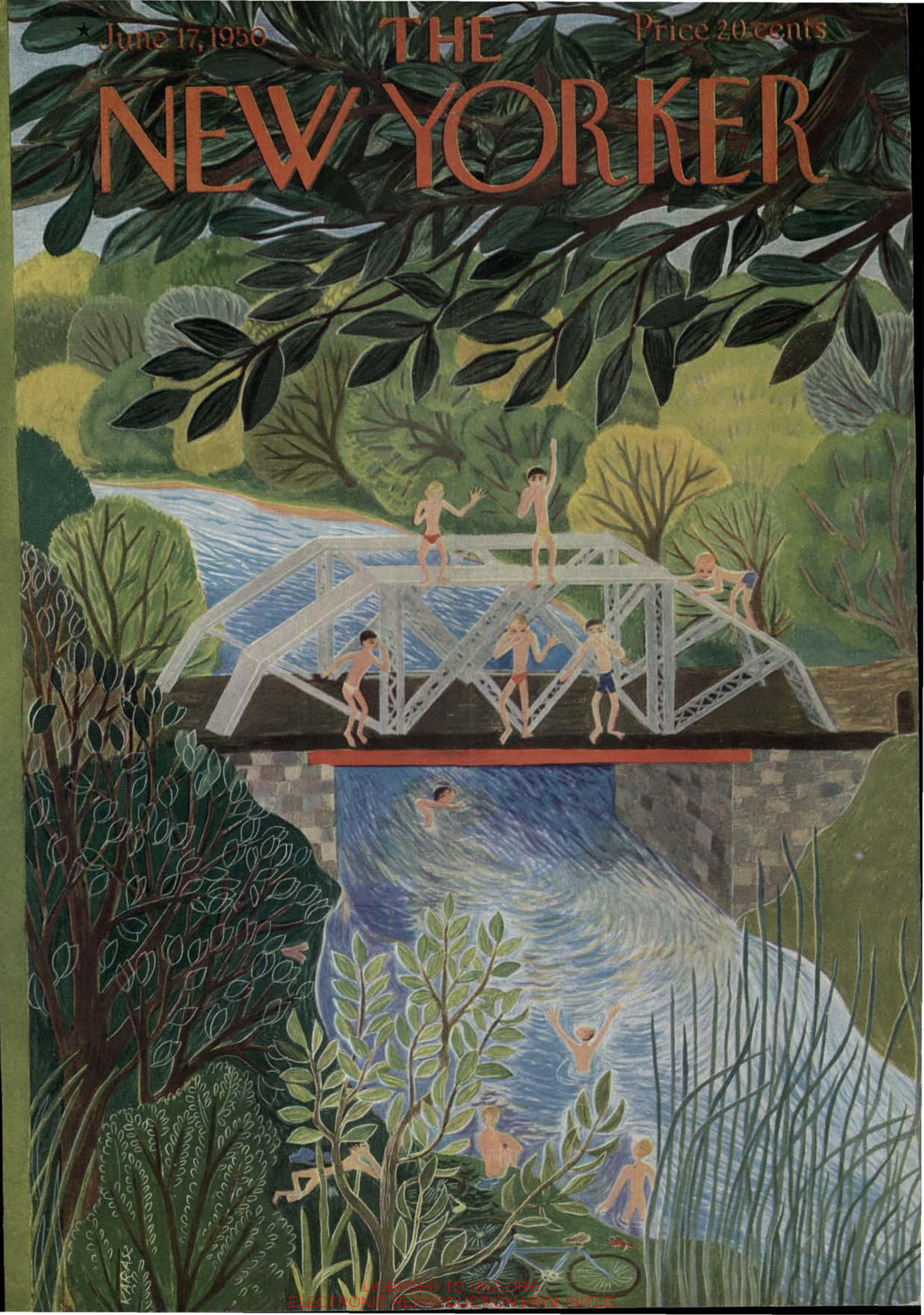

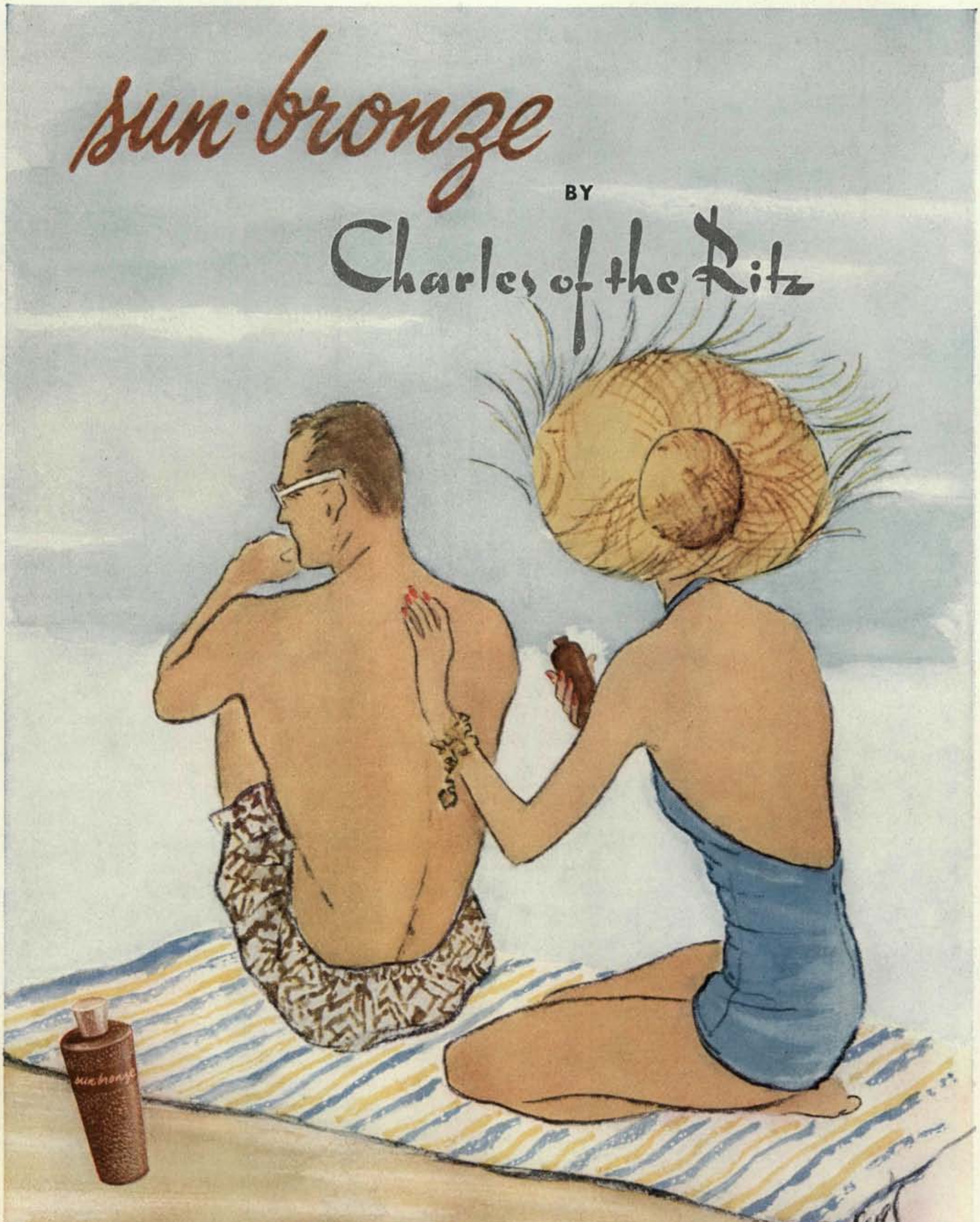
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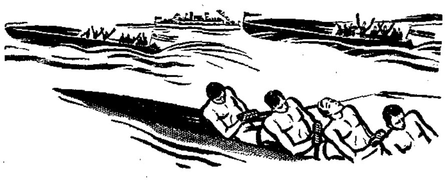
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, Cathleen Nesbitt, Hugh Williams, and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play that has to do with a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and an exciting work of art. The plot tells of the frantic efforts the wife of a fugitive from a police state makes to rejoin her husband across the border. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has an arresting score by the late Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to those who thought highly of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan heads the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its admirers. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often worth while, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Now with Larry Douglas. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt and John Carradine in a revival of Jean Giraudoux's play. Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday, June 15, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 25.)

The Show-Off and **Julius Caesar**—Two theatre-in-the-round productions. Lee Tracy closes in the first, George Kelly's comedy, on Saturday, June 17, and Basil Rathbone opens in Shakespeare's tragedy on Tuesday, June 20; it will run through Saturday, July 8. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday, June 22; Saturday, June 24; and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, all at 2:30.)

Cole Brothers Circus—A hundred acts, Hopalong Cassidy, five hundred horses, and lots of jungle beasts. Opens Wednesday, June 21, and will run through Sunday, June 25. (Yankee Stadium. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesday, June 21, at 2:30. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., MU 2-0600.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, offers Jules Lande's band, except on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Carmen Cavallaro's band, waxing lush beside one of the town's biggest dance floors. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra at dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed on Sundays, and during cocktails, except Sundays, "under the clock." No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Principally, Art Tatum, a great man on a Steinway. Jack Prince runs off some medium-weight gags, and Charlie Parker's staccato band makes dance music. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A strange, enchanted land whose populace rarely sees the light of day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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In the Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, Georgie Gobel, an anecdotal newcomer in the field of humor, plus the dancing of Josette and Walters. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band do the dance music. On Sunday, June 18, there will be a dinner show only, after which the room will close for the summer.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre every afternoon, and reappears at dinner and supper. Franz Dietschmann plays the zither, and Bernice Byres sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, which closes Wednesday, June 21, for the season, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins romp, and John Sebastian plays harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on the bandstand. Closed Sunday. ... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra rustle up their music for the millions. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, always a débutantes' delight, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras for dancing from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Blue Barron's big dance band is in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The commencement exercises on this campus are at once the longest and the liveliest on the continent. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A reasonably close approach to Nature is afforded by the open-air terrace, where the breezes may cool your soup but will also cool your brow. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A good substitute for a summer in that dream château on the Loire. This one is well appointed, with air-conditioning, Emile Petti's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, Martha King's songs, and other modern trimmings.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at dinner and supper, Vic Damone, a prominent representative of eager-beaver youth, sings, backed up by Ronnie Selby's piano. Guy Lombardo's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, and the Borr band works until ten only.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Cy Walter, in the shadow of the Drake's famous greenwood tree, plays those famous Walter piano chords at cocktails and dinner and again after the theatre.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Bela Bizony's gypsy ensemble prowls this sportsmen's paradise at dinner and supper, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkles along after ten.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Through Monday, June 19, Miss Hank Fort will sing her mountain music and Herb Corey will do his impersonations. Next night, Nancy Andrews, a big, blithe girl-about-town, returns to the scene of her first triumph. In the background, the piano of those old reliables—Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. Rudolph Valentino movies Sunday nights; amateurs on Mondays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of sunburst décor. Closed Sundays.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight o'clock on, except Mondays, the amiable Louis Hawkins distributes approximately equal quantities of piano, Southern hospitality, and local gossip in the little second-floor Empress Room.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Documentary proof that corn grew thick and high in Grandfather's day. Jerry Bergen is the merriest part of the proceedings; Paul Killiam's commentaries run him a narrow second. Dancing. Closed Monday, and closes for the summer on Saturday, June 24.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Now on a seven-day week. Thelma Carpenter sings *molto con brio* to Billy Kyle's piano except Sundays, when Ileen Cook, who's making her return to night life, turns loose her comic ballads. Laurie Brewis, the jaunty little Londoner, plays piano after nine every night but Monday.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The eminent Ellis Larkin is at the piano during cocktails and dinner. Later on, Jimmy Daniels and Norene Tate sing nostalgically, Garland Wilson fools around on the piano, and Babe Hines declaims her ditties in no uncertain terms. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays.... **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, fresh as a daisy and still twice as handsome, conducts a very sassy song recital here twice every evening but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Another large-scale Copa production. Mindy Carson, for whom life began here last year, is back to sing again; Romo Vincent is the comic; the DiGatanos are the dancers; and there is also that line of showgirls. Dance music, too.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Danny Thomas, a high-pressure humorist, holds forth here at considerable length. Fran Warren is the incumbent songbird. Dancing, too, and a sliding roof that works on clement evenings.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., is at the keyboard; from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack perform their subtle piano nocturnes for the theatrical profession. In the back room, the merriment is supplied by Phil Leeds, the three raffish ladies called the Mad Moiselles, and the Billy Williams Quartet. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guests are added to the show.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The ballads of Michael Brown, a faun let loose along the back roads of fantasia; Gigi Durston's sweet-girl-graduate ballads; George Hall's funny sayings; and the group-singing of four very young Canadians called the Four Lads. Norman Paris, that infant prodigy, puts his trio through some captivating paces, too. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A festive seminar in folk music, done to a turn by the Weavers, a collection of balladeers and instrumentalists headed by Pete Seeger and graced by a vivacious girl named Ronnie Gilbert. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Carl Lynch's jovial guitar. Closed Monday, and closes for the summer on Saturday, June 24.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

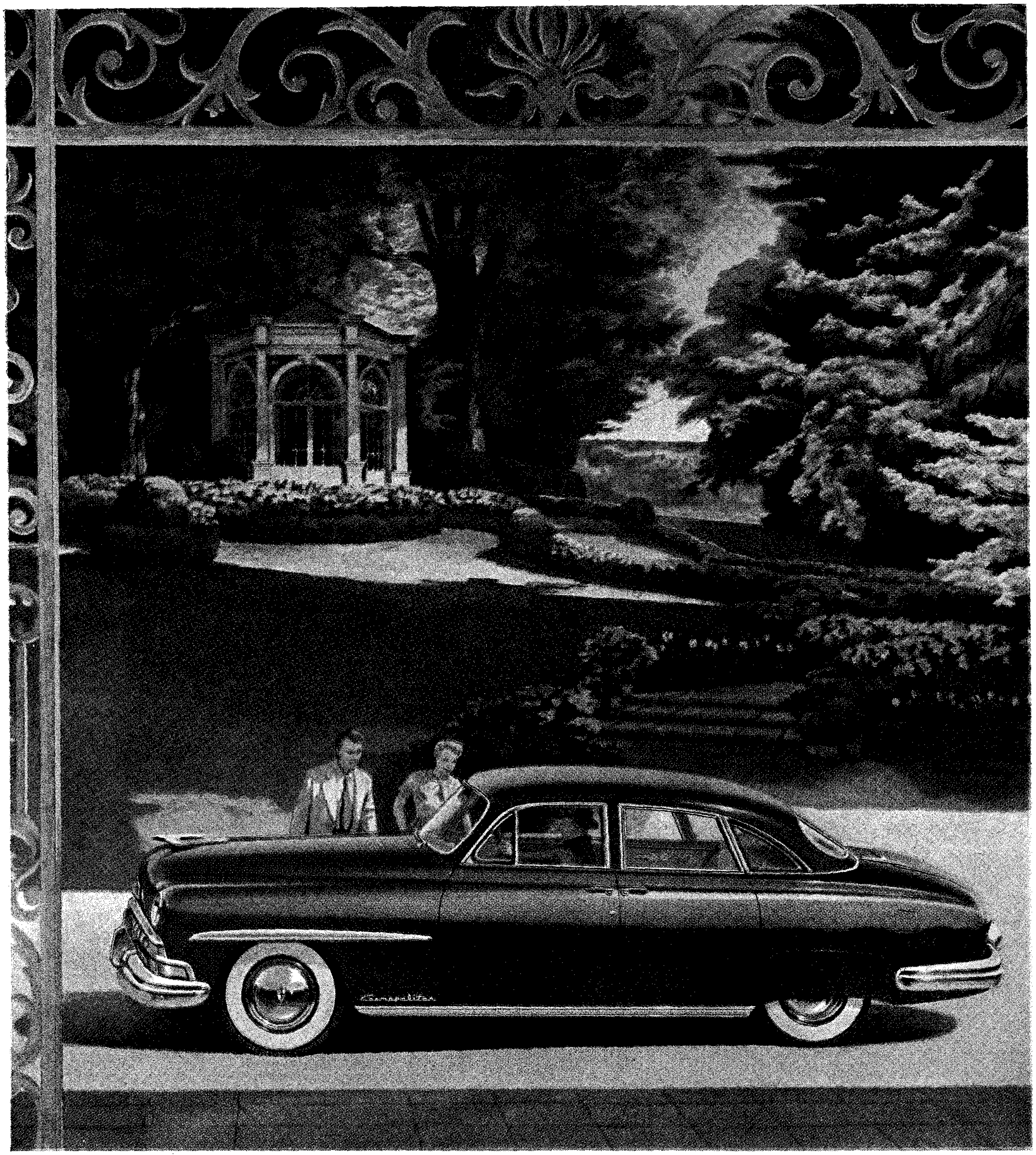
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison flexes his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon add their own hot licks. Ralph Sutton rattles off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Sheer genius at work; i.e., Louis Armstrong and his bodyguard (Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw), plus George Shearing and his valiant helpmeets (Margie Hyams, Denzil Best, Chuck Wayne, and John Levy). Closed Mondays.... **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's peppery trio, awakening long-dormant echoes in the Mermaid Room. ... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Through Wednesday, June 21, the trio topped by the spellbinding Errol Garner. Bud Powell, Fats Navarro, J. J. Johnson, and others are on deck, too. Jam session Monday, when Mr. Garner lays off. On Thursday, June 22, Wynonie Harris and Annie Laurie, who sing, and Gene Ammons' band move in. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On June 16, Wild Bill Davison's band, including Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, Joe Sullivan, and George Wettling, as well as Oran Page's outfit, including Vic Dickerson, James P. Johnson, and Tony Sbarbaro. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (June 16), Big Sid Catlett, Big Chief Russell Moore, Joe Thomas, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, and Art Trappier will shiver the timbers. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra, except Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Starting Friday, June 23, Irving Fields' trio, except Tuesdays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed



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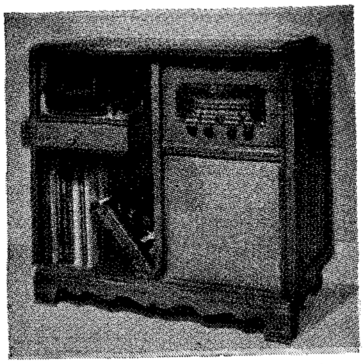

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesdays.... CLOSTER, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays.... COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.: Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998).... CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. ... CROTON FALLS, N.Y.: Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays.... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Danbury and Ridgefield (Ridgefield 870). ... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... EAST HAMPTON, L.I.: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday.... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150).... HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... LAKE SUCCESS, N.Y.: Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... NEW HOPE, PA.: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano.... ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays.... ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184).... WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

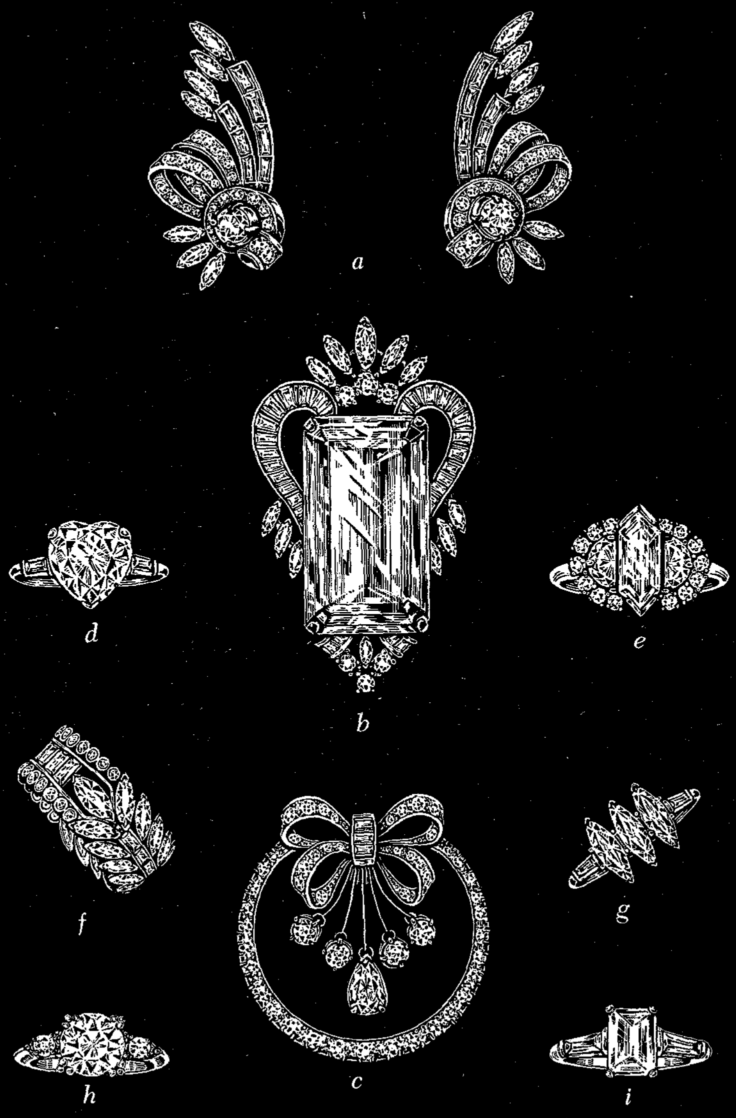
AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Its annual exhibition, containing over a hundred and thirty works in various mediums. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through June 30.)

ART BY MENTAL PATIENTS—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, some of them oddly interesting, by psychotherapy patients at Boston's Metropolitan Hospital. (Brown, 2 W. 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 6; Thursday evenings until 9; through June 22.)

DUCCIO TO DALI—Twenty pictures, in a random but generally worth-while selection that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern European and American. (Delius, 116 E. 57th St.; through June 20.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 9. Closed Saturdays.... BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Graham Sutherland, André Masson, Marino Marini, and other European and American moderns; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of paintings and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works, each priced at $600, by such artists as Ben Shahn, Julian

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



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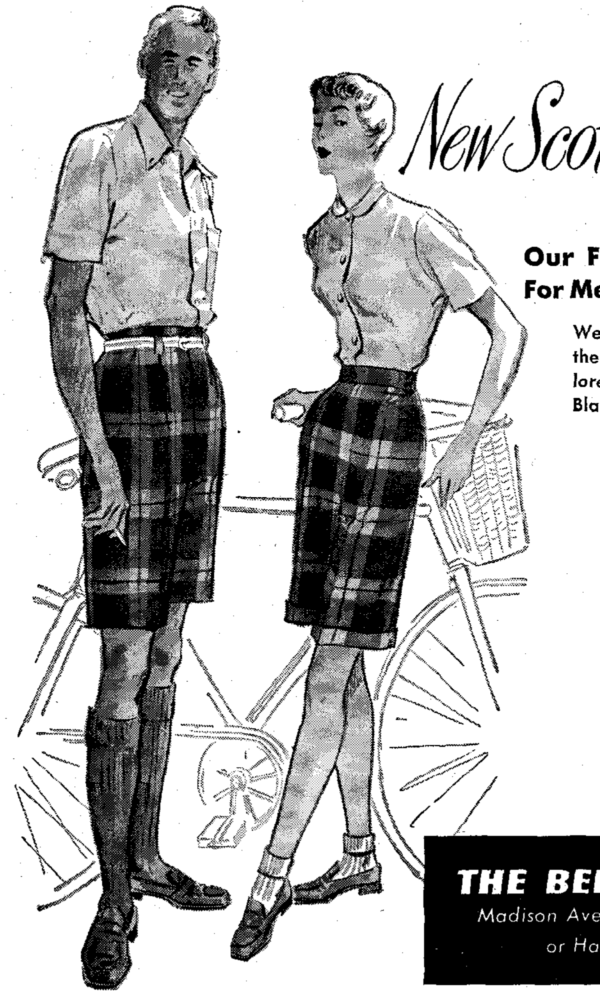

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Levi, Charles Sheeler, and John Marin; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31. Closed Saturdays.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: One early and one recent painting or sculpture apiece by such men as Jean Arp, Robert Motherwell, and William Baziotes; through June 30.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by the gallery's artists, among them William Kienbusch, Russell Cowles, and Robert Laurent; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **LEVITT,** 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; Paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Lawrence Kupferman, José de Rivera, and other gallery artists; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Miró, Giacometti, Picasso, Dubuffet, MacIver, and others, in a showing of oils and sculptures; through June 30.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other American artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. Closed Saturdays.... **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Ad Reinhardt, Jackson Pollock, Guitou Knoop, and Hedda Sterne; through June 16. Closed Saturdays.... **JACQUES SELIGMANN,** 5 E. 57th St.: Cleve Gray, Rico Lebrun, Ralph Rosenborg, and Constantine Kermes, in an exhibition of oils; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 9:30 to noon; through July 28.

PAUL KLEE—Adroit and incisive abstractions, in an exhibition devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 1; through June 30.)

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.)

TONI LA SELLE—Abstract paintings and drawings, in this artist's first solo showing here. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1:30 to 5:30; through June 29.)

ISADORE LEVY—His first one-man exhibition in thirteen years. Tastefully conceived small abstractions, done in subtly contrasting colors. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through June 24.)

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by Braque, Picasso, Rouault, Bombois, Utrillo, Dufy, and others whose works might be called classics of the modern movement. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through June 30. Closed Saturdays.)

SEONG MOY—Abstract paintings by a young Chinese-born artist, many of them based, though remotely, on traditional Chinese themes. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through June 30.)

EDVARD MUNCH—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the late Norwegian artist, who was one of the forerunners of Expressionism. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The annual showing of oils, water colors, sculpture, and prints, with almost four hundred entries. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through June 21.)

ANTONIO SALEMME—Oils and water colors, most of them landscapes, plus a series of portrait heads and other sculptures, in this double-

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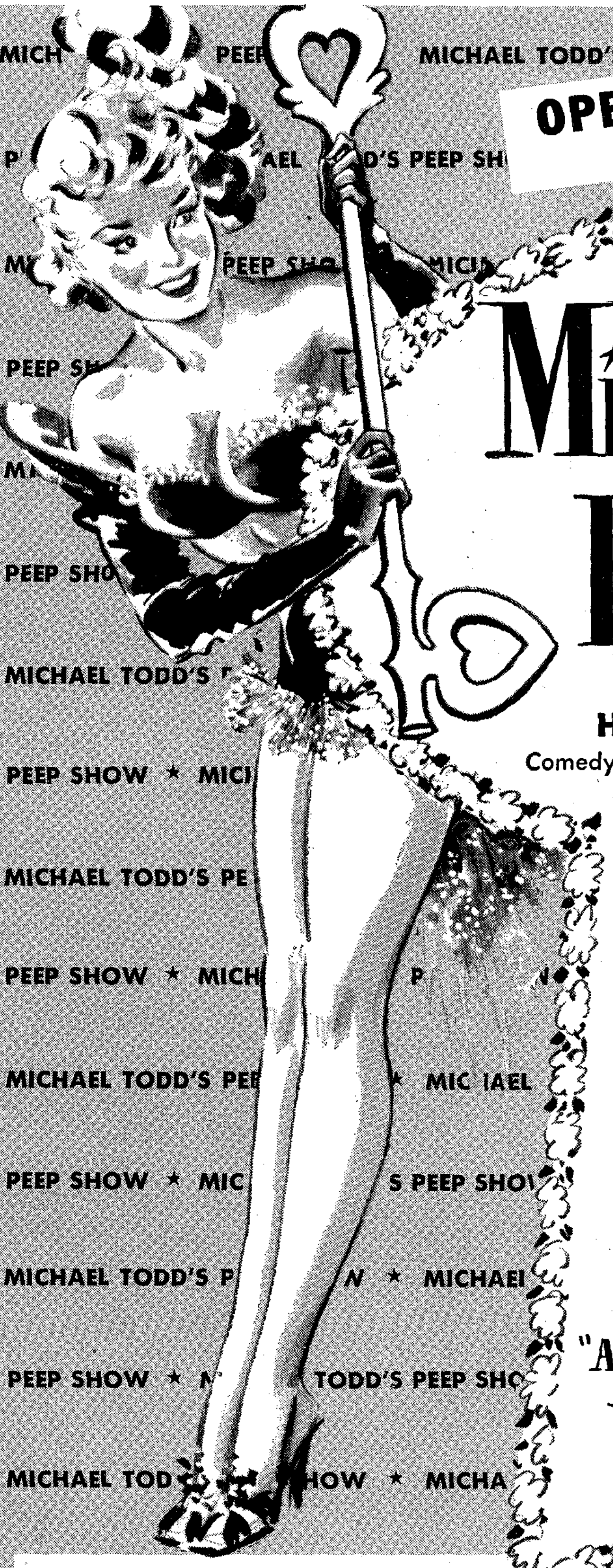

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

threat artist's first solo showing in several years. (Wellons, 43 E. 50th St.; through June 23.)

Sculpture—An outdoor exhibition of works by members of the National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of the painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 2.)

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and (starting Tuesday, June 20) Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of American paintings, drawings, and prints from around 1900 through 1950 will open on Friday, June 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

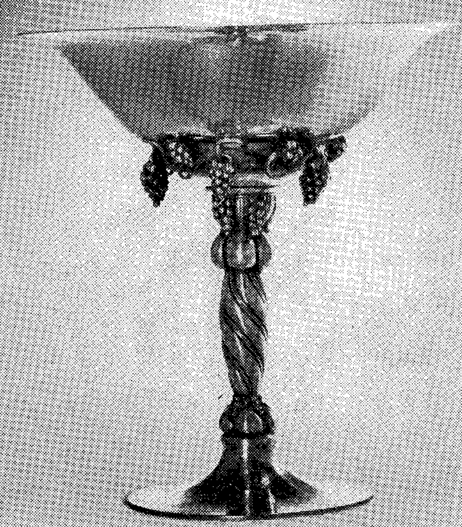
Stadium Concerts—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, held on most clear nights at 8:30, are slated to begin on Monday, June 19. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Monday, June 19: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Albert Spalding, violin.... ¶ Tuesday, June 20: Efrem Kurtz conducting (no soloist).... ¶ Wednesday, June 21: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Gerald Warburg, cello.... ¶ Thursday, June 22: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with William Kapell, piano.... ¶ Saturday, June 24: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Opera—The **after dinner opera company**: "In a Garden," by Meyer Kupferman (with a libretto by Gertrude Stein); "Savitri," by Gustav Holst; and "The Boor," by Marc Bucci; through Sunday, June 18.... ¶ "Riders to the Sea," John Millington Synge's play set to music by Ralph Vaughn Williams; and "Fit for a King," by Martin Kalmanoff (both New York premières); from Wednesday, June 21, through Sunday, June 25. (Master Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103rd St. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-5587.) . . . **salmaggi opera**: Friday, June 16: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 17: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Friday, June 23: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: "La Bohème." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Goldman Band—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, June 15, at 2:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday, June 16, at 8:30; Saturday, June 17, at 2:30; and Sunday, June 18, at 2:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, June 20, at 8:30; Wednesday, June 21, at 2:30; and Thursday, June 22, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 23, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 24, at 2:30. . . . **ebbets field**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 15, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 16, at 8:30; Saturday, June 17, at 2; and Sunday, June 18, at 2:05.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Monday, June 19, at 8:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday,



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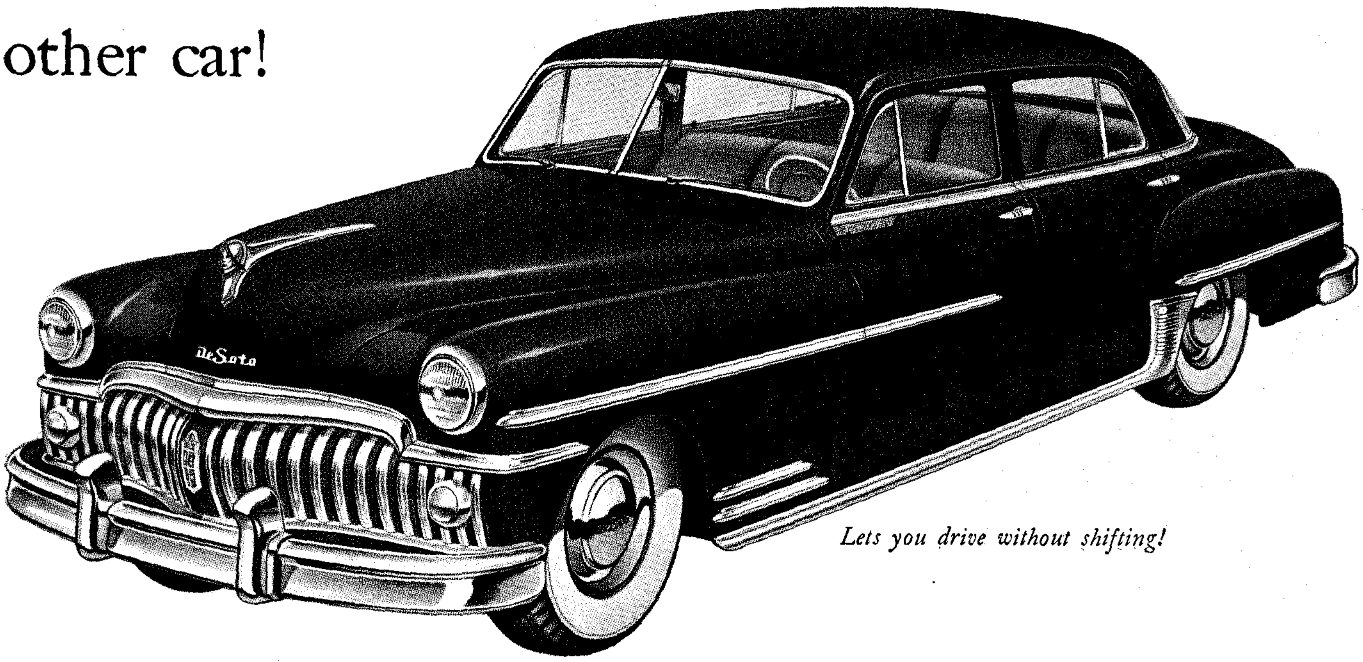

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 20, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 21-22, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 23, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 24, at 8:30.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Marietta, Ohio. Saturday, June 17.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 23; varsity race at 7:15.)

Fencing—National Championships—Thursday, June 15, at 10:30 A.M.: Men's Epée Individual, preliminaries. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 15, at 7:30: Men's Epée Individual, finals. (New York Athletic Club.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 10:30 A.M.: Men's Sabre Individual. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 16, at 8:30: Final Individual, all weapons. (Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave. at 45th St. MU 6-9200.)

Golf—Palm Beach Invitation Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Forest Hill Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Tuesday, June 20.)

Horse Shows—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 16-18.) . . . ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 23-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury: For the benefit of the Boy Scouts, Sunday, June 18, at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 4. The Shevlin, Saturday, June 17; the Astoria, Wednesday, June 21; and the Dwyer, Saturday, June 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 16, through Wednesday, Aug. 9. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, boats will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon. They will be met by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Friday through Sunday, June 16-18.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships, men. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Saturday, June 24, through Sunday, July 2.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, June 19, through Saturday, Aug. 26.

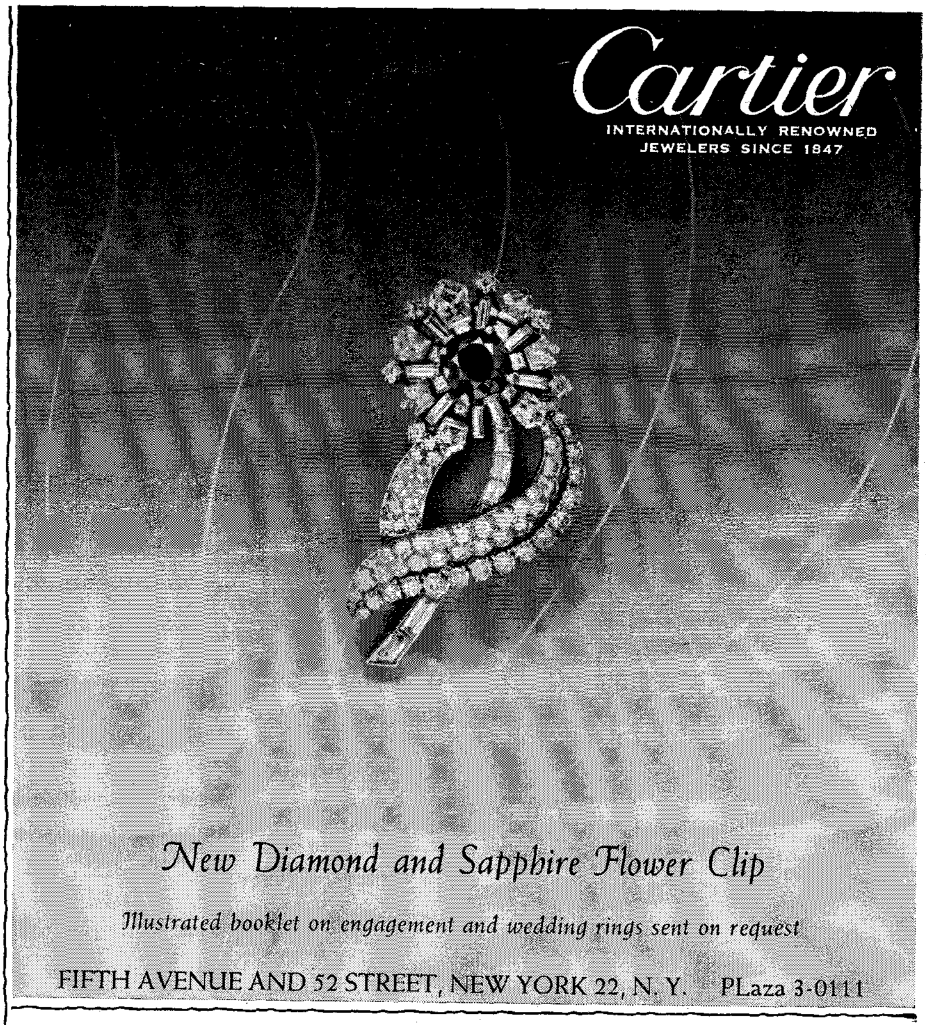
Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race. (Newport, R.I. Sunday, June 18.) . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week. (Noroton, Conn. Saturday through Wednesday, June 24-28.)

OTHER EVENTS

Queen Mary's Rug—The needlepoint rug that Britain's Dowager Queen stitched up over a period of eight years. (Theodore Roosevelt House, 28 E. 20th St. Daily, 10 to 5; through Friday, June 16.)

Transatlantic Liners—Queen Elizabeth: Sails Thursday, June 15, at midnight. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, June 17; sails Friday, June 23, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Saturday, June 17; sails Wednesday, June 21, at noon. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Wednesday, June 21; sails Friday, June 23, at noon. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Thursday, June 22; sails Saturday, June 24, at 3:30. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, June 22. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, June 24.

Commencement Date—Harvard, Thursday, June 22.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Adam's Rib—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell help the principals enormously. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 16.)

Annie Get Your Gun—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carrol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could expect. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Astonished Heart—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. Good stuff when the author, who also participates as an actor in this English film, isn't being too solemn about it all. With Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 19.)

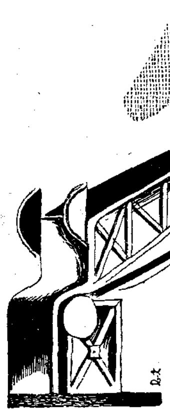
The Asphalt Jungle—John Huston's film about wicked doings in a Middle Western city. An impressive item featuring, among others, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian picture, made by Vittorio de Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Night and the City—Richard Widmark prowling villainously around the London underworld as described in the novel by Gerald Kersh. A film that never stands still and includes a galvanizing wrestling match between Stanislaus Zbyszko and Mike Mazurki. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—The old film "Broadway Bill" refurbished into a sprightly item by Frank Capra. Bing Crosby and a horse figure most prominently. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 15.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through June 16.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through June 17.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 20-21.)



The Rocking Horse Winner—A fine English adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's moody tale of a small boy who finds a mysterious method of picking winners at the track by endlessly riding a rocking horse around his nursery. John Howard Davies is superb as the boy, and is ably supported by Valerie Hobson, Ronald Squire, and John Mills. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Third Man—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—A comical English picture that demonstrates how some Scots in the Hebrides go about solving the difficulties of a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 19.)

Under My Skin—John Garfield as a jockey up to no good in Europe. An adaptation of the Hemingway story "My Old Man." The film includes some stimulating gallops. Micheline Prelle soothes Mr. Garfield when he isn't busy riding. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 17-19.... ¶ Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting June 21. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

The Winslow Boy—An absorbing description of the manner in which a beleaguered father clears the name of his small son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 21, tentative.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 20.)

Goin' to Town (1935)—Mae West in the midst of Southampton society. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 20.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—Housing problems in wartime Washington. With Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 18-19.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 21, tentative.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting June 21, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 18: "The Mark of Zorro," (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ Starting June 19: "One A.M." (1916) and "The Kid" (1921), both with Charlie Chaplin. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through June 19 (tentative): "Tabu," revival, Reri; and "Le Gong," revival, a documentary film.
From June 20: To be announced.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Woman on Pier 13," Laraine Day, Robert Ryan.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through June 16: "Please Believe Me," Robert Walker, Deborah Kerr.
From June 17: "Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Heart and Soul," Vittorio de Sica.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Rock Island Trail," Forrest Tucker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 21: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through June 20 (tentative): "Winchester '73," James Stewart, Shelley Winters.
From June 21: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

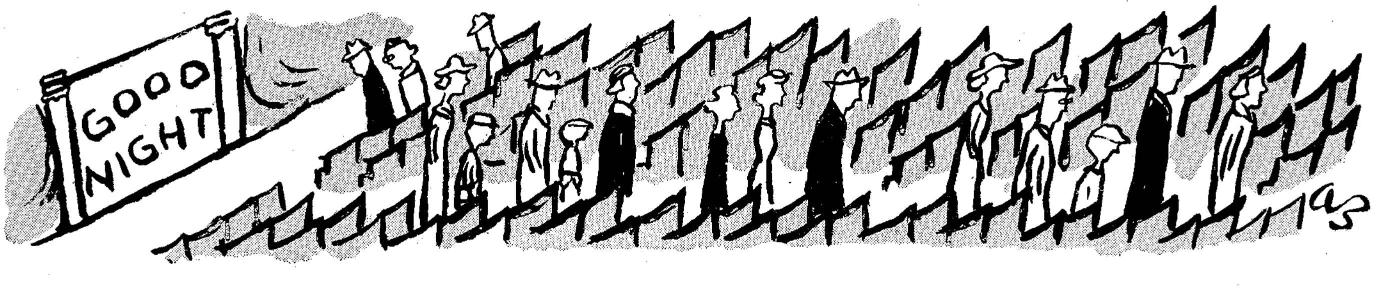
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
NIGHT AND THE CITY.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

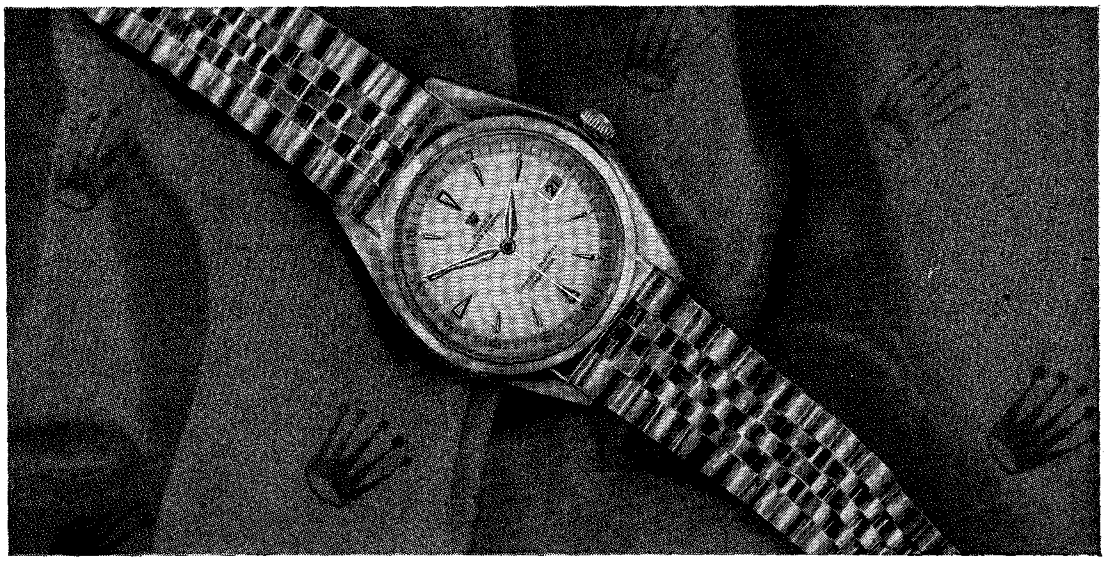
Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
June 15: "Return of the Frontiersman," Gordon MacRae.
From June 16: "Bright Leaf," Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).



"*Finest*"



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— Paul Osborn,
author of the play A BELL FOR ADANO

"The supreme example of melodrama. It fulfills its every intention with rewarding excitement and suspense."

— Richard Brooks,
author of THE BRICK FOXHOLE

"Certainly a masterpiece among thrillers. A classic with all the pity and the terror, the suspense and the heart of that truly rare thing: a very great motion picture."

— Stephen Longstreet,
author of STALLION ROAD

"A great picture full of suspense, refreshingly original and intelligent. It gave me a splendidly exciting evening."

— Gerard Fairlie,
author of BULLDOG DRUMMOND

"MGM's screen version of W. R. Burnett's novel THE ASPHALT JUNGLE provides eighty minutes of continuous excitement. Films like THE ASPHALT JUNGLE are Hollywood's most effective answer to uninformed critics with an eye on front-page headlines."

— Bennett Cerf,
editor and columnist

"Does something to your scalp. I felt the top of my head tingling for a long time afterward — literally a hair-raising film. About the most exciting I have seen in years."

— S. N. Behrman,
noted playwright

"ASPHALT JUNGLE is an extraordinary picture and, among other things, certainly the best picture I've ever had the good fortune to have based on one of my books."

— W. R. Burnett,
author of LITTLE CAESAR

The dramatic story of The City Under The City

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

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with JEAN HAGEN • JAMES WHITMORE • SAM JAFFE • JOHN McINTIRE
A JOHN HUSTON PRODUCTION
Screen Play by BEN MADDOW and JOHN HUSTON • From a Novel by W. R. BURNETT
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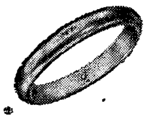
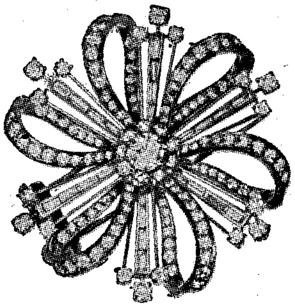
See palladium creations at your jeweler. Or, write us for a nearby source. A booklet telling the interesting story of palladium is available upon request.





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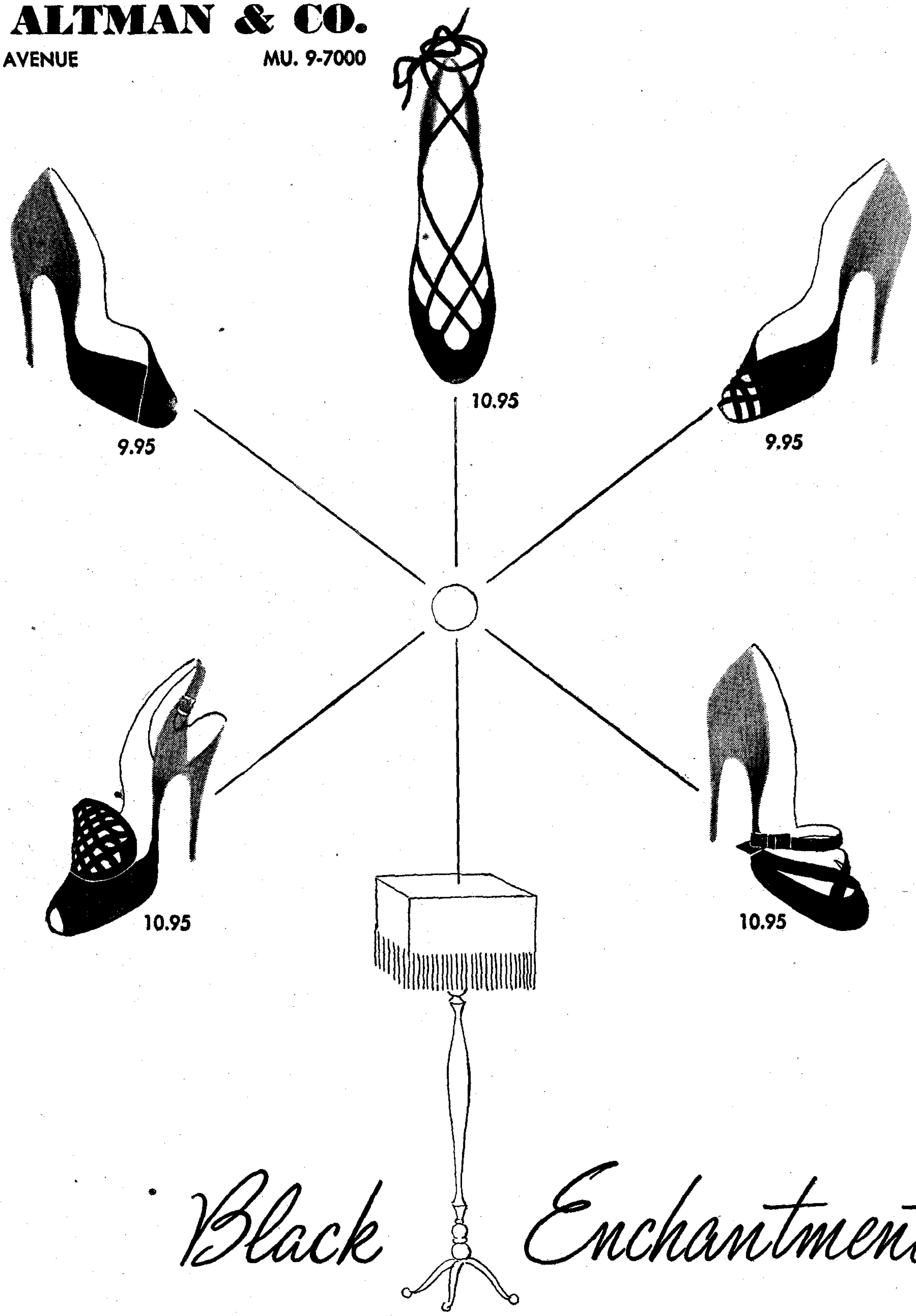

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THE NEW YORKER

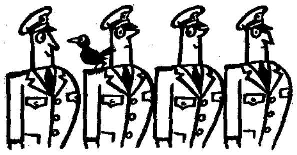
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE current issue of *Sports Afield* bills on its cover an article entitled “Will the Atom Bomb Ruin Hunting and Fishing?” We haven’t read it, and we don’t intend to read it, because we know the answer, which is yes, the bomb *will* ruin hunting and fishing, since, for one thing, it will ruin the hunters and the fishermen. A few high-flying birds and deep-swimming lake trout may be around, but, without anyone to shoot or hook them, they won’t exist as sportsmen’s quarry—just as a noise with no one there to hear it isn’t really a noise at all. Stamp-collecting will also be out.

WE recommend to the attention of the S.P.C.A. the Staten Island Zoo, N.B.C., and the *Daily Mirror*, which last week, under the headline “Monkey Dies Under Klieg Lights, Television’s First Studio Fatality,” reported that “a timid spider monkey born less than a year ago in a Central American jungle,” and captured after his mother was shot, was brought to Manhattan by the zoo’s curator to participate in an N.B.C. television show, and at the end of an hour’s rehearsal, “with cameras grinding, Klieg lights turned on full, and m.c. Bert Parks bringing up a carefully-screened line of gags,” was returned to his cage, where, shortly after, he was found dead, “huddled in a corner of the box, his face frozen in a look of fear.” We include the *Mirror* in our recommendation because of its lines “A neurotic monkey last night became television’s first fatal casualty” and “He had hit Death’s Jackpot,” which strike us as cruel. What spider monkey, a delicate beast, nocturnal in its habits, accustomed to the moon rather than to Klieg lights, and to the rustle of the jungle—or, at second best, the quiet of Staten Island—rather than to television gags, could be expected to survive such an ordeal? What reasonably sensitive non-monkey, for that matter?

THIS week we seem to be preoccupied with animals. An Associated Press photographer snapped Midshipman P. F. Hughes, of the United States Naval Academy, standing determinedly at attention with the rest of his brigade, drawn up at Annapolis for the presentation of special awards to deserving members, with a medium-sized bird somewhat resembling a starling perched on his shoulder. The bird, the caption relates, had fluttered down on the shoulder and had been using it as an observation post for ten minutes. The picture shows Hughes, jaw set, eyes straight ahead, carrying it off damned well, if you ask us. The bird, on the other hand, seems unseamanlike and too irresponsibly relaxed. There was no special award for Hughes that day, that we know of, but to our mind he ought to be made the recipient of one, at another assembly, and even be jumped a few numbers in his class, for officerlike conduct under circumstances not covered by regulations.

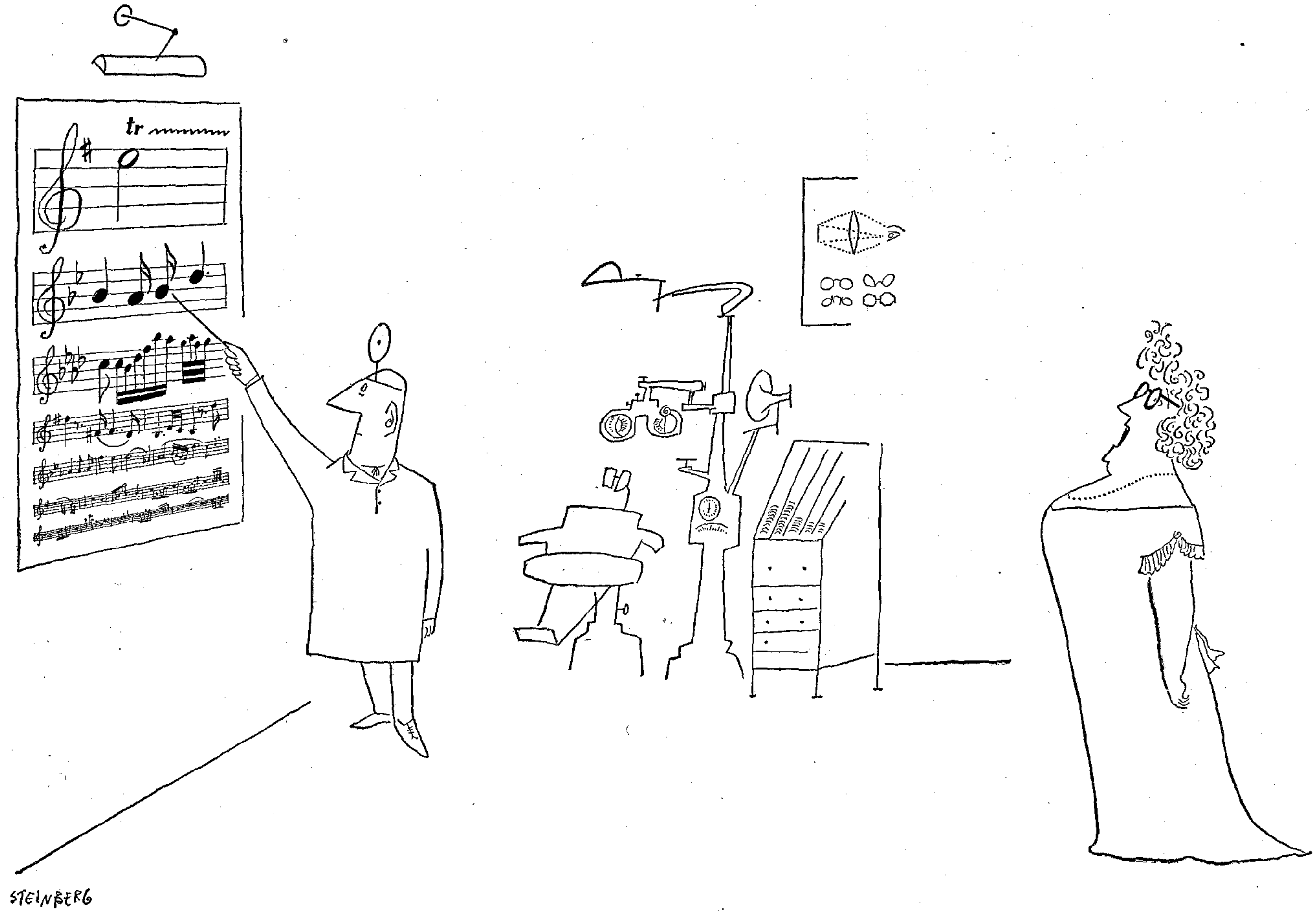


Over Mrs. Altman’s Strudels

WHEN we had occasion, some years ago, to call at the national office of Phi Beta Kappa, it was located in the comparatively highbrow purlieus of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street. It has since moved to 415 First Avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Streets, and the other day we hiked down there to inspect the new premises. The block includes a junk shop, a couple of bars, some ancient apartment buildings, and two vacant stores, formerly occupied by sellers of automobile parts. No. 415 turned out to be a two-story building with a pastry shop on the ground floor. The only sign on the structure is an enormous green one directly under the upstairs windows: “The Home of Mrs. Altman’s Strudels, Pastries.” We stepped into the home of Mrs. Altman’s strudels and asked the proprietor, who identified himself as *Mr.* Altman, if he had any idea where Phi Beta Kappa could be found. He replied that he had indeed, that Phi Beta Kappa occupied the loft above, and that no pastry shop could ask for a quieter, more considerate neighbor. Mr. Altman then showed us to a side entrance to the building, leading to the loft. We had no sooner reached the head of the stairs than we were greeted by Carl Billman, national secretary of Phi Beta Kappa, Harvard ’35, Phi Beta Kappa ’35. He was not surprised to learn that we had had difficulty locating the offices. “Happens all the time,” he said, with what appeared to be satisfaction. “Just recently, one of our members, the lady president of a ladies’ college, had an appointment with me here. When she was twenty minutes overdue, we sent out a posse to scour the neighborhood. She was discovered wandering about on the third floor of the building next door, outside a dance studio. I may say that she is a person of unexceptionable academic standing and extremely high general intelligence.”

DANCE STUDIO

Mr. Billman led us into his private office, whose windows look out over the strudels sign, and informed us that in the early forties the society was happily established in a book-lined office



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at 12 East Forty-fourth Street, that a raise in rent drove it to seek shelter at 5 East Forty-fourth Street, that the quarters there were so small that the twelve members of the staff were constantly tripping over each other and over Addressograph machines, and that in 1948 the society moved to First Avenue. "Previously, we'd looked for property as far afield as Princeton, but the zoning regulations out there were such as to class Phi Beta Kappa as an undesirable organization," Billman said, pronouncing the word "Princeton" with a Harvard smile. "This loft has been divided into five offices and a storeroom, and is not only roomier than any other place we've had but cheaper. The owner of the building was so pleased to have us as tenants that he offered to carve our name on the face of the building, but we declined—scholarly tradition of self-effacement, you know—and the strudels sign went up instead."

Mr. Billman said that while Phi Beta Kappa hopes eventually to be given an appropriate building in a more accessible part of town, it feels perfectly at home on First Avenue. "I daresay there are not as many Phi Beta Kappa keys to the square yard here as around Forty-fourth Street," he said, "but we are only two blocks north of Peter Cooper Village, and the incidence of members of our society in Peter Cooper is really startling." Billman does not hold the neighborhood responsible for one problem that the society has had to face—the incidence of drunks who stop in to pay a friendly call. "Drunks *always* wander into our office, no matter where we are," Billman said. "I don't know how to account for it here, when our members have such a hard time finding us. They always behave in exactly the same way, too. I mean the drunks. They come into the office and stand there without a word, grinning from ear to ear. They don't say anything. They just look at us. As soon as I ask them to leave, they leave. No hard feelings. I'm sure we must represent something very important to them, but I can't think what." So far, Mr. Billman told us, none of the drunks has worn a Phi Beta Kappa key.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: An amphibian plane-car, minus its wings, was beside the curb at Forty-sixth Street and Second Avenue last week, a parking ticket affixed to its windshield.

The candid management of the Strand Theatre in Scottdale, Pennsylvania, displays the following sign on its marquee: "All the new pix, with a stinker now and then."

Ex-Champ

As a sequel to our investigation of high-altitude activities at the Empire State Building, we decided to see what, if anything, is happening at the top of the Woolworth Building, which from 1913 to 1930 was the world's tallest skyscraper. It's now down to sixth place among skyscrapers, which makes it a veritable has-been, and when we stopped in at the office of Mr. Benjamin Kirtland, who has been rental agent of the building for twenty-three years, he was both astonished and gratified to see us. Mr. Kirtland, white-haired, and with more the air of a curator than of a rental agent, said that he'd be delighted to take us up to the observation gallery, on the fifty-eighth floor, but that we'd find nothing going on there. "Not much of anybody wants to go up any more," he said, shaking his head sadly. "Used to be a quarter of a million people a year paid fifty-five cents a head to see the view from the tower. Those uptown buildings, they put us right out of business."

Mr. Kirtland conducted us to an elevator, which hoisted us serenely to the fifty-fourth floor. "End of the line," he said, and we stepped out into a bare, octagonal room with windows on all sides. Through these, we could see the stone gargoyles on the tourelles that surround the tapering Gothic peak of the building. Except for the faint hum of elevator machinery in the tower above us, it was very quiet. "Used to sell postcards and souvenirs and ice cream here," Mr. Kirtland said. He seemed to listen a moment for the sound of voices, then went on, "This is where people had to change to the tower elevator. It stopped running in 1941." We got the impression that the elevator had just stopped running all by itself, and that no one had had the heart to start it up again. With Mr. Kirtland, we mounted a spiral iron stairway to the fifty-eighth floor, the highest point in the building that can be reached without a ladder. He pulled a thick bunch of keys from his pocket and, after trying three or four, unlocked a door that led out onto the observation gallery. Above us rose the steeply pitched roof of the tower, its copper sheathing weathered to a pleasant greenish gray. "I don't get up here very often," Mr. Kirtland said. "We used to have a guestbook for celebrities to sign, but when I brought Senator George, of Georgia, up here last year, I couldn't find it anywhere. Just plain disappeared." He gazed out over the city. "Too bad it's so cloudy," he said. "You should have come yesterday. I maintain you get a better view here than uptown. You're right on top of the harbor, and that's worth seeing." We stared down at the harbor, and it was.

Before we left, Mr. Kirtland gave us a copy of the illustrated brochure that used to be handed to visitors to the observation gallery. We found that it contained a foreword by the late S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., S.T.D., L.H.D., which ran, in part, "When seen. . . in the lucid air of a summer morning, piercing space like a battlement of the paradise of God which St. John beheld, it [the Woolworth Building] inspires feelings too deep even for tears. The writer looked upon it and at once cried out, 'The Cathedral of Commerce'—the chosen habitation of that spirit in man which, through means of change and barter, binds alien people into unity and peace, and reduces the hazards of war and bloodshed." The brochure notes that the Woolworth cathedral is seven hundred and ninety-two feet high and was officially opened on April 24, 1913, when the late Frank W. Woolworth invited nine hundred guests to a dinner in honor of the architect, the late Cass Gilbert. The dinner was held on the twenty-seventh floor of the building, in a hall originally set aside for a club. (The club didn't materialize and the space was partitioned off for offices.) At exactly 7:30 P.M., President Wilson pushed a button in the White House that rang a bell in the hall and turned on eighty thousand lights throughout the structure. As far as Mr. Kirtland knows, the tower has never been used for any scientific purpose. He recalled, though, that a Hollywood couple got married on the observation gallery. This event took place in 1922 and was big news.

To conclude our investigations, we telephoned Cass Gilbert's son and namesake, who is also an architect and keeps an eye on the building. Since the Empire State Building people admit to a sway of around an inch and a half in a high wind, we asked him how much the Woolworth tower sways under the same circumstances. "Not a thousandth of an inch," he said indignantly. "I should be very much worried if it did. Other buildings may sway, though I doubt it, but the Woolworth Building stands there like a rock."

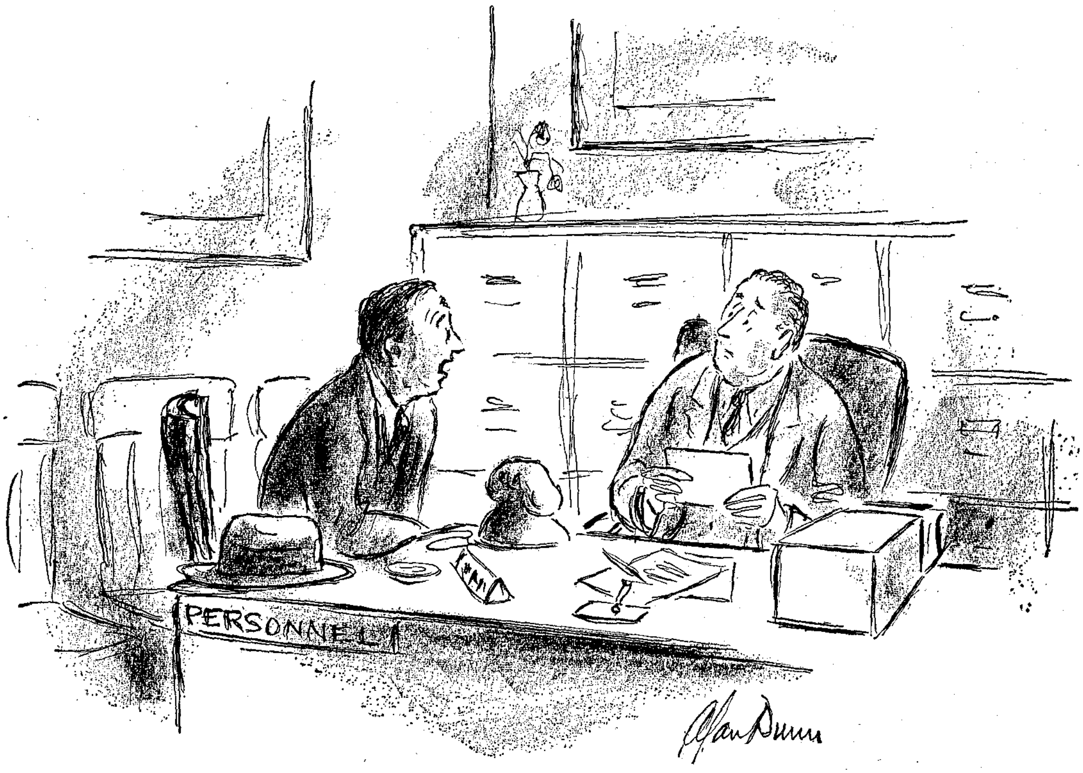
Split

A TEN-YEAR-OLD miss of the upper Central Park set recently had words with one of her oldest friends. The next day she received a special-delivery letter, which we print in full:

DEAR JUNE:
Never speak to me again. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.
Love,
TINA

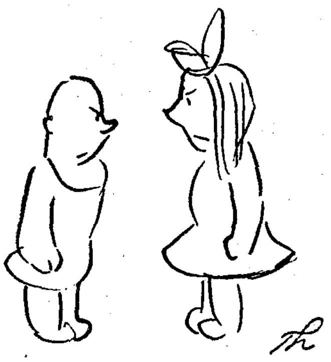
Yachtsmen

WE'VE had a refreshing talk with Gerald Donaghy and Bruce Chapman, two Australians who, as members of a five-man crew on the Karin III, a forty-two-foot British cutter, are taking part in the Newport-Bermuda yacht race, which starts this weekend. This affair, requiring only from four to eight days, will be a relatively short haul for the Karin, which, manned by its present crew and skippered by its owner, G. C. L. Payne, an Englishman, sailed fifty-six hundred miles to get here. The voyage took seventy-three days. "We left Poole March 7th and took the southern route, stopping four days at Madeira," said



"It's true, sir, that the State Department let me go, but that was solely because of incompetence."

Donaghy, who is twenty-one, yellow-haired, and six feet three. "Liverpool?" we asked. "No. Poole, in Dorset," said Chapman, who is twenty-three, yellow-haired, and six feet four. "We ran into a seven-day gale in the Bay of Biscay, and the Gulf Stream gave us a bit of a thrashing," said Donaghy, "but that's to be expected. We sailed over four weeks in the trades without passing a ship or even a light at night."



Chapman told us that he and Donaghy met last December in London, where Donaghy, a seasoned amateur sailor, had gone in the hope of getting into the Bermuda race. Donaghy, who worked his passage to England as a seaman on an Australian freighter, belongs to the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club and the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, both in Melbourne, and, thanks to a letter from an official of one of these to the Royal Ocean Racing Club, in England, he met Payne, who signed him up on the Karin. Donaghy subsequently recruited Chapman, who had got to England as an assistant steward on a P. & O. ship. Donaghy was brought up in Melbourne, Chapman in Sydney. Both their fathers are dead (Donaghy's was a rope manufacturer, Chapman's a real-estate owner), both plan to knock around the world for a couple of years, and both have the approval of their mothers. They advised us that, owing to currency restrictions, they arrived here with only a few dollars between them, but that, prior to our talk, they had had a wonderful week in New York. From Nantucket, where the Karin III landed, they went to Boston, and the English-Speaking Union there arranged for them to stay at the M.I.T. Graduate House. After a couple of days in Boston, they hitchhiked to New York, making it in five hours, with four changes of cars. "The last cove to give us a lift was a college boy," said Chapman. "He drove eighty miles an hour." Here, the English-Speaking Union got them put up at the home of Stephen C. Clark, the celebrated art collector, until Mr. Clark left for the country. They were about to shift to the home of William V. Griffin, the Union's president, when we saw them. "Mr. and Mrs. Clark were marvellous to us," Chapman said. "Hollywood had given us the wrong idea of America—very slick types, everyone hardboiled, most people married three or four times. Actually, Americans seem to be more honest-to-God. We've met a lot of people who've been married only once or twice. The private lives of movie moguls and stars, as reflected in the American magazines we see at home, are not very desirable or salubrious."

Chapman told us that, in his opinion, the American attitude toward life is more open and perceptive than the British, or even than the Australian; that he found London more lonely than New York; that in Nantucket a milkman drove them around most of the island; and that they had just come from a radio quiz show, where they had hoped to win a prize they could convert into cash, but that they hadn't been put on the program. They were planning to try again. As visitors, they're not allowed to work here, but they thought that winning radio prizes would probably be legal. They are sailing back to England July 1st in the Bermuda-Plymouth yacht race. "This brief visit has just whetted our appetites," said Donaghy. "We plan to return sometime as settlers and go to work here. I'd like to get into stocks and shares." "We feel one can succeed at an earlier age here," said Chapman. "We were often taken for Americans in England. We're very American-minded, because so many Americans visited us in the war. The Battle of the Coral Sea saved our skins, by the way, and we all appreciated it."

Business As Usual

AN eyewitness informs us that last Monday eight gypsies who were sitting around in the Lenox Hill Hospital, awaiting a report on an operation on a member of their tribe, got bored after a while and headed in a body for the wards, where they proceeded to tell fortunes, working their way from bed to bed, charging patients fifty cents and nurses a quarter. They had picked up $12.75 by the time hospital officials got wind of their activities and herded them back into the reception room.

Damp Outing

TO give its latest movie, "Winchester '73," a sendoff, Universal-International dispatched a couple of carloads of people up to New Haven a few days ago for the world première, which was held in a theatre not too far from the Winchester Repeating Arms factory. Our man Stanley was of the company and has submitted the following notations:

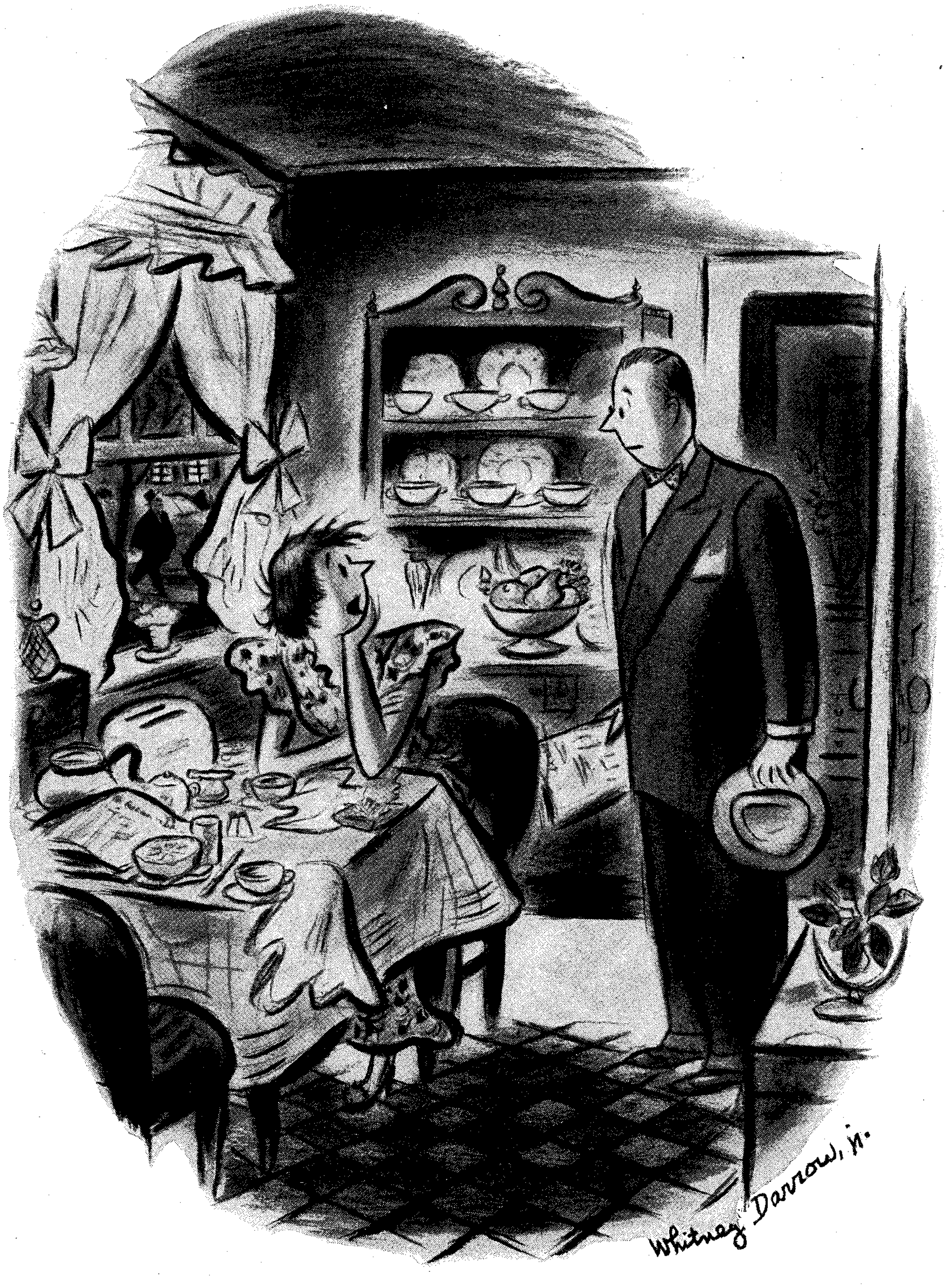
"Boarded buffet car at Grand Central. Thin-haired, beaming gentleman said nice to have me aboard. Asked how things were at Union Carbide. Told him had no idea. Directed to table by beaming gentleman, introduced to a Mr. Word (real name). Lit cigarette. 'Lot of romance in that cigarette paper,' said Mr. Word. Went on to say he's vice-president Ecusta Paper Corporation, in Pisgah Forest, North Carolina; that his company developed the manufacture of cigarette paper from flax; that if it hadn't, cigarettes would have been even scarcer in wartime. Reason for this: paper previously made from French and Russian rags. Interrupted by arrival Shelley Winters, one of stars of 'Winchester '73.' Silver blonde. Introduced to her. 'What was the young lady's name?' Mr. Word asked sotto-voce. Told him. Miss Winters went from table to table. Man appeared with stack of Western-style hats with 'Winchester '73' on bands. Donned by all. Inquired of Mr. Word why he was making trip. Informed that his company, like Winchester Repeating Arms, is controlled by Olin Industries, Illinois outfit. Train now at 125th Street, rain slashing at windows. Miss Winters made second round of car, muttering 'Look at that rain!' Cold lamb, etc., passed around by waitress. Luncheon music provided by cowboy with guitar and cowgirl with accordion. Both sorry ever left lone prairee. Passing publicity man said sadly James Stewart, also star of picture, couldn't get time off from making 'Harvey' to join us. Mata Hari-type woman across aisle—fringed eyes, veil, slinky satin suit—talking to dark gentleman. 'Thees is what we call Pelham,' she said. Handed bale of publicity matter by Universal representative. Began reading biography of Miss Winters: 'One of the truly meteoric film careers of recent years is that of Shelley Winters, who, three years ago, couldn't get a job at any salary but today is one of the screen's most popular feminine stars.' Fell into deep, dreamless sleep. Woke up at New Haven.

"Rain coming down in torrents. 'Look at that rain!' said Miss Winters. She almost drowned posing for pictures leaving train. All hands, aboard buses, headed for East Haven Gun Club for exhibition fancy shooting by Herb Parsons, technical adviser of movie, also retainer of Winchester Arms. Delivered at large tent by buses; one side of tent open, facing range. Parsons and a table covered with guns waiting for crowd. Parsons stout fellow with red face. 'I'm just a little old country boy from Tennessee,' he said, 'but I'll try to show you the merits of these good guns.' Threw several washers in air. Plugged them all. Also shot half-dozen cabbages, several pounds parsnips, and bird that happened into view. In the midst of proceedings, Miss Winters and Mr. Olin did some rifle shooting for photographers. Mr. Olin missed several miniature targets. Miss Winters shut her eyes and plugged two. 'Just a lucky girl,' she said forthrightly. Went back to her biography and discovered she from St. Louis. Mr. Parsons shot holes in many coins. Fell in with reporter from London *Daily Mail*. 'Damned impressive,' he said, 'but it seems a hell of a waste of good food and money.' Mr. Parsons suddenly held three eggs aloft. 'I'm just a little no-account country boy,' he said, 'but I want to tell you-all that these eggs kind of signify America to me. We want to protect what we got, we got to have strength, and the only way we're going to have strength is to believe in the things America stands for. I'm going to take these little old eggs, toss them between my legs like a football center, pick up my rifle, and shoot them in the air—if I'm lucky, that is.' He shot them. 'Eggs and America!' said the *Daily Mail* man. 'What an odd juxtaposition!'

"Everybody back to buses, headed for hotel. On way, passed theatre where première was scheduled. Movie house across street advertising 'Colt .45' and 'It's a Small World'—double bill. Publicity man brooding in lobby of hotel. '"Colt .45!"' he said. 'A fine thing!' Miss Winters came into lobby. Trailed her into banquet hall for cocktails and supper. Many Winchester Arms people on hand; much camaraderie. Later, took in picture. Not as restful as Miss Winters' biography."

Rival

THE mother of a boy in the graduating class at Yale got a telegram from him last week cancelling a date they had: "SORRY CAN'T MAKE LUNCH BACK AT LORETTA'S ADDRESS LOVE BILL." The message was read to the mother over the telephone, and when she made some slight sound of astonishment, the Western Union girl evidently had misgivings, for she asked, "Is that address familiar to you, Madam?" The lady said it certainly wasn't; and there the matter rested until Bill arrived and explained that what he'd said was "baccalaureate address."



"Say, just exactly what did you mean by that crack you made when you left this morning?"

WILL YOU WAIT?

IT was four-thirty-five of a sunny afternoon when Clifton Meade, in his office on the twentieth floor of the Clamming Building, picked up his desk telephone to call his wife at their apartment house uptown, but it was some time before the call got through. Meade, a blond, round-faced, active man in his late thirties, was an account executive of Aclin Associates, a small but up-and-coming advertising agency specializing in direct-mail and newspaper advertising in the New York area—with a number of book publishers among its clients—and his purpose in calling was to tell his wife that he'd probably be late in getting home for dinner that evening. He had just had a call from E. Fulton Paltry, senior partner in the publishing house of Paltry & Perring, asking him to drop over to their offices around five o'clock and discuss some ideas the old man had for promotion of the firm's fall book list.

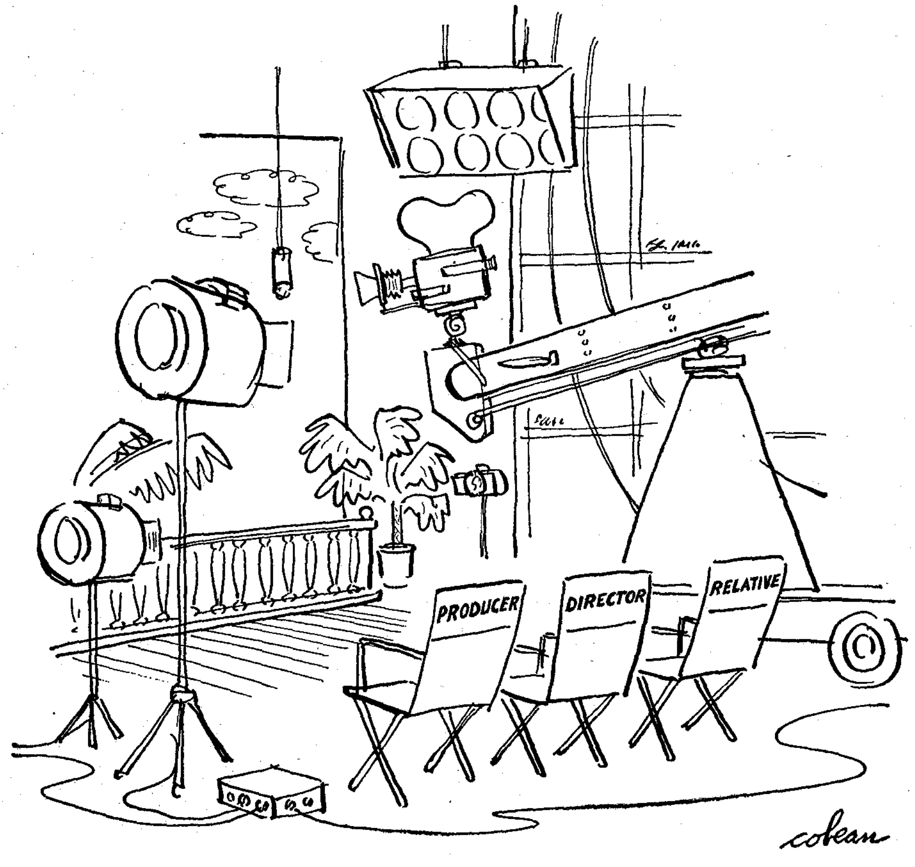
"And you know what that means, honey. That means *late*," Meade said to himself after he had given the girl at the office switchboard the number. From his early days as a salesman, he had acquired the rather nervous habit of preparing a few sentences ahead in his mind before any encounter—in advance of the interview, so to speak—and in this case his nervousness was heightened by the fact that he had been late twice before, in the last three weeks, following appointments that he had said were "business" but that actually weren't. In the back of his mind, as he heard the buzz-pause-buzz of the phone, was the thought that it would be ironic, wouldn't it, if Edna suddenly decided to raise hell about an appointment that really, for a change, was business.

"But you know, honey— Well, after all, it's business," he went on, and he halted his mumbling monologue only when he heard the operator at his apartment house answer the call.

"Will you try the Clifton Meades' apartment, please?" he said, and then listened to the click and renewed subdued buzzing as the girl connected the apartment extension.

"The line is busy now. Will you wait?" she said a moment later.

"I'll wait," said Clifton Meade, glancing at his watch as he did so. A small but constantly recurrent source of friction between the Meades was the length of Mrs. Meade's telephone conversations, which he maintained were interminable, and now, as he waited, he began sketching out, anticipatorily, a new opening for their conversation. "Darling! Baby! *What* you gals do find to talk about!" He had his feet on the desk by this time, and he was nodding his head minatorily at the framed photograph of his wife that stood just beyond his Rollaflex reminder pad, as he spoke. "Fifteen minutes by the watch I've been waiting here"—or ten, maybe, or five—"and all I'm wondering is, was it dresses, or movies, or what. That is, baby, if it *was* a gal you were talking to."



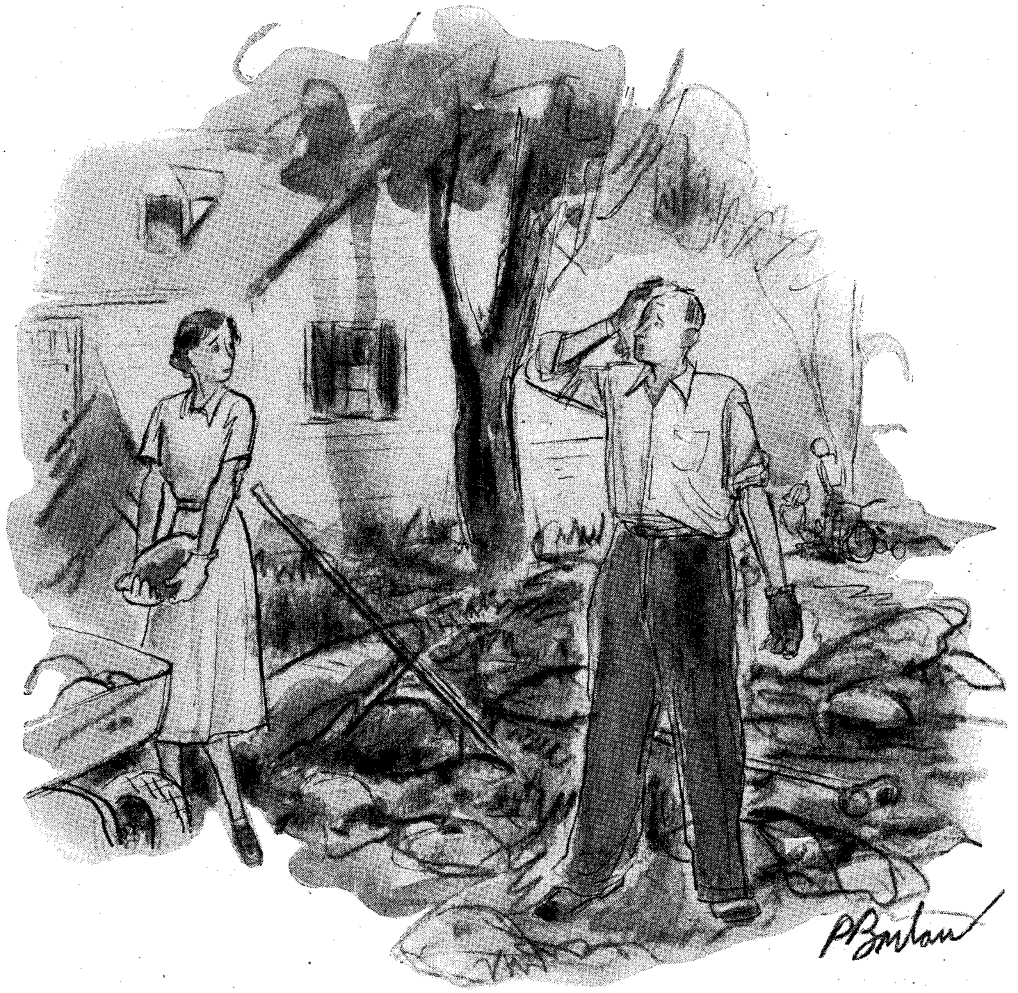
The fact was—though Mr. Meade was to be some time in finding it out—that in this instance the delay wasn't actually his wife's fault at all. It was their maid, Leota, who, alone in the apartment, was using the phone; and *her* call, which was gossipingly amorous, was addressed to one Horace Remington, who worked as chauffeur for a family named Chillingworth, in a private house down the street. Edna Meade, as a matter of fact, had gone out on a shopping trip earlier that afternoon to help a friend of hers, Dolly Prentiss, pick out a new dress; had stopped in with her for a couple of cocktails at Schrafft's when that mission had been completed; and then, buoyed by these, had gone on for another one to the Prentisses' apartment. At approximately the moment that Meade had started to put in his call, the two girls, slightly high now and very cheery, had decided that just about the gayest thing they could think of would be to get their two husbands there (that is, at the Prentisses'), have a couple more cocktails all around, and then just tear up the meals they'd planned and go out to some steak place for dinner. By the time Meade had swung his feet onto his desk, Mrs. Meade was on the phone calling *him*.

"Mr. Meade's line is busy at the moment," said the switchboard operator at Aclin Associates. "Will you wait?"

The telephone at the Prentiss apartment was on a small table in the foyer, just outside the entrance to the living room. Edna Meade leaned in through the arch and waved to Dolly to bring her her cocktail glass. "Yes, I'll wait," said Mrs. Meade.

THE situation so far was this: Mrs. Meade, on East Sixty-third Street, was trying to get hold of her husband on West Forty-eighth, who in turn was calling her on East Seventy-fifth—with, apparently, little hope of either getting the other for some time to come. Such things, ordinarily, lead to little more than lost time and spent tempers. This one, though, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, went further.

For one thing, Mr. Paltry was calling Mr. Meade. Mr. Paltry, though still smart as a whip about most things, had, perhaps because of his advancing age, a slight tendency to confuse his appointments, and he had hardly hung



"Why don't we just leave them here and have a rock garden instead?"

up after his talk with Meade before he realized that he'd been on the verge of mixing things up again. As he'd just recalled, he had a date for cocktails and dinner with one of the firm's authors—a huge, burly, blustering fellow named Brett Lynes, in town from the Coast—and though privately he detested Lynes, there it was and he'd have to go through with it; the fellow was certainly one of their very best sellers. So, of course, he must cancel the Meade appointment at once.

"Get me Aclin Associates, will you, Miss Murdoch?" he said over the phone to his secretary, and because in his old-fashioned way he disapproved of people who had their secretaries make calls for them, he added, "I'll carry on from there."

"May I speak to Mr. Clifton Meade, please?" he asked a moment later, when the switchboard at Aclin Associates answered.

"Mr. Meade's line is busy," said the operator. "Will you wait?"

For a second, there flitted through Mr. Paltry's mind the thought that the practice of courtesy carried its penalties, too. "Yes, I'll wait," he said, and, still holding the phone, reached out for some letters on his desk that he hadn't yet read.

Mr. Lynes, in his room at the Ambassador, was calling Mr. Paltry. Lynes had, the night before, been on a binge of such dimensions that its effects were retroactive, and now even the events of the previous day had become a bit hazy. He'd made a date with old Paltry, he knew. But for when or for where—or God sakes, for that matter, why—were things that he wasn't quite sure of. He wanted to find out, and when the Paltry & Perring operator told him Mr. Paltry's line was busy, he sighed carefully, fumbled out a cigarette and some matches, and wondered fleetingly if he mightn't feel better sitting up, once he'd *sat* up, than he did lying down. "Sure, I'll wait," he said to the operator.

Brett Lynes' agent, Bill Bachrach, was calling Lynes, and at the same time the New York representative of International Films, Nat Hemmering, was calling the agent. Bachrach, incidentally, was calling to tell Lynes that he'd just had an offer of fifty thousand dollars from Warner Brothers for the film rights of Lynes' last novel, and since interest in it elsewhere on the Coast seemed to be declining, he would recommend acceptance. Hemmering, however, was calling to offer sixty thousand, and so, for a while at least, a difference of ten thousand dollars depended on whether Bachrach hung up before Lynes, and so got Hemmering's call, or Lynes hung up, and Bachrach got through to him.

As it happened, though, no one hung up at once, and so the question remained in abeyance. In one respect, the telephone is a peculiar instrument—although it offers an almost immediate connection with any one of the millions of telephones scattered through the city, it also, in the instant of the connection, cuts the user off from all contact with the others. Who can tell, while he tries for a BUtterfield number, what ALgonquin or PLaza or PEnnsylvania numbers are trying to reach him? Who, pursuing on the telephone, knows that he is being pursued?

So Hemmering, trying to reach Bachrach, had no idea that at the same time Francis Donnelly, of the firm of Donnelly & Hines, was trying to reach *him*. Donnelly was a private detective, as was his partner, and he was calling to report on the progress of a little investigation that Hemmering had hired him to conduct on the social and other activities of his wife, the former Gloria Lalune, in preparation for a counter-suit against the divorce suit he, Hemmering, knew she was contemplating.

A politician named Walter Macklin was calling Donnelly, in respect to a contribution for a testimonial dinner to a retiring judge of Special Sessions, and a criminal lawyer named Henry Decaid was calling Macklin to tell him that a friend of his, standing in a bar off Centre Street a half hour or so previously, had overheard an ex-cop named Devlin, quite drunk at the moment, threatening to "get" Macklin for having him thrown off the force. Decaid didn't know if there was anything in it, you understand (like Clifton Meade, he had a tendency to mumble over his speeches beforehand), but with some of these rockheads you just can't tell, and in any case he thought he'd pass the word along.

Bolton Bostwick, of Chizzleworth, Bostwick, Benedict & Spratt, corporation lawyers, was calling Decaid, intending, when he completed the connection—"I'll wait. Yes," Mr. Bostwick had said, and reached for a handsomely tooled leather desk pad to do a little doodling—to begin a discreet inquiry on how best to have some nineteen parking-violation summonses quashed, which the son of one of the firm's clients had accumulated; and Tom Burlingame, a stock promoter, was calling Bostwick to ask him out to Stamford for some small-boating and a look at the club regatta the following weekend.

The time was still only four-thirty-nine, or four minutes after Clifton Meade had picked up the phone to call his wife, and for the last three of those minutes Wainwright Hobbs, Wall Street columnist on the New York *Globe*, who was faced with a five-o'clock deadline if he wanted to make the next edition, had been trying to get hold of Burlingame to ask him bluntly if he would confirm or deny a rumor that he was engineering a merger between the Rock Island railroad and the B. & O. For the last two of those minutes, Arthur Belling, assistant chief of the F.B.I. in New York, had been calling Hobbs to inquire how he had got hold of certain information about Arabian Oil that Hobbs had printed in a column of his the previous week—information that, on the face of it, indicated a leak somewhere in the State Department—and Belling's wife, only recently discharged from a neurological hospital, was calling him to tell him that she had decided that the only thing to do was to end it, and if he would listen, he would hear a shot.

There was, unquestionably, someone trying to reach Belling's wife.

In the meantime, Hy Prentiss, Dolly's husband, had picked up the phone to call his home—where the phone, of course, was being used by Edna Meade—and a fellow named Pharis, of the firm of Baer & McBride, wool converters, was trying to reach Prentiss for a date for lunch. Pharis's dentist's secretary, a Miss Janice Wurtele, was calling to remind him that it was time for his semiannual checkup. A laundry-rental service, the Sparkleen, was calling the dentist, Dr. Ripple, to tell him that they would supply towels, aprons, bibs, etc., each week at a price that would meet all competition; Wright's Radio & Electric Shop, on Delancey Street ("Be Right—Buy Wright"), was calling Sparkleen about an overdue bill for radio repairs; and Puritone, Inc., wholesalers of radio accessories, was trying to get hold of Wright's to inquire about an overdue bill of theirs.

In an ill-lighted phone booth on upper Sixth Avenue, a nearsighted spy named Armin Jorten was calling Puritone. He was under the impression that he was calling Puritans, Inc., a ruggedly patriotic coterie which had hired him to do a little snooping into the affairs of a young government physicist named Alfred Burlingame, whom they suspected of radical tendencies, and all he wanted to do was to report that there was nothing to report. Outside the drugstore in which he was making his call, two F.B.I. men were waiting, who had been detailed to watch him after Burlingame had complained that he was being followed, by someone whom he took to be a foreign agent. Both the F.B.I. and Puritans, Inc., were conscious that they were playing with fire, and at both offices there were people who were anxiously waiting for a report on developments.

The time was now ticking on toward four-forty ("... thirty-nine and three-quarters," ME 7-1212 was saying to those who were listening). In Washington, too, time can be precious. Something over two minutes before that, or at approximately four-thirty-seven, Ward Elton, First Assistant Secretary in the State Department, had put in a call to Burlingame (the promoter) to inquire if he could explain certain movements in the price of Peruvian six-per-cents, which the Department, among others, was watching with interest. The Director-General of the Central Office of Information, in London, was calling Elton, the Belgian Minister of Finance was calling the Director-General, and Prime Minister Bidault was calling the Minister of Finance.

There have been reports, as yet unsubstantiated, that at the same time Russia (in some quarters at least it is whispered, Stalin himself) was calling Bidault.

SOMEONE, surely—possibly that man out in Elkhart, Indiana—was trying to get through to Stalin. But at four-forty-one, abruptly, the chain was broken, and in two places. Macklin, sitting at his desk in his office, was surprised to see Devlin, the ex-policeman, come into the room. The man himself, black-haired, square-faced, and surly-looking, he recognized only dimly, but the gun in his hand galvanized Macklin into action. He dropped his phone in the cradle a second to disconnect, and then raised it again to call the police.

In that instant, however, his secretary, who had been waiting for the opportunity, put through the Decaid call. Decaid, listening, was just in time to hear, almost simultaneously, the cry of "Police!" and the sound of shots, and obeying an impulse that might have struck anyone, he, too, cried "Police!"—and so loudly that it was heard in his outer office, where *his* secretary, a Miss Eunice Dodge, fainted.

At the same time, Leota, the maid at the Clifton Meades', hung up, and Meade was able to get through to his apartment, where he found that his wife wasn't, after all. But this, in its way, was a help, because Paltry got through to *him* a moment later, telling him that their appointment would have to be cancelled; and so Meade, when his wife talked to him, was free to run up to the Prentisses', as she suggested.

The two couples, the Meades and the Prentisses, had quite a time for themselves later on, and it may be that a certain easing of the strains that had been accumulating in the marital relations of the first pair dates from that evening.

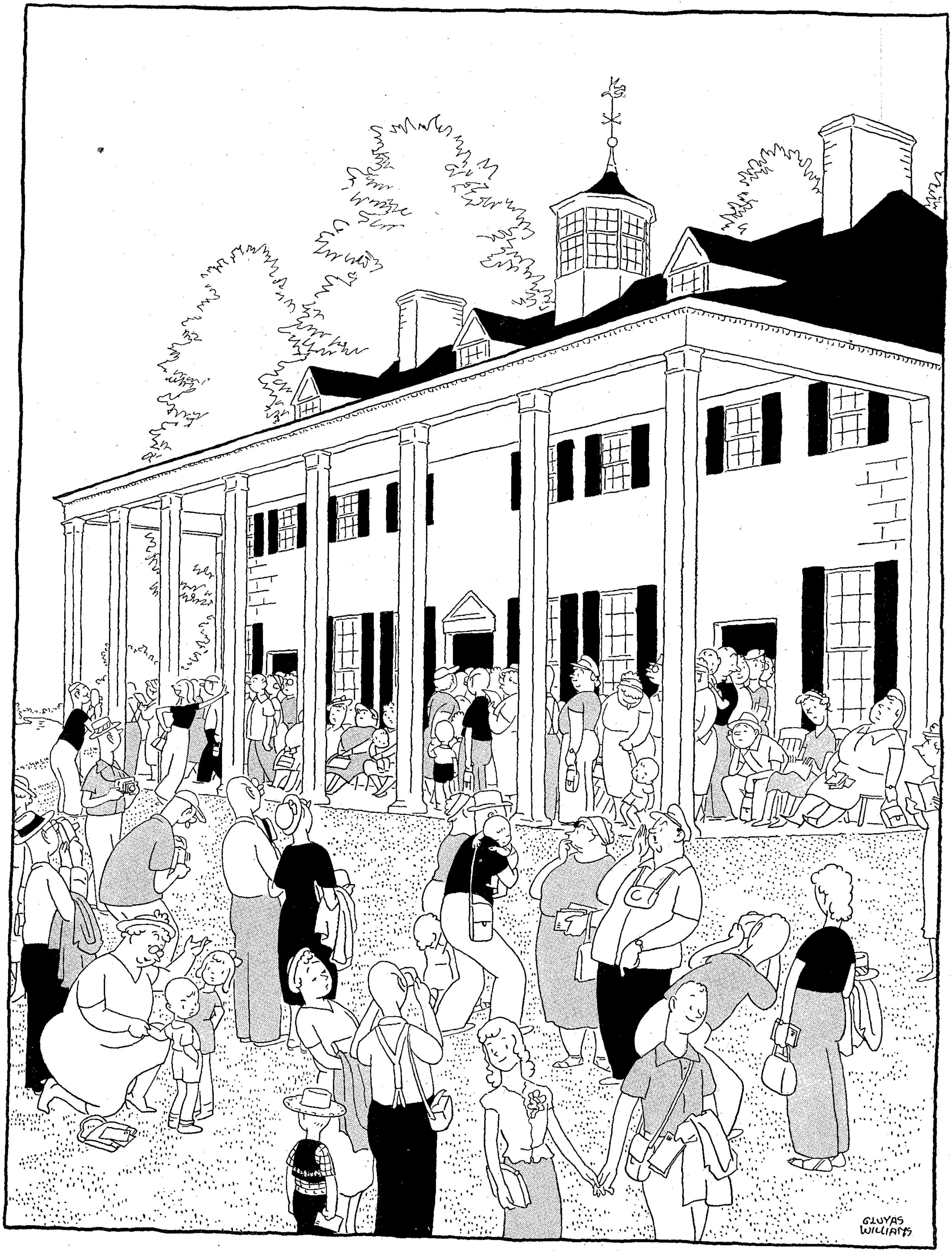
Slowly, gradually, the chain dissolved. Macklin, fortunately, was unhurt. Devlin, his assailant, had been far too drunk to aim with accuracy, and the two shots he fired before he was overpowered went, respectively, into a steam riser pipe near the window of Macklin's office and a steel engraving of a portrait of Robert Emmet that was hanging near it. Mrs. Belling, after holding the phone so long, decided that suicide would be silly, and started making plans for a career in the ballet instead. Decaid, though, until things were straightened out, was extremely upset, and Miss Dodge, perhaps, even more so, for she left his employ soon after. Even so, it was nothing that both of them couldn't get over. After all, such things happen in the city almost every day, and it's a tribute to our strength of character that no one, really, seems to mind.

—ROBERT M. COATES

INDETERMINATE

Between the window and the night,
The maple stands beside my room,
Whose outward-going shaft of light
Pours like a river through the leaves,
Pours, and is broken by the leaves,
Whose motion makes a watery sound.
They rustle, and are still; resume
The restless ripple, stir, and slow
Wash of their move against the flow,
The stream, of light, which turns to sound
Somewhere, so interwoven, so
Shifting, so vague no mind can mark
The borderline where light is sound
And sound diminishes to dark.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Mount Vernon

GARDENS AND PARKS

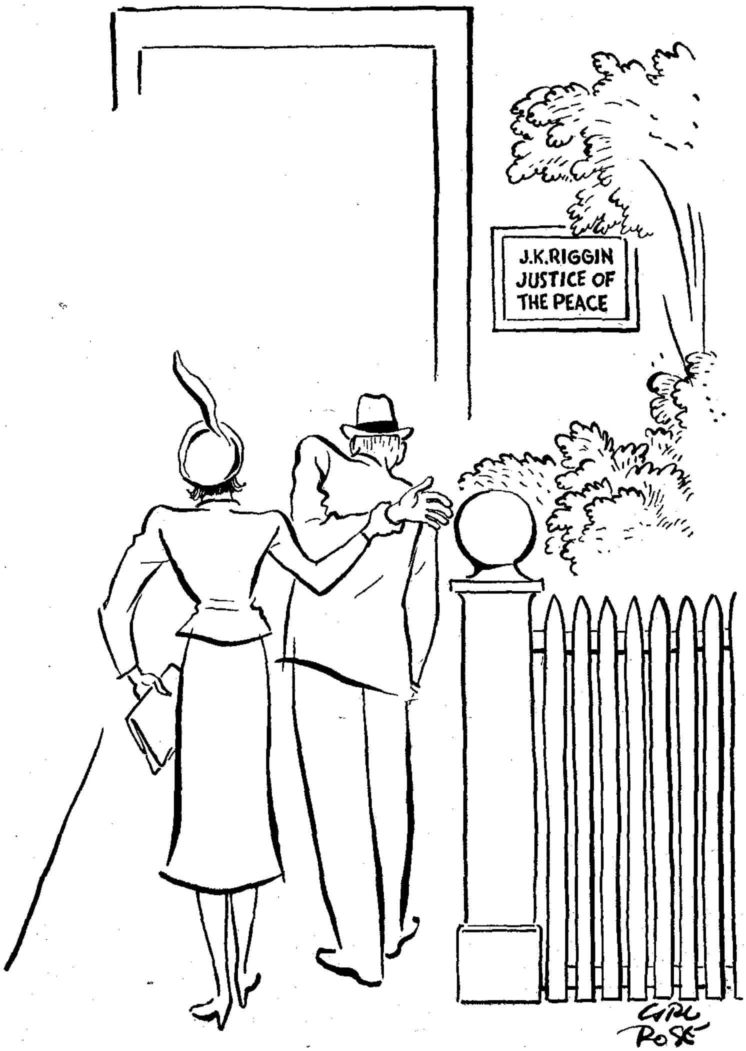
THEY are passing, posthaste, posthaste, the gliding years—to use a soul-rending Horatian inflection. The years are passing, my dear, and presently nobody will know what you and I know. Our child is growing; the roses of Paestum, of misty Paestum, are gone; mechanically minded idiots are tinkering and tampering with forces of nature that mild mathematicians, to their own secret surprise, appear to have foreshadowed; so perhaps it is time we examined ancient snapshots, cave drawings of trains and planes, strata of toys in the lumbered closet.

We shall go still farther back, to a morning in May, 1934, and plot with respect to this fixed point the graph of a section of Berlin. There I was walking home, at 5 A.M., from the maternity hospital near Bayerischer Platz, to which I had taken you a couple of hours earlier. Spring flowers adorned the portraits of Hindenburg and Hitler in the window of a shop that sold frames and colored photographs. Leftist groups of sparrows were holding loud morning sessions in lilacs and limes. A limpid dawn had completely unsheathed one side of the empty street. On the other side, the houses still looked blue with cold, and various long shadows were gradually being telescoped, in the matter-of-fact manner young day has when taking over from night in a well-groomed, well-watered city. There was the tang of tarred pavements underlying the sappy smells of shade trees, but to me the optical part of the business seemed quite new, like some unusual way of laying the table, because I had never seen that particular street at daybreak before, although, on the other hand, I had often passed there, childless, on sunny evenings.

In the purity and vacuity of the less familiar hour, the shadows were on the wrong side of the street, investing it with a sense of not inelegant inversion, as when one sees reflected in the mirror of a barbershop the window, toward which the melancholy barber, while stropping his razor, turns his gaze (as they all do at such times), and, framed in that reflected window, a stretch of sidewalk shunting a procession of unconcerned pedestrians in the wrong direction into an abstract world that all at once stops being droll and loosens a torrent of terror.

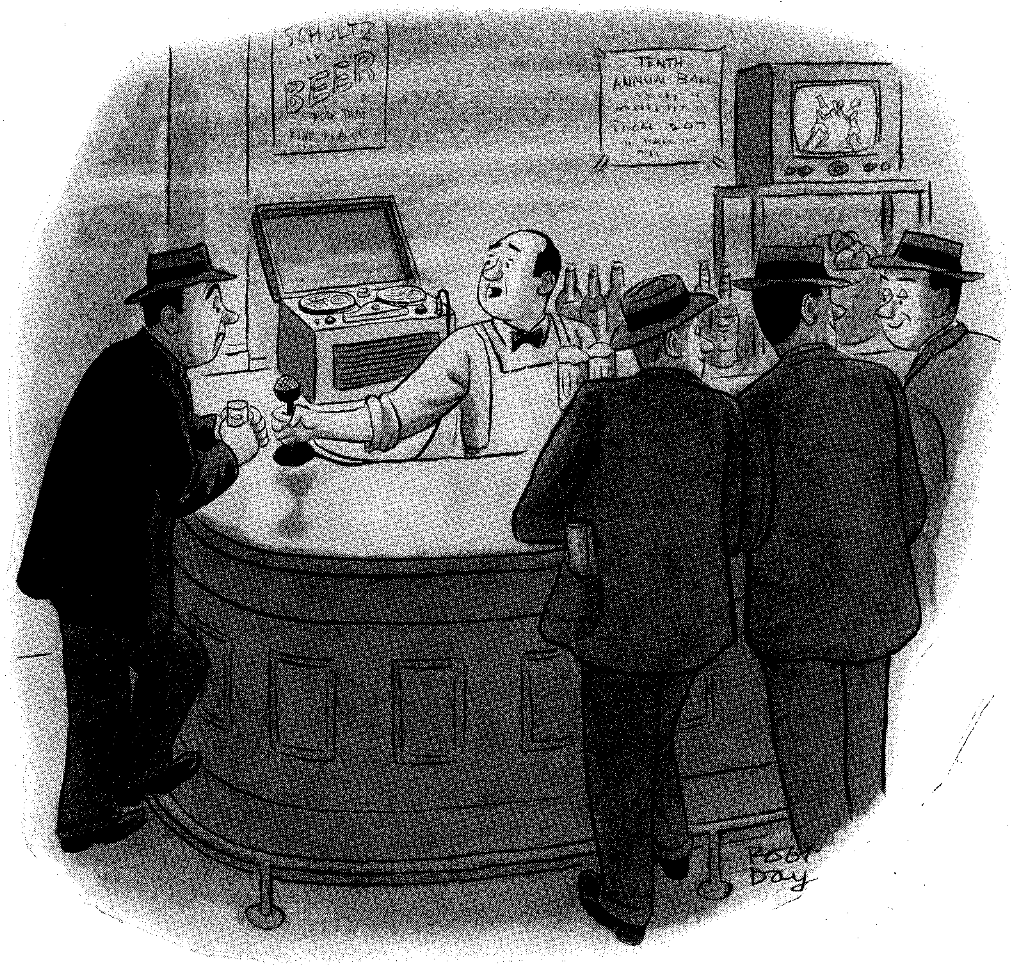
Whenever I start thinking of my love for a person, I am in the habit of immediately drawing radii from my love—from my heart, from the tender nucleus of a personal matter—to monstrously remote points of the universe. Something impels me to measure the consciousness of my love against such unimaginable and incalculable things as the behavior of nebulae (whose very remoteness seems a form of insanity), the dreadful pitfalls of eternity, the unknowledgeable beyond the unknown, the helplessness, the cold, the sickening involutions and interpenetrations of space and time. It is a pernicious habit, but I can do nothing about it. It can be compared to the uncontrollable flick of an insomniac's tongue checking a jagged tooth in the night of his mouth and bruising itself in doing so but still persevering. I have known people who, upon accidentally touching something—a doorpost, a wall—had to go through a certain very rapid and systematic sequence of manual contacts with various surfaces in the room before returning to a balanced existence. It cannot be helped. I must know where I stand, where you and my son stand. When that slow-motion, silent explosion of love takes place in me, unfolding its melting fringes and overwhelming me with the sense of something much vaster, much more enduring and powerful than the accumulation of matter or energy in any imaginable cosmos, then my mind cannot but pinch itself to see if it is really awake. I have to make a rapid inventory of the universe, just as a man in a dream tries to condone the absurdity of his position by making sure he is dreaming. I have to have all space and all time participate in my emotion, in my mortal love, so that the edge of its mortality is taken off, thus helping me to fight the utter degradation, ridicule, and horror of having developed an infinity of sensation and thought within a finite existence.

Since, in my metaphysics, I am a confirmed non-unionist and have no use for organized tours through anthropomorphic paradises, I am left to my own not negligible devices when I think of the best things in life; when, as now, I look back upon my almost couvadelike concern with our baby. You remember the discoveries we made (supposedly made by all parents): the perfect shape of the miniature fingernails of the hand you silently showed me as it lay, stranded starfishwise, on your palm; the epidermic texture, of limb and cheek, to which attention was drawn in dimmed, faraway tones, as if the softness of touch could be rendered only by the softness of distance; that swimming, sloping, elusive something about the darkbluish tint of the iris, which seemed still to retain the shadows it had absorbed of ancient, fabulous forests where there were more birds than tigers and more fruit than thorns, and where, in some dappled depth,



man's mind had been born; and, above all, an infant's first journey into the next dimension, his newly established nexus between eye and reachable object, which the career boys in biometrics or in the rat-maze racket think they can explain. It occurs to me that the closest reproduction of the mind's birth obtainable is the stab of wonder that accompanies the precise moment when, gazing at a tangle of twigs and leaves, one suddenly realizes that what had seemed a natural component of that tangle is a marvellously disguised insect or bird.

There is also keen pleasure (and, after all, what else should the pursuit of science produce?) in meeting the riddle of the initial blossoming of man's mind by postulating a voluptuous pause in the growth of the rest of nature, a lolling and loafing, which allowed the formation of, first of all, *Homo poeticus*—without which *Homo sapiens* could not have been evolved. Struggle for life indeed! The curse of battle and toil leads man back to the boar, to the grunting beast's crazy obsession with the search for food. You and I, my dear, have frequently remarked upon that maniacal glint in a housewife's scheming eye as it roves over food in a grocery or about the morgue of a butcher's shop. Toilers of the world, disband! Old books are wrong. The world was made on a Sunday.

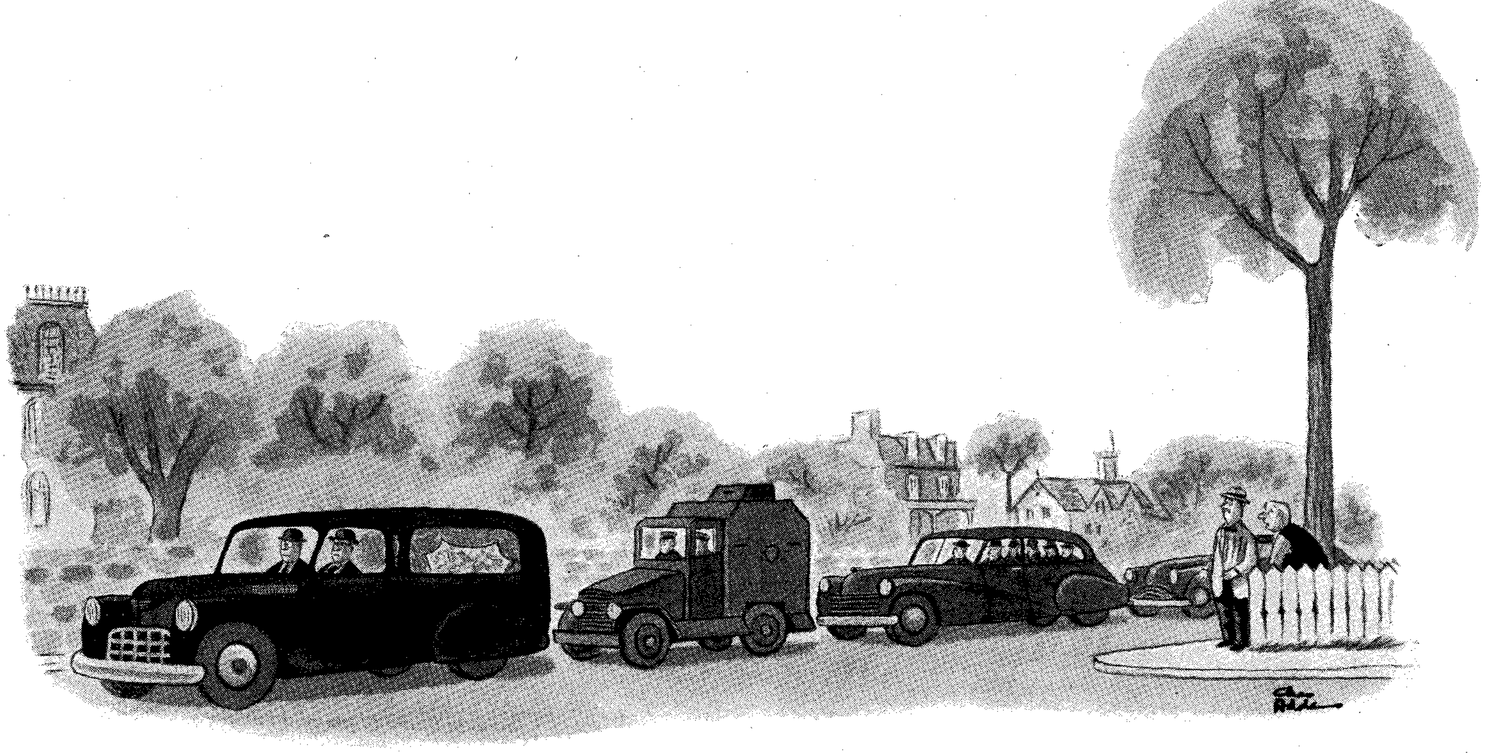


"If you care to record your troubles, sir, I'll be glad to listen to them my first free moment."

THROUGHOUT the years of our boy's infancy, in Hitler's Germany and Maginot's France, we were more or less constantly hard up, but wonderful friends saw to his having the best things available. Although powerless to do much about it, you and I jointly kept a jealous eye on any possible rift between his childhood and our own incunabula in the opulent past, and this is where those friendly fates came in, doctoring the rift every time it threatened to open. Then, too, the science of building up babies had made the same kind of phenomenal, streamlined progress that the techniques of flying and tilling had—*I*, when nine months old, did not get a pound of strained spinach at one feeding or the juice of a dozen oranges per day, and the pediatric hygiene you adopted was incomparably more artistic and scrupulous than anything old nurses could have dreamed up when we were babes.

I think bourgeois fathers—wing-collar workers in pencil-striped pants, dignified, office-tied fathers, so different from young American veterans of today or from a happy, jobless Russian-born expatriate of fifteen years ago—will not understand my attitude toward our child. Whenever you held him up, replete with his warm formula and grave as an idol, and waited for the post-lactic all-clear signal before making a horizontal baby of the vertical one, I used to take part both in your wait and in the tightness of his surfeit, which I exaggerated, therefore rather resenting your cheerful faith in the speedy dissipation of what I felt to be a painful oppression. And when, at last, the blunt little bubble did rise and burst in his solemn mouth, I used to experience a lovely relief while you, with congratulatory murmur, bent low to deposit him in the white-rimmed twilight of his crib.

You know, I still feel in my wrists certain echoes of the pram-pusher's knack, such as, for example, the glib downward pressure one applied to the handle in order to have the carriage tip up and climb the curb. First came an elaborate mouse-gray vehicle of Belgian make, with fat, autoid tires and luxurious springs, so large that it could not enter our puny elevator. It rolled on sidewalks in slow, stately mystery, with the trapped baby inside lying supine, well covered with down, silk, and fur; only his eyes moved, warily, and sometimes they turned upward with one swift sweep of their showy lashes to follow the receding branch-patterned blueness that flowed away from the edge of the half-cocked hood of the carriage, and presently he would dart a suspicious glance at my face to see if the teasing trees and sky did not belong, perhaps, to the same order of things as did rattles and parental humor. There followed a lighter carriage, and in this, as he spun along, he would tend to rise, straining at his straps, clutching at the edge, standing there less like the groggy passenger of a pleasure boat than like an entranced scientist in a space ship, surveying the speckled skeins of a live, warm world, eying with philosophic interest the pillow he had managed to throw overboard, and one day falling out himself when a strap burst. Still later he rode in one of those small contraptions called strollers; from initial springy and secure heights, the child came lower and lower, until, when he was about one and a half, he touched ground in front of the moving stroller by slipping forward out of his seat and



"I understand old Burton decided you can take it with you."

• •

beating the sidewalk with his heels in anticipation of being set loose in some public garden. Then a new wave of evolution started to swell, gradually lifting him again from the ground, when, for his second birthday, he received a four-foot-long, silver-painted Mercedes racing car, operated by inside pedals, like an organ, and in this he used to drive with a pumping, clanking noise up and down the sidewalk of the Kurfürstendamm while from open windows came the multiplied roar of a dictator still pounding his chest in the Neander valley we had left far behind.

It might be rewarding to go into the phylogenetic aspects of the passion male children have for things on wheels, particularly railway trains. Of course, we know what the Viennese Quack thought of the matter. We will leave him and his fellow-travellers to jog on, in their third-class carriage of thought, through the police state of sexual myth. (Incidentally, what a great mistake on the part of dictators to ignore psychoanalysis—a whole generation might be so easily corrupted that way!) Rapid growth, quantum-quick thought, the roller coaster of the circulatory system—all forms of vitality are forms of velocity, and no wonder a growing child desires to out-Nature Nature by filling a minimum stretch of time with a maximum of spatial enjoyment. Innermost in man is the spiritual pleasure derivable from the possibilities of out-tugging and out-running gravity, of overcoming or reënacting the earth's pull. The miraculous paradox of smooth, round objects conquering space by simply tumbling over and over, instead of laboriously lifting heavy limbs in order to progress, must have given young mankind a most salutary shock. The bonfire into which the dreamy little savage peered as he squatted on naked haunches, or the unswerving advance of a forest fire—these have also affected, I suppose, a chromosome or two behind Lamarck's back.

But whatever the truth may be, we shall never forget, you and I, we shall forever defend, on this or some other battleground, the bridges on which we spent hours waiting with our little son (aged anything from two to six) for a train to pass below. I have seen older and less happy children stop for a moment in order to lean over the railing and spit into the asthmatic stack of the engine that happened to pass under, but neither you nor I are ready to admit that the more normal of two children is the one who resolves pragmatically the aimless exaltation of an obscure trance. You did nothing to curtail or rationalize those hour-long stops on windy bridges, when, with an optimism and a patience that knew no bounds, our child would hope for a semaphore to click and for a growing locomotive to take shape at a point where the sweep of many rails converged, in the distance, between the blank backs of houses. On cold days he wore a lambskin coat, with a similar cap, both a brownish color mottled with rime-like gray, and these, and mittens, and the fervency of his faith kept him glowing, and kept *you* warm, too, since all you had to do to prevent your delicate fingers from freezing was to hold one of his hands alternately in your right and left, switching every minute or so, and marvelling at the incredible amount of heat generated by a big baby's body.

BESIDES dreams of velocity, or in connection with them, there is in every child the essentially human urge to reshape the earth, to act upon a friable environment (unless he is a born Marxist or a corpse and meekly waits for the environment to fashion *him*). This urge explains a child's delight in digging, in making roads and tunnels for his favorite toys. Our son had a tiny model of Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird, of painted steel and with detachable tires, and this he would play with endlessly on the ground, and the sun would make a kind of nimbus of his longish fair hair and turn to a toffee tint his bare back crisscrossed by the shoulder straps of his knitted navy-blue shorts (under which, when undressed, he was seen to be bottomed and cross-strapped with natural white). Never in my life have I sat on so many benches and park chairs, stone slabs and stone steps, terrace parapets and brims of fountain basins as I did in those days. The popular pine barrens around the lake in Berlin's Grunewald we visited but seldom. You questioned the right of a place to call itself a forest when it was full of refuse and so much more littered with rubbish than the glossy, self-conscious streets of the adjoining town. Curious things turned up in this Grunewald. The sight of an iron bedstead exhibiting the anatomy of its springs in the middle of a glade or the presence of a dressmaker's black dummy lying under a hawthorn bush in bloom made one wonder who, exactly, had troubled to carry these and other widely scattered articles to such remote points of a pathless forest. Once I came across a badly disfigured but still alert mirror, full of sylvan reflections—drunk, as it were, on a mixture of beer and Chartreuse—leaning, with Surrealistic jauntiness, against a tree trunk. Perhaps such intrusions on these burgherish pleasure grounds were a fragmentary vision of the mess to come, a prophetic bad dream of destructive explosions, something like the heap of dead heads the seer Cagliostro glimpsed in the ha-ha of a royal garden. And nearer to the lake, in summer, especially on Sundays, the place was infested with human bodies in various stages of nudity and solarization. Only the squirrels and certain caterpillars kept their coats on. Gray-footed goodwives sat on greasy gray sand in their slips; repulsive, seal-voiced males, in muddy swimming trunks, gambolled around; remarkably comely but poorly groomed girls, destined to bear a few years later—early in 1946, to be exact—a sudden crop of infants with Turkic or Mongol blood in their innocent veins, were chased and slapped on the rear (whereupon they would cry out "Ow-wow!"); and the exhalations coming from these unfortunate frolickers, and their shed clothes, neatly spread out here and there on the ground, mingled with the stench of stagnant water to form an inferno of odors that, somehow, I have never found duplicated anywhere else. People in the public gardens and city parks of Berlin were not permitted to undress, but shirts might be unbuttoned, and rows of young men, of a pronounced Nordic type, sat with closed eyes on benches and exposed their frontal and pectoral pimples to the nationally approved action of the sun. The squeamish and possibly exaggerated shudder that obtains in these notes may be attributed, I suppose, to the constant fear we lived in of some contamination affecting our child. You always considered abominably trite, and not devoid of a peculiar Philistine flavor, the notion that small boys, in order to be delightful, should hate to wash and love to kill.

BACK IN TIME TO FIX LUNCH

Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by Noon amid the Bow'r
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast.—*Paradise Lost, Book IX.*

We know what happened. That lunch was never made,
And Adam watched in vain for Eve's return.
Somebody came—we know her—Helen, perhaps,
Ophelia, Cleopatra, Guinevere,
All that sad rout of tainted heroines
Thinking by lovely gestures to conceal
That loss, that long-lost lunch;
Covering by love or lust or sacrifice
That long-lamented loss,
By love or lust or burning topmost towers
To hide that lost lunch and those faded flowers
That slipped from Adam's hand.
Hark to the mockingbird, the cheers, the band.

The tinkle of that distant dinner bell
Echoes in mortal ears, and frozen peas
Still fail to interpose a little ease,
Or silence murmurs from that earlier war—
Ancestral voices prophesying more.

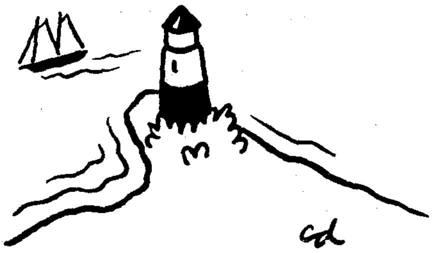
What cunning Paradises have we here?
Where flew the primal birds, the engines fly;
Where grew the lush grass, now the cactus burns.
This is no sea to scan with shaded eye
For the returning sailor; he returns
No sailor but a leering buccaneer.
Home at last is the hunter, home from the hill;
He went out Jacob, comes back Esau still.

All were successful; all left large bequests
To feather scores of post-lapsarian nests
And pay philosophers to count the cost—
That lunch unfixed, that bliss undone, that garden lost.

—David Daiches

• •

I would like to remember every small park we visited; I would like to have the ability Professor Jack, of Harvard and the Arnold Arboretum, told his students he had—of identifying twigs with his eyes shut, merely from the sound of their swish through the air. ("Hornbeam, honeysuckle, Lombardy poplar. Ah—a folded *Transcript.*") Quite often, of course, I can determine the geographic position of this or that park by some particular trait or combination of traits: dwarf-box edgings along narrow gravel walks, all of which meet, like people in plays; a low blue bench against a cuboid hedge of yew; a square bed of roses framed in a border of heliotrope—these features are obviously associated with small park areas at street intersections in suburban Berlin. Just as clearly, a chair of thin iron, with its spidery shadow lying beneath it a little to one side of center, or a pleasantly supercilious, although plainly psychopathic, rotatory sprinkler, with a private rainbow hanging in its spray above gemmed grass, spells a Parisian park. But, as you will well understand, the eye of memory is so firmly focussed upon a small figure squatting on the ground (loading a toy truck with pebbles or contemplating the bright, wet rubber of a gardener's hose to which some of the gravel over which the hose has just slithered adheres) that the various loci—Berlin, Prague, Franzensbad, Paris, the Riviera, Paris again, Cap d'Antibes, and so forth—lose all sovereignty, pool their petrified generals and fallen leaves, cement the friendship of their interlocked paths, and unite in a federation of light and shade through



which bared-kneed, graceful children drift on whirring roller skates.

Now and then a recognized patch of historical background aids local identification—and substitutes other bonds for those a personal vision suggests. Our child must have been almost three on that breezy day in Berlin (where, of course, no one could escape familiarity with the ubiquitous picture of the Führer) when we stood, he and I, before a bed of pallid pansies, each of their upturned faces showing a dark, mustache-like smudge, and had great fun, at my rather silly prompting, commenting on their resemblance to a crowd of bobbing little Hitlers. Likewise, I can name a blooming garden in Paris as the place where I noticed, in 1938 or 1939, a quiet girl of ten or so, with a deadpan white face, looking, in her dark, shabby, unseasonable clothes, as if she had escaped from an orphanage (congruously, I was granted a later glimpse of her being swept away by two flowing nuns), who had deftly tied a live butterfly to a thread and was promenading the pretty, weakly fluttering, slightly crippled insect on that elfish leash—the by-product, perhaps, of a good deal of dainty needlework in that orphanage. You have often accused me of unnecessary callousness in my matter-of-fact entomological investigations on our trips to the Pyrenees or the Alps, so, if I diverted our child's attention from that would-be Titania, it was not because I pitied her Red Admirable ("Admiral," in vulgar parlance) but because there was some vaguely repulsive symbolism about her sullen sport. I may have been reminded, in fact, of the simple, old-fashioned trick a French policeman had—and no doubt still has—when leading a florid-nosed workman, a Sunday rowdy, away to jail, of turning him into a singularly docile and even alacritous satellite by catching a kind of small fishhook in the man's uncared-for but tender and responsive flesh. You and I did our best to encompass with vigilant tenderness the trustful tenderness of our child but were inevitably confronted by the fact that the filth left by hoodlums in a sandbox on a playground was the least serious of possible offenses, and that the horrors that former generations had mentally dismissed as anachronisms, or things occurring only in remote khanates and mandarinates, were all around us.

As time went on and the shadow of fool-made history vitiated even the exactitude of sundials, we moved more restlessly over Europe, and it seemed as if not we but those gardens and parks travelled along. Le Nôtre's radiating avenues and complicated parterres were left behind, like sidetracked trains. In Prague, to which we journeyed to show our child to my mother in the last year of her life, there was Stromovka Park, with its atmosphere of free, undulating remoteness beyond man-trained arbors. You will also recall those rock gardens of alpine plants—sedums and saxifrages—that escorted us, so to speak, into the Savoy Alps, joining us on a vacation, and then followed us back into the towns of the plains. Cuffed hands of wood nailed to boles in the old parks of curative resorts pointed in the direction whence came a subdued thumping of bandstand music. An intelligent walk accompanied the main driveway, not everywhere paralleling it but freely recognizing its guidance, and from duckpond or lily pool romping back to join the procession of plane trees at this or that point where the park had developed a city-father fixation and dreamed up a monument. Roots—roots of remembered greenery, roots of memory and pungent plants—roots, in a word, are enabled to traverse long distances by surmounting some obstacles, penetrating others, and insinuating themselves into narrow cracks. So those gardens and parks traversed Central Europe with us. Gravelled walks gathered and stopped at a *rond-point* to watch you or me bend and wince as we looked for a ball under a privet hedge where, on the dark, damp earth, nothing but a perforated mauve trolley ticket or a bit of soiled gauze could be detected. A circular seat would go around a thick oak trunk to see who was sitting on the other side and find there a dejected old man reading a foreign-language newspaper and picking his nose. Glossy-leaved evergreens enclosing a lawn where our child discovered his first live frog broke into a trimmed maze of topiary work, and you said you thought it was going to rain. At some farther stage, under less leaden skies, there was a great show of rose dells and pleached alleys, and trellises swinging their creepers, ready to turn into the vines of columned pergolas if given a chance, or, if not, to disclose the quaintest of quaint public toilets, a miserable chaletlike affair of doubtful cleanliness, with a woman attendant in black black-knitting on its porch.

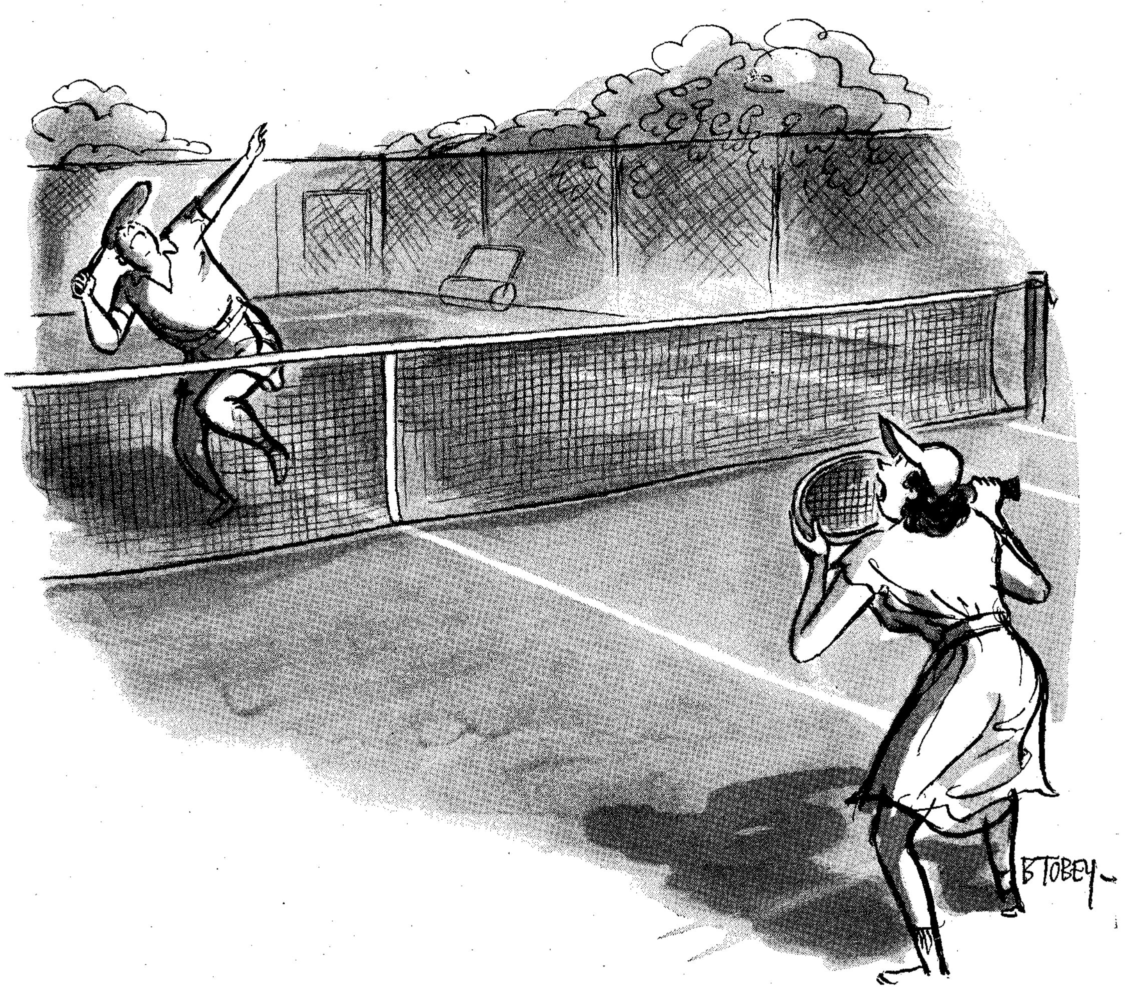
Down a slope, a flagged path stepped cautiously, putting the same foot first every time, through an iris garden, under beeches, and then was transformed into a fast-moving earthy trail patterned with the rough imprints of horse hoofs. The gardens and parks seemed to move ever faster as our child's legs grew longer, and when he was about four, the trees and flowering shrubs turned resolutely toward the sea. Like a bored stationmaster seen standing alone on the speed-clipped platform of some small station at which one's train does not stop, this or that gray

park watchman receded as the parks streamed on and on, carrying us south toward the orange trees and the arbutus and the chick fluff of mimosas and the *pâté tendre* of an impeccable sky.

Graded gardens on hillsides, a succession of terraces whose every stone step ejected a gaudy grasshopper, dropped from ledge to ledge seaward, with the olives and the oleanders fairly toppling over each other in their haste to obtain a view of the beach. There our child kneeled motionless to be photographed in a quivering haze of sun against the scintillation of the sea, which is a milky blur in the snapshots we have preserved but was, in life, silvery blue, with great patches of purple-blue further out, caused by warm currents in collaboration with and corroboration of eloquent old poets and their smiling similes. (Do you hear the pebbles rolled by the withdrawing wave?) And among the caramel-like blobs of sea-licked glass—lemon, cherry, peppermint—and the banded pebbles, and the little fluted shells with lustred insides, sometimes small bits of pottery, still beautiful in glaze and color, turned up. They were brought to you or me for inspection, and if they had indigo chevrons, or bands of leaf ornament, or any kind of gay emblemata, and were judged precious, down they went with a click into the toy pail, and, if not, a plop and a flash marked their return to the sea. I do not doubt that among those slightly convex chips of majolica ware found by our child there was one whose border of scrollwork fitted exactly, and continued, the pattern of a fragment I had found in 1903 on the same shore, and that the two tallied with a third my mother had found on that Mentone beach in 1882, and with a fourth piece of the same pottery that had been found by *her* mother a hundred years ago—and so on, until this assortment of parts, if all had been preserved, might have been put together to make the complete, the absolutely complete, bowl, broken by some Italian child, God knows where and when, and now mended by *these* rivets of bronze.

IN the fall of 1939, we returned to Paris, and around May 20th of the following year we were again near the sea, this time on the western coast of France, at St. Nazaire. There one last little garden surrounded us, as you and I, with our child, by now six, between us, walked through it on our way to the docks, where, behind the buildings facing us, the liner was waiting to take us to New York. That garden was what the French call, phonetically, "*skwarr*" and the Russians "*skver*," perhaps because it is the kind of thing usually found in or near public squares in England. Laid out on the last limit of the past and on the verge of the present, it remains in my memory merely as a geometrical design, which no doubt I could easily fill in with the colors of plausible flowers, if I were careless enough to break the hush of pure memory that I have left undisturbed and have humbly listened to from the beginning. What I really remember about this neutrally blooming design is its clever thematic connection with transatlantic gardens and parks; for suddenly, as we came to the end of its path, you and I saw something that we did not immediately point out to our child, in order to enjoy in full the blissful shock, the enchantment and glee he would experience on discovering ahead the ungenuinely gigantic, the unrealistically real prototype of the various toy vessels he had doddled about in his bath. There in front of us, where a broken row of houses stood between us and the harbor, and where the eye encountered all sorts of stratagems, such as pale-blue and pink underwear cakewalking on a clothesline, or a lady's bicycle and a striped cat oddly sharing a rudimentary balcony of cast iron, it was most satisfying to make out among the jumbled angles of roofs and walls a ship's splendid white funnel, showing from behind the clothesline, like something in a scrambled picture—"Find What the Sailor Has Hidden"—that the finder cannot unsee once it has been seen.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV



"*Harold! You promised!*"

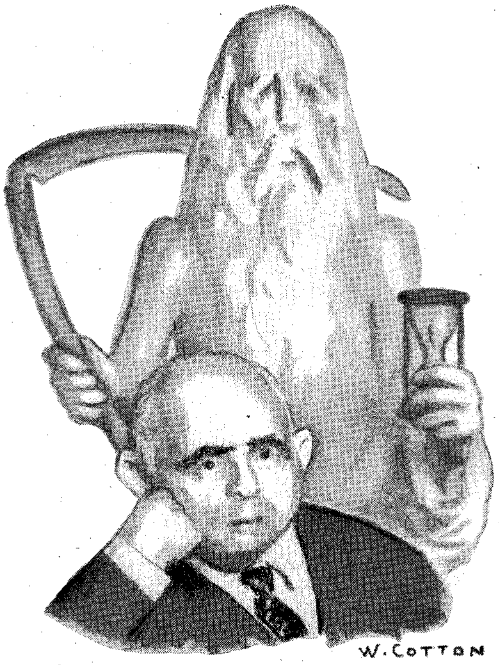
• •

"Joe McCarthy need not feel sorry for me," Mr. Chavez retorted today. "I will be here in the Senate a lot longer than he will. zz—*The Times*.

Let's not have any incidental noises, Senator!

PROFILES

GERIATRICIAN—II

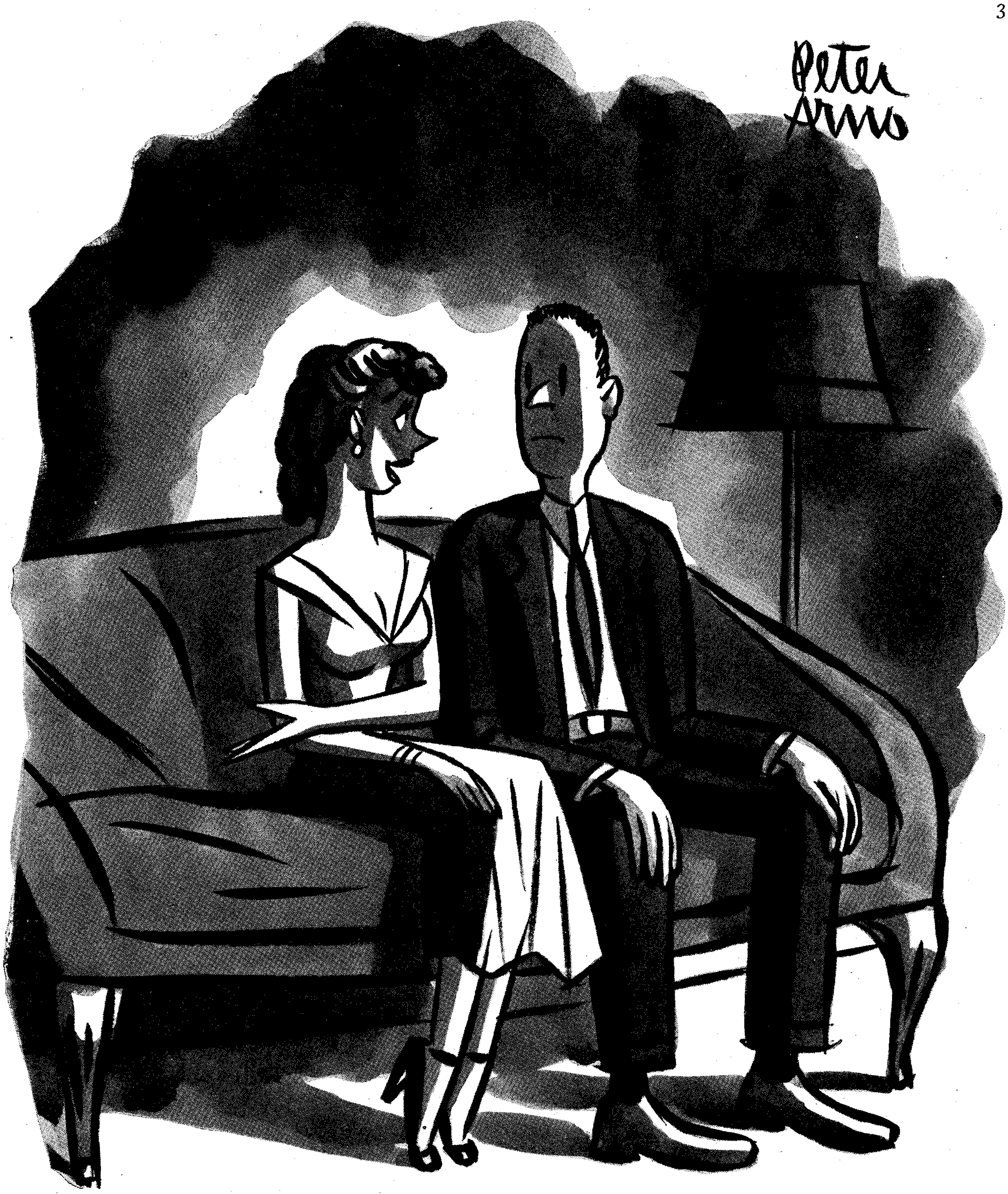


DR. MARTIN GUMPERT, one of the best-known and most communicative practitioners in the field of geriatrics, the branch of medicine that deals with the ills of the elderly, thinks that the United States is one of the bleakest places in the world in which to be old. "In China, an old man is accorded an almost holy status," he points out. "He is so exalted by the young that his last years are his happiest. In France, in Italy, people look to their old men for moral and intellectual leadership. The city-state of Sparta was ruled by a Council of Gerontes, twenty-eight men of sixty or over who held office for life. But here the Constitution says it's all right for someone to be President at thirty-five. How could anyone that young be wise enough for the job? Here the accent is all on youth. Everywhere you look, you see Coca-Cola billboards with pretty girls carrying tennis rackets. Even some of the more serious newspapers feel they have to run comic strips. We have magazines that are given over entirely to mademoiselles of seventeen. We have grandmothers trying to look like their granddaughters. Nobody wants to be old. It's hard for a man of forty-five to find work, let alone someone of sixty-five, even though his body is in excellent health and his mind in its prime. If you're old and you go out to a party for a gay time, you're treated like a precocious child. You cross a street a little slower than a Boy Scout, and he grabs your arm and gets credit for a good deed. You offer an opinion that's based on the experience and wisdom and honesty that can go only with old age, and you run the risk of being called a terrible thing—an old man. Freely translated, that means you're a weak-minded old fogy who's out of step with the times."

A naturalized American citizen of German origin, Dr. Gumpert, who is fifty-two but likes to think of himself as an old man, has not yet packed his bags for China. He feels that the American attitude toward senescence will change within a few years. "America is a young country," he says. "That's why it has always been so conscious of youth. We don't have the centuries of memories that Europe has. There age is taken for granted. It's a tourist attraction. Here, when we reminisce, we go clear back to the country's birth—to the Indians, the covered wagons, and General Custer. Every week, a new movie or an eight-hundred-page novel reminds us of that birth. But a transition is under way. Our country is young, but its inhabitants are getting old. Americans are living longer than anyone else. That's because of better medicine and improved living standards. A hundred years ago, a person of seventy was supposed to be dead. Now he's one of millions, with another fifteen years or so ahead of him. In ten years, almost half of the population will be over forty-five and only a third under eighteen. The other day, I had tea with an elderly lady who looks like someone the florists' association dreamed up for Mother's Day. She was quite happy. She had just been employed as a photographer's model by an advertising agency that had decided it hadn't been pushing its products hard enough with the old people. She was going to be photographed applying a lipstick, smoking a cigarette, and drinking beer. I'd call that agency wide-awake. Most of us aren't aware of the transition that's going on. But it won't take long; it'll be over before we know it. Then we'll be a society of elders. Centenarians will be a dime a dozen. Our lives will be geared to a less frantic pace; the half-hour social calls of today will become three-hour visits. We won't worry so much. I hope our athletic contests will be radically altered. I get all tired out whenever I watch them. Maybe we'll have games where the winner is the fellow who uses the least amount of energy. And the Gulf Stream! There's the theory, you know, that it will get nearer and nearer to New York. That would be something—New York, a semi-tropical city full of old people. No rush hours on the subway, no crowded department stores, no quick lunches at Nedick's. Everybody just taking it nice and easy and living longer and longer."

PENDING a more enlightened regard for our herontes and a favorable shift in the Gulf Stream, Dr. Gumpert is daily observing the precise social and natural situation of the current batch of senescents. He does this in his office, in patients' houses, and in the clinics and wards of the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, on Welfare Island. His work at the hospital is almost entirely research. He is at present investigating the causes and significance of the hairy growths on the bodies of elderly people. These ugly tufts, which usually appear on the face, are, Dr. Gumpert says, the major example of growth, as opposed to deterioration, during old age. Like most research men, he is unwilling to guess what his findings may be. He is willing to speculate that his project may lead to a better understanding of growth in general, both physiological and pathological, during senescence. Or perhaps it will merely show how to keep the skin smooth and firm, or—and here Dr. Gumpert smiles brightly—it may prove absolutely nothing.

Dr. Gumpert's office, where he deals with his private patients, is on the ground floor of an apartment house on upper Park Avenue. The décor is standard medical—dark oak panelling, outdated magazines, conservative etchings, and a professionally cheerful receptionist. The windows, since pedestrians pass close by them, are of stained glass, and they create a cloistered atmosphere without entirely shutting out the world. On sunny mornings, the patch of sidewalk outside the office is the brightest spot on the street, and the neighborhood nurses and their young wards assemble there. The voices of the gossiping nurses, the high-pitched laughter of children, and the yowling of infants come through clearly to the old people waiting in the reception room. There are rarely many there. "The number of patients a geriatrician can see is quite limited," Dr. Gumpert explains. "They cannot be examined quickly. They need to talk about their troubles. And when I say talk, I mean talk. I often hear a patient repeat the same thing eight or ten times. This is a waste of time for neither the



"Want to sit on this side, Lefty?"

• •

patient nor the physician. It is very important. I've seen arthritis, stomach pains, migraine, and other discomforts vanish before my eyes as the patient went on talking. Many old people have to talk about their troubles to a doctor because nobody else will listen to them. Even their family won't listen. That's part of the general prejudice against the old. They're discarded. Nobody heeds their wisdom. Nobody lets them work. They're unproductive. Certain tribes would throw them off cliffs."

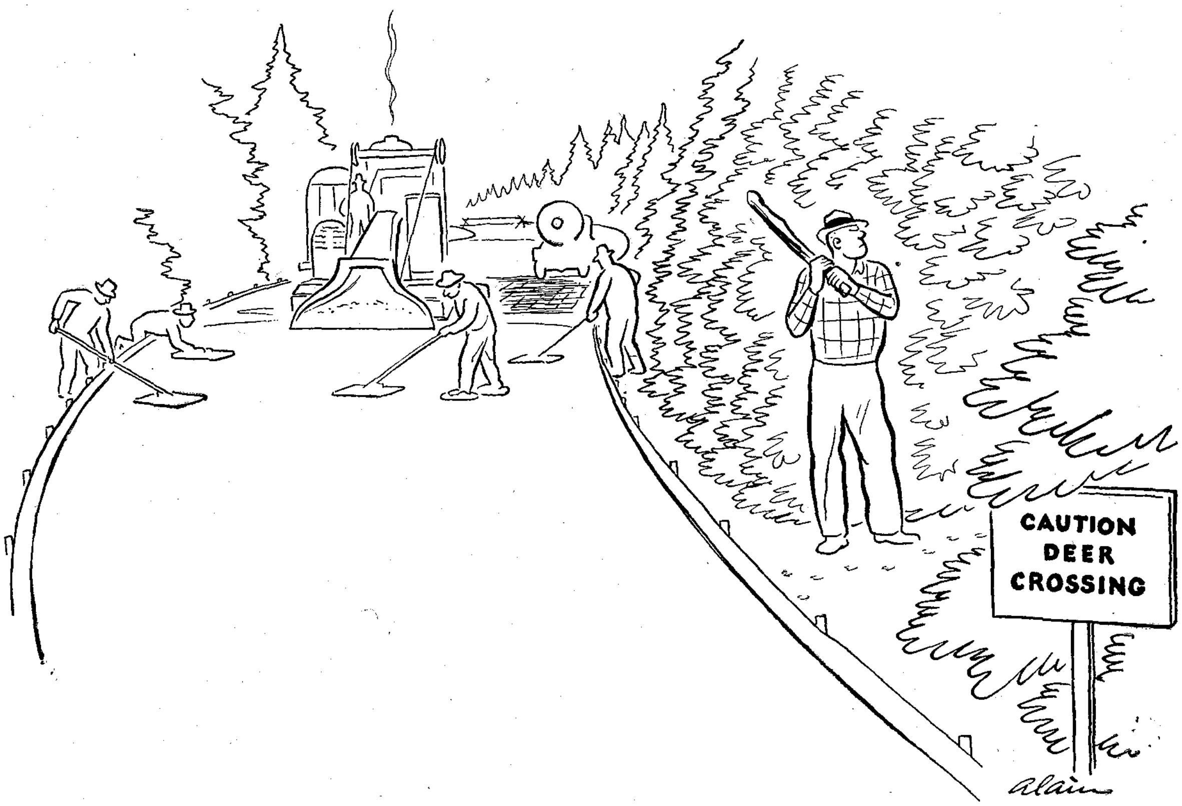
The mental needs of old people are misunderstood even by psychiatrists, Dr. Gumpert believes. In his book "You Are Younger Than You Think," he wrote, "The progressive psychotherapeutic method of psychoanalysis has so far ignored old age . . . perhaps, as has already been suggested, because the psychoanalytic theory of neurosis [that all neurotic symptoms are based on emotional disturbances in childhood] would be too easily contradicted by the mechanism of old-age neurosis, which . . . is caused in the majority of cases by the social implications of the aging process.”

Every now and then, while the children play happily outside, a new patient, alone with the geriatrician in the purposeful quiet of the examining room, is faced for the first time with the realization that he has become old. It is always a jarring experience. “The *realization* that one has a disease is something quite different from the pathological state of disease, and often more important than the disease itself for the individual patient,” the Doctor says. “In a similar manner, the recognition of pathological aging is perhaps the most profound shock of our life span—next to dying. Pathological aging is nearly always recognized through a person’s getting a chronic disease. It doesn’t have anything to do with the number of candles on a birthday cake. It is a harsh and tremendous event to know finally that one cannot turn back but must go forward with the unravelling of a chronic ailment that will stay with one to death. Consciously or unconsciously, we all nourish the fancy that if we but chose, we could always do again what we did long ago in our young days. We tell ourselves that we don’t do it any more simply because the progress of our life has created new interests. But now the doctor’s pronouncement kills that illusion, and we mourn its loss as we might mourn ourselves.”

The disease that produces the shock varies, of course, but the reception of the news follows a pattern. “For example, a man of fifty or fifty-five who has been referred to me may walk into my office for a checkup,” Dr. Gumpert says. “He is jaunty in his bearing, full of plans, and rather annoyed with his wife for making him visit a doctor. I begin my examination and get around to his blood pressure. I wrap the sphygmomanometer around his arm. I squeeze the little rubber ball and take his systolic and diastolic pressures. Then I talk about a comedy I saw last week and remember a joke from it. I want to be sure this man is relaxed. Then I take his pressure again. Same result. No question about it. Two hundred and three systolic, a hundred and ninety-four diastolic. As calmly and as benevolently as I know how, I tell him, ‘I’m going to make some dietary suggestions, and I think you might cut down on some of your activity. You have high blood pressure.’ How else could I put it? His eyes widen and he stares at the sphygmomanometer as if it had injured him. He looks at me to see if I am telling the truth, for he’s had his blood pressure taken many times before and it was always found normal. Perhaps he acknowledges the verdict by nodding silently for a minute or two. Perhaps he manages a weak smile in order to hold back tears. Perhaps he grips his chair for support or suddenly rests his head on my desk. But the man who a few minutes ago was jaunty and full of plans has, in his own mind, abruptly become an invalid. Why? He can go ahead with those plans of his. He can have plenty of happy years before him. His first words, when he finally speaks, are completely unjustified by the facts. ‘Will I lose my mental faculties?’ he asks. The physical is rarely of any immediate concern.”

After the man leaves, Dr. Gumpert says, the social pressures of America often begin to assert themselves. In another country, the patient would be more likely to recover from the shock of aging and start following his doctor’s orders. But here he may, in an exhibitionistic attempt to demonstrate his vigor, embark on a taxing regimen of athletics or romance. Or he may react in the opposite way and decide to retire for life. In Dr. Gumpert’s opinion, the second course is harmful, because it induces an unnecessary decline. “The conventional concept of retirement is plain idiotic,” he declares. “I know the novels and the insurance-company ads picture it as a sweet release into green pastures, but it is a tricky event in our lives and has to be handled carefully. An abrupt retirement is likely to mean a shortening of life. An individual can’t just suddenly retire out of a busy life into one of relative indolence. That demands a too sharp adaptation to new patterns of spending one’s energy. It’s like drastically changing a commuter’s timetable. For example, a man who is active eats because he gets hungry from working. After he retires from work, he eats because of a schedule. There are dozens of such adjustments. Instead of worrying less, people worry more than ever, trying to make sense of the strange new life into which they’ve been catapulted. The theoretical green pastures become an ideal setting for the development of all sorts of psychological disorders that tend to kill—insomnia, indigestion, restlessness, boredom. The patient who ignores the physician’s advice to taper off and effects no changes in his life is making just as big a mistake. He acts as though he had never visited me, as though he were immune to old age.”

Dr. Gumpert has seen this last occur even with people who have experienced the shock of aging in its most dramatic form—a heart attack. One case he had was a Wall Street broker who had suffered a nearly fatal attack of angina pectoris. Dr. Gumpert and the patient’s cardiologist



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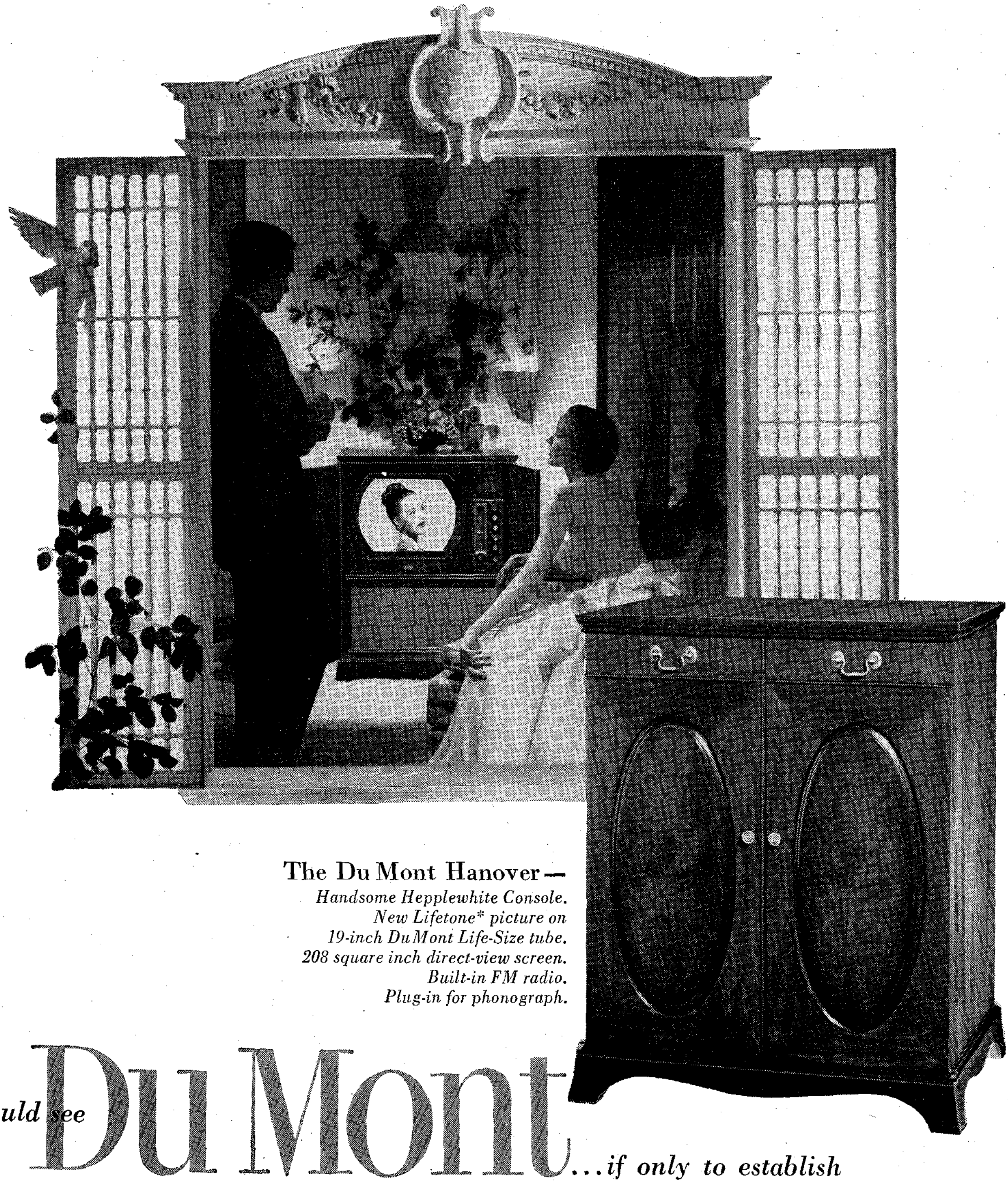

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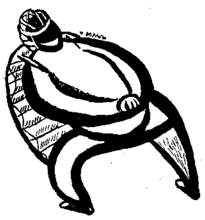
urged him to take things easy, but he replied that his life insurance was in order and he could afford to die. Without him, his brokerage house would go to ruin, so he couldn't afford to be sick. "That man was entirely willing to have a rich widow as his monument," the Doctor remarks. "The insurance companies in this country have turned death into a financial transaction. From childhood on, people are conditioned to accept the idea of dying in terms of money. There is something blasphemous about the way insurance companies try to deprive us of the risk of dying. I say this because I happen to consider the risk of dying one of the noble facets of life. When an insurance salesman rings my bell, I subject him to an intensely philosophical discourse on the essential immortality of our species. *I* do the talking."



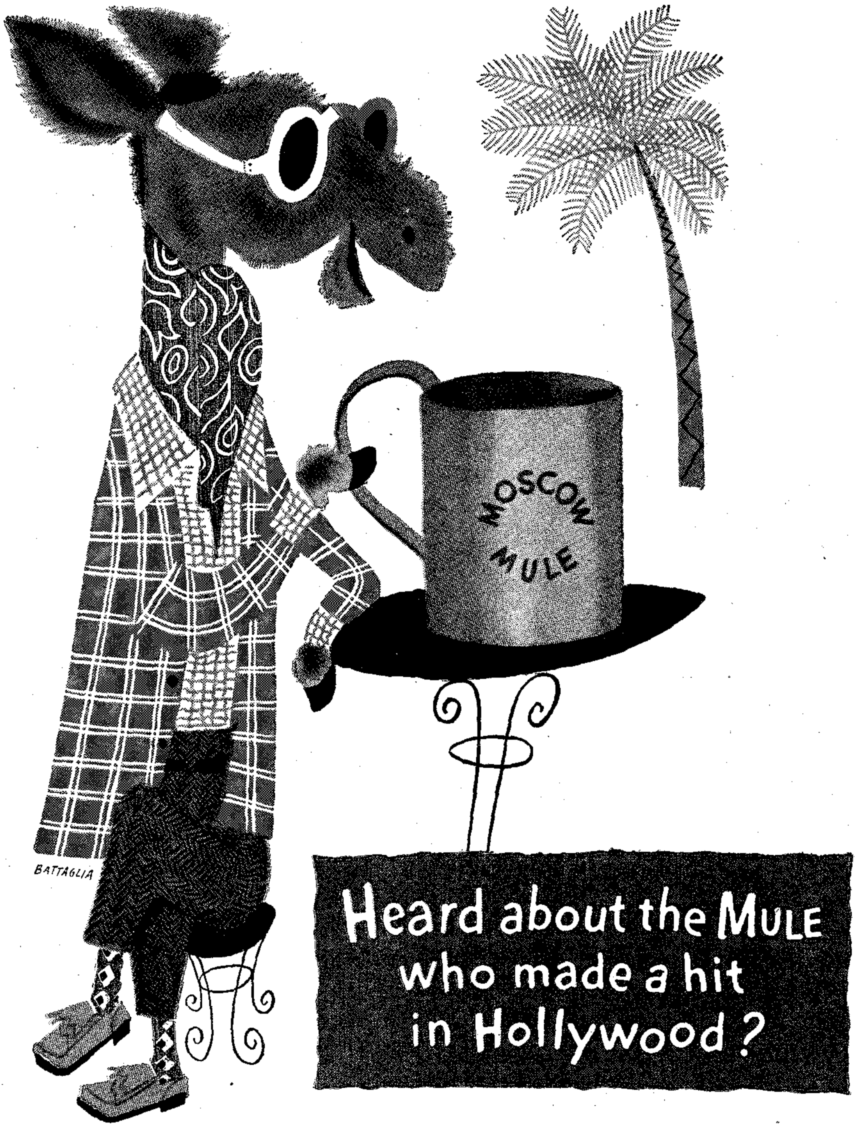
Despite his awareness of the shock the sudden realization of aging brings, Dr. Gumpert usually lets a patient know the true state of his health. Many reputable doctors, discovering a disease they consider ominous, tell the patient not to worry or mutter the Latin name for the affliction. Even when the diagnosis is inoperable cancer, Dr. Gumpert, after a careful consideration of the patient's psychology, may let a patient know the truth, sometimes asking members of the patient's family to break the news. "It is a great disservice to help people keep their illusions alive," he declared firmly before one meeting of the Gerontological Society. "The eventual inescapable shock will only be the greater. The early and radical destruction of the patient's illusions about himself is one of the essential duties of a good physician, for the final disillusionment of a patient who has long been fed with the placebo of illusions is sometimes disastrous beyond any help or hope." Actual placebos are often given to patients—pellets of sugar, unmedicinal liquids that are impressively bitter, the showy injecting of vitamins that are on sale in capsule form at drugstore counters, and elaborate electric treatments that do not use electricity. Although nostrums are defended by some doctors for their suggestive power, Dr. Gumpert condemns them as unethical deceptions. "A doctor should treat, not console," he insists. "If somebody pays ten dollars for a diagnosis and gets a sugar pellet, that's a fraud. Patients who want placebos don't want me. They want a fortune-teller. I don't want to keep secrets from my patients. I hate secrets. People are constantly torturing each other because of them. When I go to the movies and I see the rising young district attorney being turned down by the heroine because she doesn't want to tell him that her mother's police record might harm his career, I wonder to myself, 'Why is she driving him and herself nuts? Maybe he wouldn't give a damn about her mother.' "

About four years ago, shortly after he himself had had a coronary thrombosis, Dr. Gumpert remarked, in the *Nation*, "Placebos are an indication of the ignorance of physicians, a proof that medicine is not yet a true science but still deeply overshadowed by magic, taboos, anxieties, and primitive rituals. . . . Suggestion and superstition ought to be the privilege of quacks, and quacks only. Any kind of alliance with fraud breeds more fraud. The end does not justify the means. . . . Having practiced as a doctor for many years . . . I resolve that I will not treat patients who expect placebos from their doctor, and I will not use the services of a doctor who prescribes placebos." His statement brought forth a flood of mail, most of it denunciatory. He found, however, that nearly all the adverse letters came from physicians and that nearly all the friendly ones were written by laymen. "This confirmed my belief that the patient is basically relieved when he's told the truth, no matter how serious his malady may be," he says. "Besides, I don't think that patients are ever really fooled. They sense the truth, and the more they get of it, the better it is for their health and the doctor's conscience." Dr. Gumpert believes that as advances in geriatrics make elderly people healthier and less pitiable, fewer physicians will prescribe placebos of any type for them. "Then," he says, "the doctor will address them the way he does his younger patients. He'll tell them just what's wrong without the terrible feeling that he's saying, 'You're going to die soon.' "

EVERY day, in his office, in the homes of his patients, and in hospital rooms and wards, Dr. Gumpert treats patients who are mostly suffering from ailments that cannot be cured. His function, as he sees it, is to keep these people comfortable and useful as long as possible. Eventually, the disease he is trying to hold in check will be the direct or indirect cause of death. The physician's supreme pleasure of discharging a cured patient is usually denied the geriatrician, but Dr. Gumpert nevertheless finds his work stimulating and satisfying. "My patients are rather shy and touching," he says. "They're almost like children who have been hurt and are bewildered. Usually, until they're referred to me, they've never heard of geriatricians. They come in mumbling excuses about not wanting to bother me, and are utterly surprised to find that there are doctors whose business it is to take them seriously and help them. They're far more grateful and appreciative than young patients."

The versatility required of a geriatrician is a provocative subject to Dr. Gumpert. To several pre-medical students whom he was coaxing to enter geriatrics, he once said, "Medicine is only part of our work. Psychosomatic ailments play so prominent a part in old age that we have to be psychologists a good deal of the time. We have to grasp a patient's personality if we're to be of any use in keeping him from being unduly disturbed by the exigencies that arise in his daily life. And it's not too hard to determine the good and the bad characteristics of an elderly person. With age, the outline of a psyche becomes more apparent. There are times when the geriatrician serves as a sort of social worker, by meeting with the members of a family to work out points of conflict that have been upsetting the patient. Occasionally, he finds himself acting as a private economist, giving financial advice to elderly people who are worried by the rate at which their savings are dwindling or by the fear that they are causing their children hardships."

Whenever it is feasible, Dr. Gumpert told his young listeners, he encourages a patient to support himself. "Working is a better kind of life insurance than paying premiums on policies," he said. "Having an interest in life is a good method of keeping alive. Idleness isn't just an economic disease. Nature has a rigorous way of getting rid of useless substance. I once had as a patient an eighty-four-year-old painter who was afflicted with Parkinsonism, which made his hands tremble. The man was desperate to paint again, but he felt that that was impossible. I was stumped, too, until I happened to remember Lovis Corinth, the German artist, who did his most important paintings after he had been paralyzed by a stroke. My patient and I went to a neighborhood art shop and looked at some reproductions of Corinth's works. They were marked by their creator's physical disability, but this didn't prevent their being deep in passion and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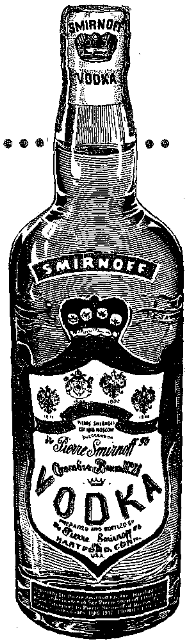

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power. My patient agreed to accept his trembling hands as an asset that might help him achieve an interesting and lively variation from the norm. He sold many paintings, and, more important, he was able to maintain his dignity."

At times, Dr. Gumpert went on to say, a geriatrician has a philosophical and even poetic function. "We are dealing with the period of life that is close to death," he said. "If we can bring about a serene acceptance of death, we are helping the patient. I do not mind telling you that when I am being philosophical with a patient, I listen very closely to myself for any scraps of comfort I offer. I, too, am trying to reconcile myself to the inevitable."

Geriatrics also has purely medical aspects that are fascinating, Dr. Gumpert told the students. "Old-age pathology is full of unsolved problems," he said. "For me, it is the most exciting corner of modern medicine. Things are bound to happen here. All the weaknesses left over from earlier stages of life, plus some brand-new ones, are found in senescence." Geriatrics, he pointed out, is still in its pioneering phase, partly because the major research of the past three decades has been concerned with the years of childhood and of early maturity. "This research has made for longer lives," he said, "but the years it has added probably won't be happy ones until the period of utterly dependent senility—the period immediately before death—is reduced to a minimum. I have heard this longevity called the survival of the unfit, but that reflects a confusing of normal aging with pathological aging. They have nothing in common. They are two distinct processes."

Dr. Gumpert concedes that premature senility is so widespread today that this confusion is inevitable and understandable. He and many other doctors find that almost three-fourths of their patients are disabled or invalided as early as the sixth or seventh decades of their lives. The chief enemies of old age are chronic diseases—diseases of the joints, the vascular system, and the glands. According to the National Institutes of Health, there are now estimated to be in this country 6,850,000 to 9,000,000 cases of rheumatism and arthritis, 9,000,000 of vascular diseases (heart ailments), and 675,000 of cancer. The victims of mental and nervous illnesses, often a by-product of the chronic diseases, number 8,500,000. Little headway has been made against these major disorders of old age. Vascular diseases are the greatest cause of death all over the world, but, Dr. Gumpert asserts, citing Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, the noted cardiologist, that nothing new of a fundamental nature, beyond improved diagnostic and surgical techniques, has been learned about the heart in the past forty years. "In a sense, we have forgotten death itself in the midst of our research," Dr. Gumpert says. "We have been concentrating so hard on acute infectious diseases, the control of epidemics, vitamin research, and endocrinology that chronic degenerative diseases—the diseases that dominate each day's obituary page—are still, relatively speaking, mysteries."

The most obvious way of reducing premature senility, geriatricians agree, is by preventive medicine. This, they feel, would be true even if and when the mysteries of chronic ailments are finally solved. "Efficient old-age medicine is preventive medicine," Dr. Gumpert said once at a medical forum. "Periodical checkups throughout life can substantially delay the outbreak of disease. Many disabilities of old age can be traced to the period of childhood. But the most decisive time of life, the one that sets the clock for the hour of death or prepares the ground for the horrible decay of senility, lies between the thirtieth and fiftieth years. We rarely know the moment when the clock is set." A friend of Dr. Gumpert, Professor Henry S. Simms, of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, has estimated that ninety per cent of the deaths today are due principally to "progressive loss of resistance to disease with advancing age." Addressing the 1941 meeting of the American Chemical Society, Professor Simms remarked, "The human death rate is at a minimum at the age of ten, when only one child in eight hundred dies each year. If the death rate remained at this level throughout the whole life span, our life expectancy would be five hundred and fifty years." Instead, Dr. Gumpert says, we have to accept the fact that the probability of death from vascular diseases increases eleven per cent each year throughout the life span, and from infectious diseases, diseases of the nervous system and of the skin and bones, lobar pneumonia, goitre, pellagra, arthritis, and similar ailments, at the rate of five per cent each year. It is plain, he concludes, that any mitigation of the body changes that lower the resistance to disease would mean a longer middle age and a shorter period of senility.

Dr. Gumpert feels that periodic checkups are especially important during middle age. "The body of the middle-aged person," he wrote in "You Are Younger Than You Think," "can

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be compared to a besieged fortress whose walls are exposed to the attacks of an aggressive enemy, disease." The checkups given elderly people are, he thinks, usually more thorough than those given earlier in life. The examination includes a careful investigation of the patient's family history and his ancestry, as well as his own history, which takes into detailed account not only his past illnesses but his habits and his occupation. The geriatrician tries to estimate the patient's capacities under varying degrees of strain and his reserve energies, so that he will know what regimen to advise. "With younger people," Dr. Gumpert says, "the routine examination is usually an attempt to determine the presence or absence of disease. That isn't enough for our patients. We have too little margin to play with. We have to be on the alert for body changes that *might* make a patient vulnerable to disease. Also, with younger people, when you do find a single factor of disease, you attack it directly. With our patients, however, we can't be satisfied with discovering just one factor. Their troubles are of a systemic nature. They're usually bothered by a combination of different disturbances, all of which have to be considered." Another problem is the misleading statements of hypochondriacs. "Hypochondria is especially prevalent among the old," Dr. Gumpert says, "and if you remember that they've seen many of their contemporaries die or suffer serious illnesses, it seems somehow almost justifiable. Old age becomes such a precarious state that flight into disease seems the only way old people can find haven."

Most of Dr. Gumpert's patients, unfortunately, come to him only after chronic diseases have gained a foothold. By that time, of course, it is too late for preventive medicine. "The arrival of a chronic illness always signifies that reserves are exhausted, that the power of repair and self-defense is gone," the Doctor says. "That doesn't give us much chance to arrest the progress of the malady appreciably. What we should do is look for so-called hidden age, for hidden degeneration, and exhaustion of parts of our bodies long before we enter the phase of senescence." He believes that preventive medicine in general and geriatrics in particular will be tremendously advanced the day medical research produces a method for determining an individual's physiological age. Doctors, he says, often don't know how old their patients actually are. The number of a man's years can be deceiving. Dr. Gumpert has met sixty-year-olds with the vigor of men half their

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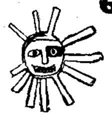

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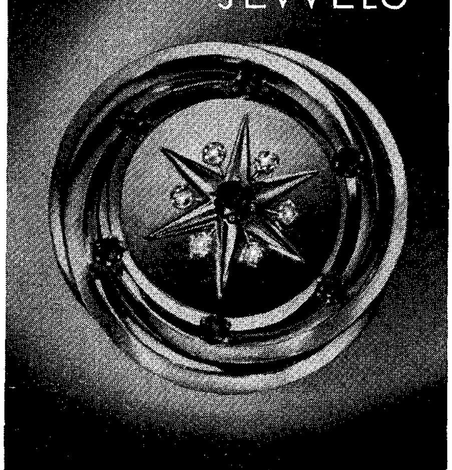

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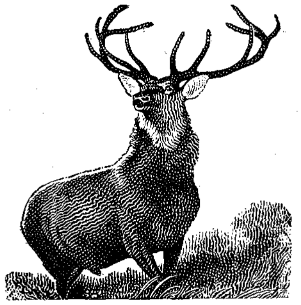

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age and thirty-years-olds whose corneas already show the milky discolorations known as *arcus senilis*, a symptom of senescence. "Each of us grows older in a different tempo," he once observed in a paper on the biology of aging. "One's own zero hour may strike much sooner or much later than is indicated by chronological age. It is therefore most necessary to be able to determine as exactly as possible at a given moment how far an organism or its vital parts have advanced in the process of aging. Thus, a man's brain might be found to be young, his kidneys very old, and his heart somewhere in between. The physician would try to correct the kidney ailment, for that would be his patient's area of premature aging." As long as we have no measurement for physiological age, Dr. Gumpert says, a physician is unable to judge precisely the influence of therapy that would retard the aging process or to gauge the degree to which his patient may safely be burdened with mental or physical activities.

Several research groups are concerned with discovering a way to measure physiological age, but all these projects are still in their preliminary stages. One group is approaching the problem by studying the growth of teeth and facial bones. Another is investigating the differing effects of drugs at varying ages. Some researchers are conducting psychometric examinations of the condition of the memory and the vocabulary. The study of tissue cultures, in which the physiological action of living cells can be observed, can, Dr. Gumpert believes, be of great significance. Functional changes of the nervous system are also being analyzed. One of the most interesting and promising studies was made by the late Dr. P. Lecomte du Noüy and the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, during the First World War, at a hospital near the front in France. They discovered that wounds of the same area healed more rapidly in young men than in old ones. In their experiments there and elsewhere, they found that, on the average, an uninfected wound of twenty square centimetres will cicatrize in a child of ten in twenty days, a man of twenty in thirty-one days, a man of thirty in forty-one days, a man of forty in fifty-five days, a man of fifty in seventy-five days, and a man of sixty in a hundred days. "Thus," Dr. Gumpert says, "if the period of wound-healing is shorter than the norm for the patient's age, he is physiologically younger than his years. If it is longer, he is older. This mechanism of Carrel's and du Noüy's functions with the certainty of a natural law, but, sad to say, its general application to practical medicine is difficult. Perhaps that won't always be so."

Dr. Gumpert is inclined to agree with du Noüy's contention that his findings had important philosophical implications. He thinks that du Noüy may have hit on an explanation of the constant struggle between different generations. About ten years ago, du Noüy wrote, "The value of a day is not identical for ephemeral insects and for animals that live to be sixty years old. Even for one individual, this value seems to vary during the course of life. From a psychological point of view, many more things happen to a child in a year than to an old man. . . . The time needed to effectuate a certain unit of physiological repair is about four times greater at fifty than at ten years of age. We might say, therefore, that sidereal time flows four times faster for a man of fifty than for a child of ten. . . . A year is thus physiologically and psychologically much longer for a child than for its parents. . . . Young and old, united in the same space, live in separate universes where the value of time is radically different."

SINCE death, the one shock in life that Dr. Gumpert considers greater than aging, lies relatively near at hand for old people, its prospect is inevitably an atmospheric element in geriatrics. "I don't know exactly how to put it, but it's just there," he says. He has concluded that old people, while deeply concerned with prolonging their lives, are generally less afraid of death than younger people. "I've seen men in their twenties desperately asking about their chances of rejuvenation because they were losing their hair," he says. "That isn't really as surprising as it sounds. They have so much of their lives ahead of them, so many things they haven't done yet. An aged individual, of course, has done a great deal, and eventually, I think, death seems less appalling to him because he grows somewhat tired of the performance of life. He comes to look on himself as a sort of professional survivor." The Doctor's own attitude toward this macabre subject seems at times to be aloof. At a recent literary cocktail party, a publisher listened closely while Dr. Gumpert outlined a book that, he said facetiously, could be entitled "Death Can Be Fun." "I told him about Queen Victoria's excuse for not attending a meeting of her ministers—'I expect to die this evening.' Also about Lord Balfour's last words—'This is going to be a great experience.' The publisher was enthusiastic," Dr. Gumpert says. "Maybe he thought every undertaker in the country would buy a copy." Not long ago, while lunching with another physician in the cafeteria of the Goldwater Memorial Hospital, Dr. Gumpert spoke rather indulgently of death. "Paradoxical as it may seem," he observed, "death is a vital function of our species. Can you imagine how unbearably sloppy life would be if all the causes of death were eliminated? The boredom would be monumental. Every day of the year, we'd have to attend some relative's birthday. Nothing would be important or unimportant. There would be no stakes, physical, mental, or moral. Our conduct would have no meaning. Death does for us what the final curtain does for a play. It gives form to our existence."

Some of Dr. Gumpert's acquaintances dismiss his remarks on this solemn topic as fancy intellectualizing, but a friend who was with him when he nearly died of his coronary thrombosis four years ago recalls that his conduct was consistent with his expressed viewpoint. "I was about to leave his apartment when he had his attack," the friend says. "Luckily, there was a cardiologist in the building, and I had him come up at once. He did what he could, and then had to go on to another emergency case. I took off my hat and coat and stayed, of course. It was a long, weird night. Martin lay helpless on his bed, but every now and then he would disregard the cardiologist's orders and speak to me. He asked me to find a handbook on heart syndromes that was on one of his shelves. I was so anxious to help that I foolishly looked for it. Then he told me to read a section to him that dealt with the type of attack he had suffered. I read it to him, but I bowdlerized here and there. His attentiveness struck me as so detached that I put down the book and asked him to promise me not to die. Then he proceeded to comfort *me*, as though I were the sick one. 'Please don't look so serious,' he said. 'This isn't a bad way of dying. And I've had a fine life. I've done all kinds of things. I've been a doctor and a writer, and I've visited many countries.' I insisted that he promise me he wouldn't die. He seemed to think it over, and then he finally said, 'All right, my friend, I shall live.' "—Daniel Lang

(*This is the second of two articles on Dr. Gumpert.*)

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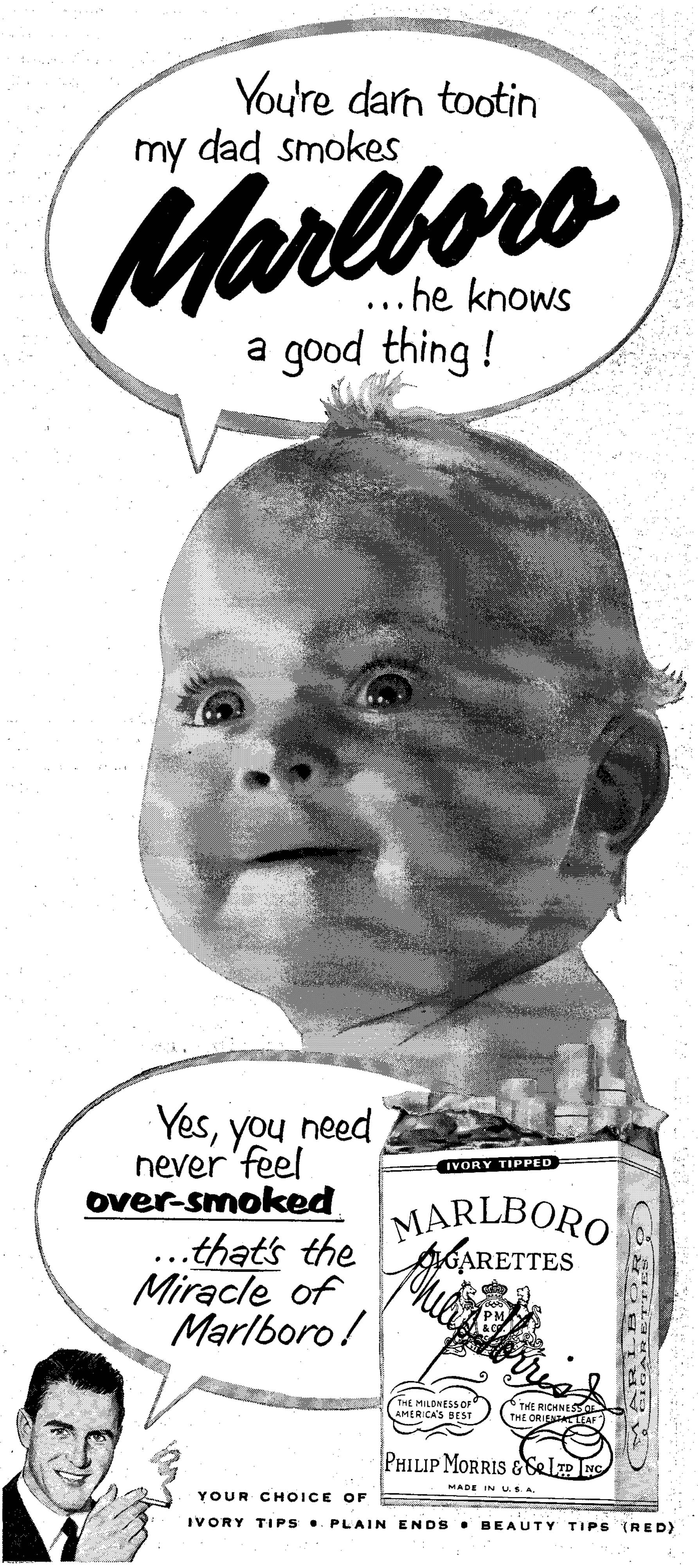
What is the name of the local YWCA?—L. V. E., Fresno.

The Young Womens Christian Association.—*Fresno* (*Calif.*) *Bee*.

Next question.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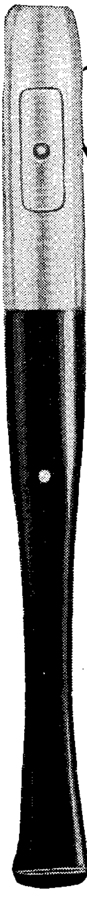

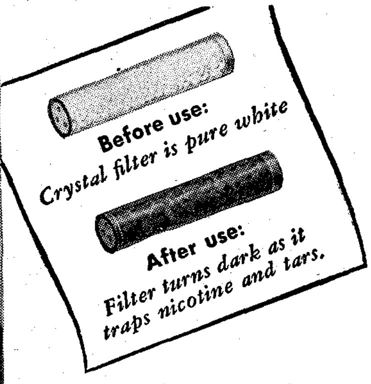
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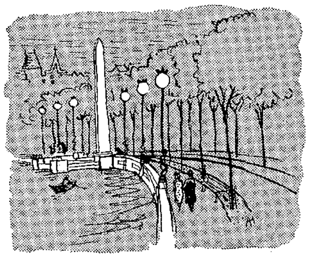
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 6

TO the many Britons who feel strongly on the subject, their Government's reaction to the Schuman proposals has seemed as chilling as a buff official form, marked "Fill in and return," sent back in answer to an invitation to a brilliant, historic event. The press, on the whole, approved of the cautious reserve of the British reply (there were sensible reasons behind the reserve, after all), but what has depressed most critics is the reply's uninspiring flatness. People say gloomily that unstable old France has now taken the lead that England, full of its new postwar vitality, should have taken in Europe but conspicuously hasn't. With the Foreign Secretary, at this important juncture, unfortunately once more in a nursing-home bed, British policy seems to many to be oddly listless and lacking in just the dynamic quality that France, a little while back regarded as seriously ailing, has now displayed in one swift, dazzling, embarrassing move.

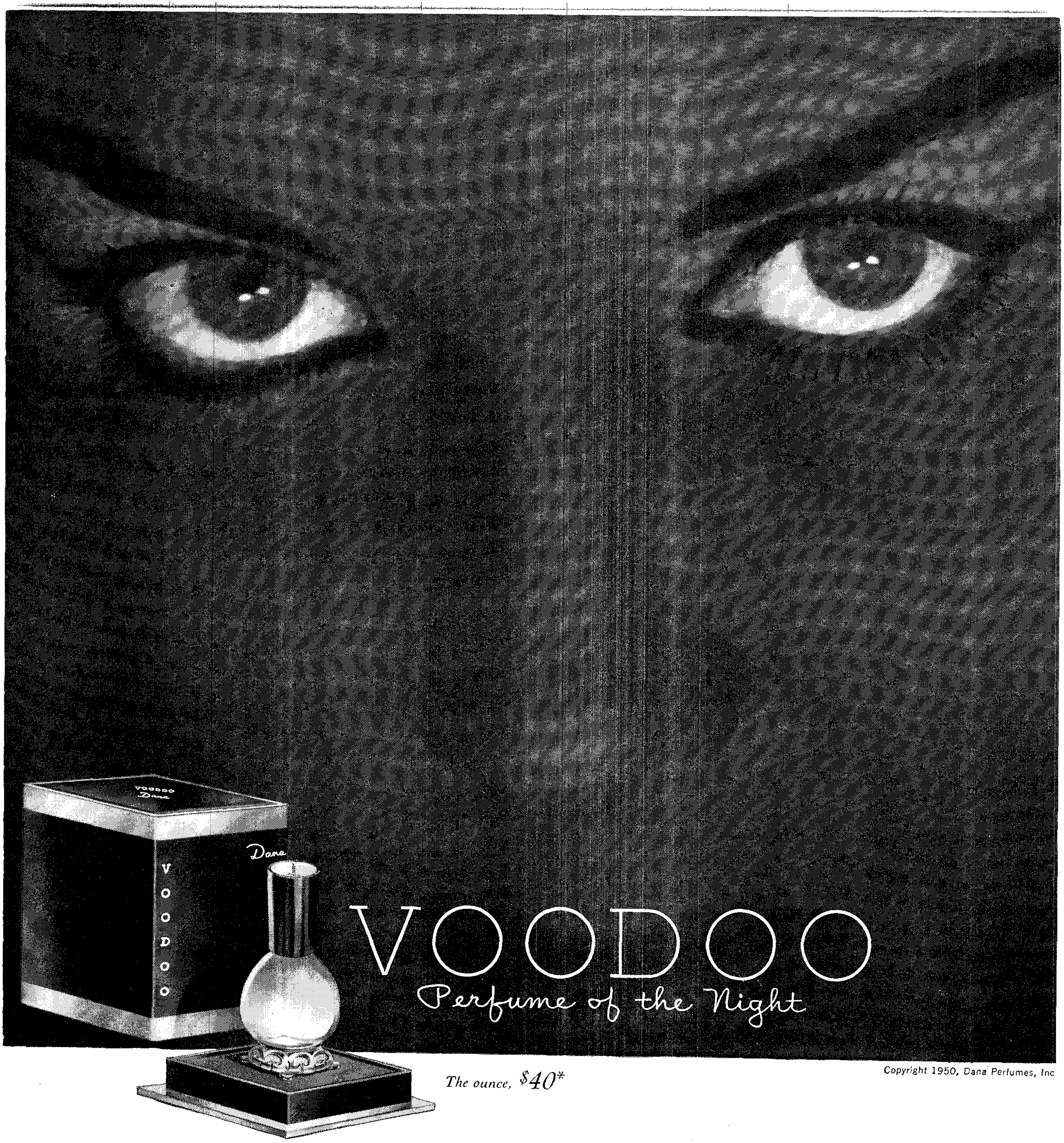


It is not difficult to understand the Government's embarrassment. Its view is that since steel and coal are the gritty lifeblood of the British economy, which has labored mightily but is still not out in the clear, it would like more details of how the envisaged international authority is going to work, instead of signing up blind. Several Conservatives have spoken in favor of the Schuman Plan and in disfavor of what they regard as the Government's shortsighted timidity, but it is pretty certain that a Conservative government would have hesitated in the same way. Indeed, in spite of Mr. Churchill's championship of United Europe, many of his most ardent admirers have often wondered how far he would go when it came to heaving some of the cargo of national sovereignty into the English Channel. Also, since the new setup on the Continent would, if adopted, affect the lives of a million and a quarter English workers, voices can already be heard demanding that Britain, if she does eventually join in the Schuman discussions, keep her eye firmly on her personal problems of full employment, guaranteed living standards, fair shares for all, and the rest of the hard-won Socialist accomplishments. As far as that goes, it's quite likely that the Government's concern is equally the concern of the man in the street—which is anxiety not over where he is but over where he never hauntingly ceases to fear that he may be, should the bad days come.

The real test to which people here, as elsewhere, put the Schuman proposition is the great No. 1 question of our time—does it make another war more or less possible?—and on that score more English seem hopeful than not. There is very little war talk here, but it's noticeable how much the English, for once, sound like their French neighbors when talking about the German problem. Their discussions seemingly reflect the wary principle that the Devil you know is sometimes more dangerous than the Devil you don't know. Lots of them think that the Schuman Plan, if entered into by all parties, offers a good, realistic insurance against having that old Teutonic nightmare crop up in their children's sleep as it did in their own and their fathers'.

The wry joke of the moment is that this is the summer of French initiative, all right, with M. Schuman attracting the political limelight and M. Boussac mopping up the national turf double of the Oaks and the Derby. (How about M. Schuman's agreeing to pool English and French horseflesh along with the coal and steel, one cartoonist asked.) The more sober view is that in delays, doubts, and one thing and another, far more than a race could be lost by this country—and lost for a long, long time.

DOMESTICALLY speaking, life around here is suddenly one grand, sweet tra-la-la. In the last few weeks, the City has bucked up and optimism has been in the air to such an extent that the bewildered citizen reading some of the rosy headlines in his daily paper may have often felt like saying, as the old girl in the nursery rhyme said, "This is none of I." Possibly with a thought to the future election, the Government has been releasing control after control in such a slap-happy fashion that it has sent the electorate, conditioned to routine grumbling, into a perfect spin of pleasure—qualified only by the alarming discovery that liberty comes heavy on the pocketbook. For instance, the lifting of the limit of five shillings, exclusive of house charges and sundries, on what can be ordered in a restau-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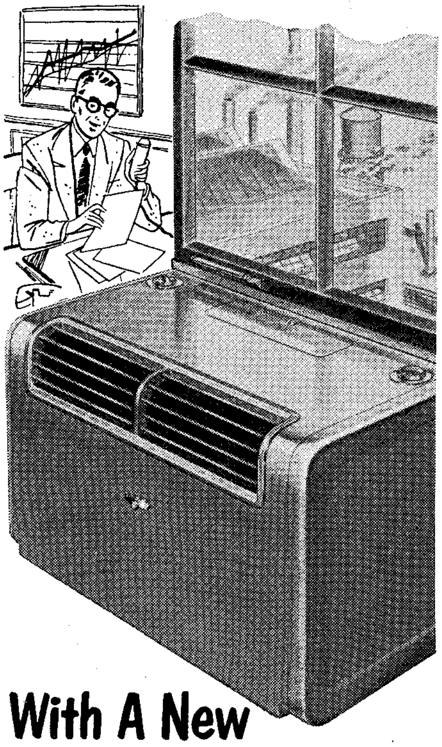

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rant has resulted in the addition of about the same extra footage to menus, the customer's bill, and the customer's face when reading the bill. Many Londoners complain that they're eating, bite for bite, the identical meal they used to get in the old days of control and paying a great deal more for it. It's not impossible that certain reactionary spirits will soon be thinking of those old days with something approaching nostalgia.

A gesture was also made recently toward the housewife and her grocer, who no longer has to clip points for canned goods, syrup, and so on, and it is strongly rumored that soap will be the next item to go off the ration list. The greatest plum of all—the sudden and deliriously welcomed freeing of gasoline—was announced in such a quiet, almost conspiratorial way that many Londoners, told the news third-hand by an informant who had had it second-hand from someone who had heard the announcement on the air, simply laughed and said that it was funny how stories got around. It is not surprising that the news was greeted with disbelief at first, considering the way the Government had always stressed that gasoline was its darling, the luxury girl who had to be bought in dollars, and had administered stern rebukes to anyone (Mr. Churchill, for one) hardy enough to suggest that the lady might be had for burning by those with enough cash to buy at a higher price. Since the negotiations with the American companies that brought about the end of rationing must have been going on when Mr. Churchill made his "irresponsible" suggestion, and since the Government has now apparently bowed to the Socialistically abhorrent policy of rationing by the purse (the recently fixed price of three shillings a gallon has just gone up again, though by only a maddening three farthings, which is driving nonmathematical garagemen clean out of their minds), there is some reason for most citizens' moment of stunned perplexity before their glad stampede to the nearest filling station.

The results of full tanks have been cheerful, comic, and serious in about equal parts. The cheerful spectacle, of course, has been the rush of family cars snorting out of the city on weekends, loaded to the gunwales and making for the closest patch of sea, forest, or down. The comic, and also faintly dangerous, element is the age of some of the automobiles that are now wobbling joyously along the once more open highways. It will still be a matter of years before thousands of Britons make their way to the

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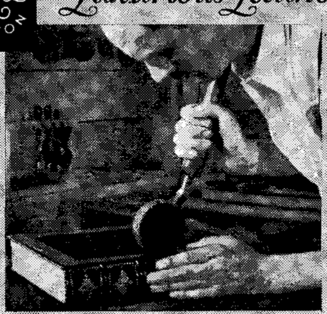

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top line of the waiting lists for new cars. All the papers have printed feature stories advising motorists how to treat their resurrected veterans—how they should not be fed stupefying wallops of gas and oil, how their fragile springs should not be overloaded, and so on—which sound for all the world like notes on the care of the baby.

The serious side of the release of gasoline is that the traffic problem in central London seems to have gone back to its prewar gravity, or worse. Soon after the war, the police tried a new system of one-way streets and no-parking streets, as well as a scheme for filtering traffic around the worst-jammed spots, which worked out fine at the time, but it is now obvious that things seemed easier only because of the smaller number of cars then on the road. For the last week, anyone trying to keep an appointment across town has stood the best chance of making it if he set off on his own two feet or dived into the underground. Along Oxford Street, Piccadilly, and the Strand, buses and cars have been stuck in one endless, sweating, swearing jam. The parking problem is fearful, too. Not only is every legal parking place and levelled bomb site full to the last inch, but motorists, either crazy with happiness or punch-drunk with fatigue after driving around and around looking for somewhere to nestle, have been defying the police and leaving their cars just anywhere. Unrationed gasoline has been the biggest, most exhilarating pick-me-up the British have had since the end of the war, but in London it's having the paradoxical effect of making it difficult for Londoners, contentedly sniffing the liberated fumes again, to get around.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ALBANY—A NINE-POUND BABY GIRL WAS BORN AT ALBANY HOSPITAL TODAY, JUST 100 MINUTES BEFORE THE DEADLINE IN ALBANY'S THREE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR STORK DERBY.

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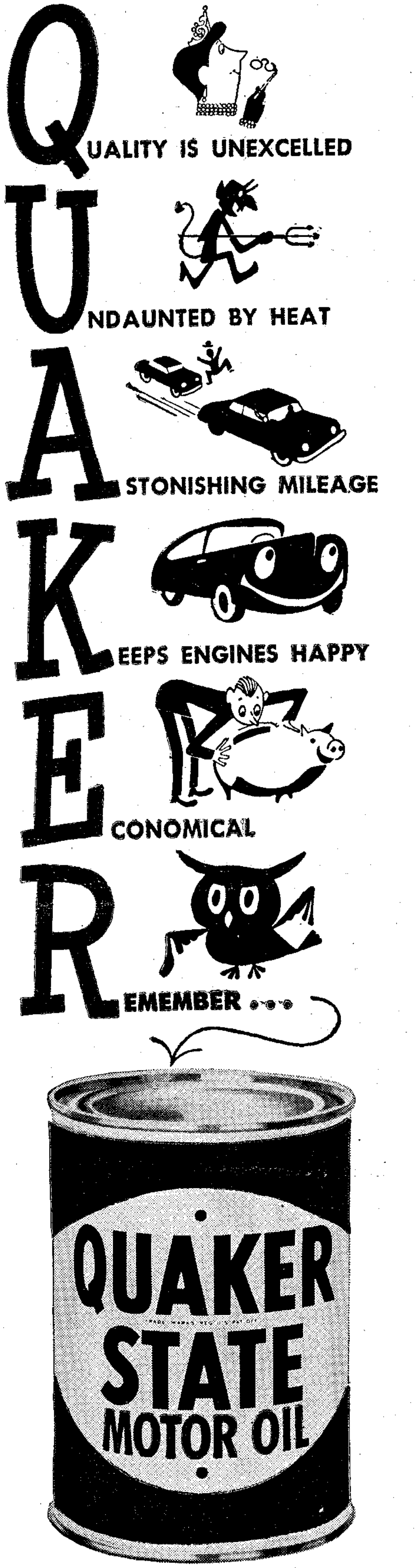

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TEE AND GREEN

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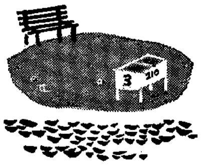

Except for Bobby Jones' performance in the United States Golf Association's Open Championship in 1930, the year he won both the British and the United States Open and Amateur Championships for his unduplicated "grand slam," Ben Hogan's extraordinary victory last weekend in this year's Open, played over the East Course of the Merion Golf Club, at Ardmore, Pennsylvania, was almost certainly the most popular in golf history. That the Hershey, Pennsylvania, professional won the hard way—in an eighteen-hole playoff Sunday afternoon, after he had tied with Lloyd Mangrum, of Niles, Illinois, and George Fazio, of Washington, D.C., in the seventy-two-hole tournament—was commendable enough, but that he did it after being so seriously injured in an automobile crash a year and a half ago that for a long time it was believed he would never be able to walk around a golf course again, let alone play in serious competition, made him a figure watched almost with reverence by the thousands who swarmed over the course after him during the four days of play. Throughout the tournament, his admirers kept assuring one another apologetically that the Hogan legs, badly broken in the accident, couldn't possibly last. They ignored his protestations that his legs were as good as they'd ever been. After he tied for first, the consensus was that he'd be lucky if he was even able to show up for the playoff. When, finally, he scored a 69 to Mangrum's 73 and Fazio's 75, the cheers must surely have been heard in Independence Hall, ten miles away.

If there were doubts in anybody's mind about the difficulties of the Merion course, they must be thoroughly dispelled by now. The best anyone in the starting field of a hundred and sixty-five, which included nearly all the finest amateur and professional golfers in the world today, could do was 287, or seven over par, for the seventy-two holes. Of the four hundred and sixteen rounds completed by the contestants, only twenty-two, or about five per cent, were par or better, and the total scores of the fifty-two players who qualified for the final thirty-six holes averaged almost eighteen over par. The course was in as fine shape as any I have ever seen; the greens, although exceedingly fast, held well, and there wasn't a brown patch to be found on any of the fairways. The weather, too, would seem to have been conducive to low scoring, with a hot sun and light, variable breezes during the play. What made the scoring so high was, I guess, a combination of long, narrow greens, lush, treacherous rough, and fiendish placing of the cups.

Under such conditions, the performance of Lee Mackey, Jr., an unknown and unemployed young professional from Birmingham, Alabama, in scoring a first-round 64 for a new record in National Open competition was, in its way, as astonishing as Hogan's. When, in the locker room, sportswriters began asking him the customary "How did you do it?," he said simply, and apparently without humor, "I just stayed out of the rough." There was more to it than that, of course. He had a total of only twenty-seven putts, including three on the seventeenth, where he scored his only bogey of the round. Curiously, considering that many in the crowd of seven thousand wandering about the course were aware that this young nobody was threatening the Open record, he had no gallery until he came up the eighteenth fairway, and then more than half the spectators suddenly descended on him. Without hesitating, he put a two-hundred-and-twenty-yard second shot about eight feet from the hole, then strolled up and sank the putt as unconcernedly as if he had been working on the practice green. Inevitably, a letdown followed. Hounded the next day by a roistering mob, complete with newspaper photographers taking pictures of his every swing, he produced a lamentable 81, almost a stroke a hole worse than his initial effort, to put himself pretty much out of the running. Still, the people at Merion that day will never forget him, and the Merion greenkeeper, I imagine, will never forgive him for making the course look so easy.

—P. W. W., Jr.

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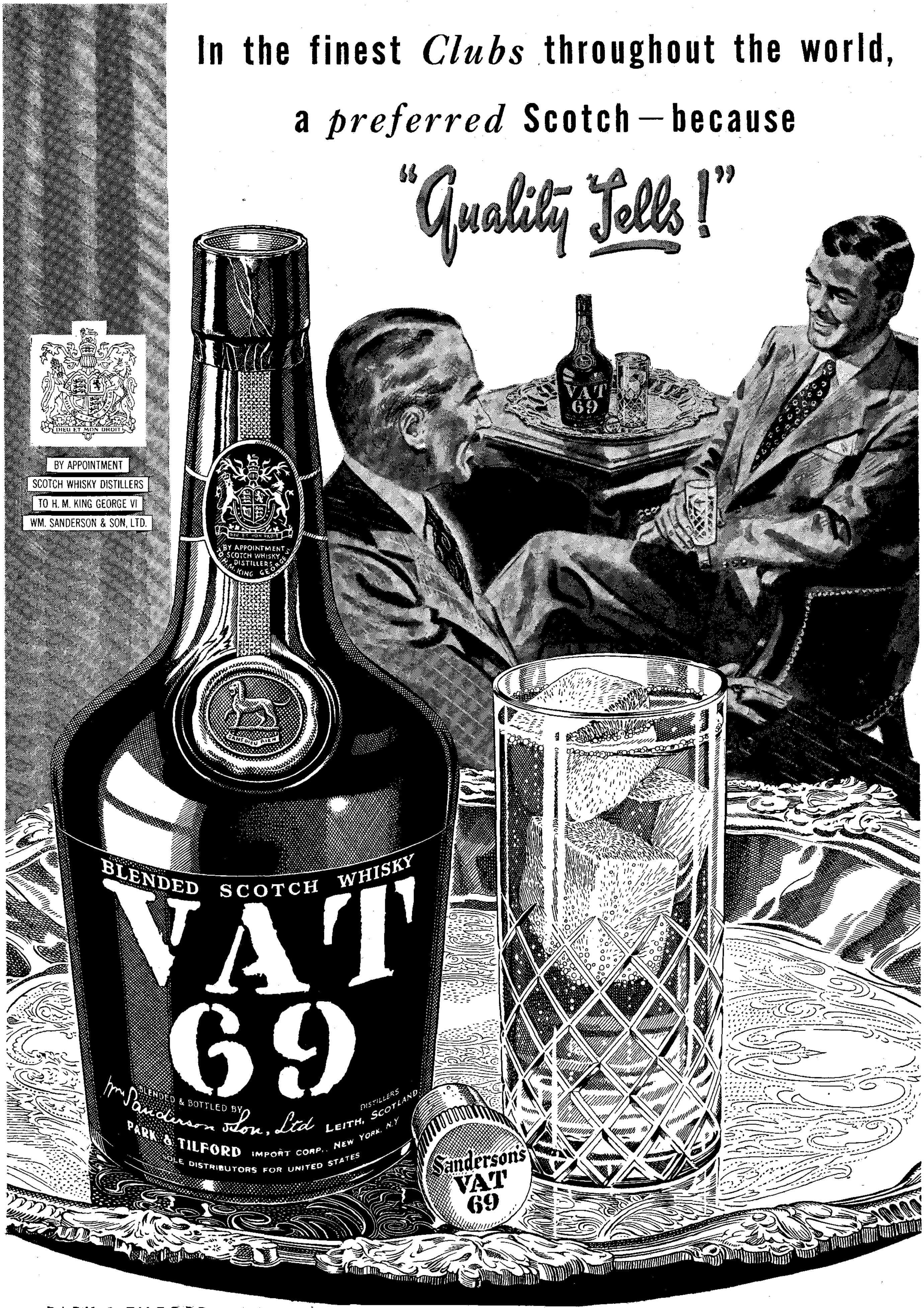
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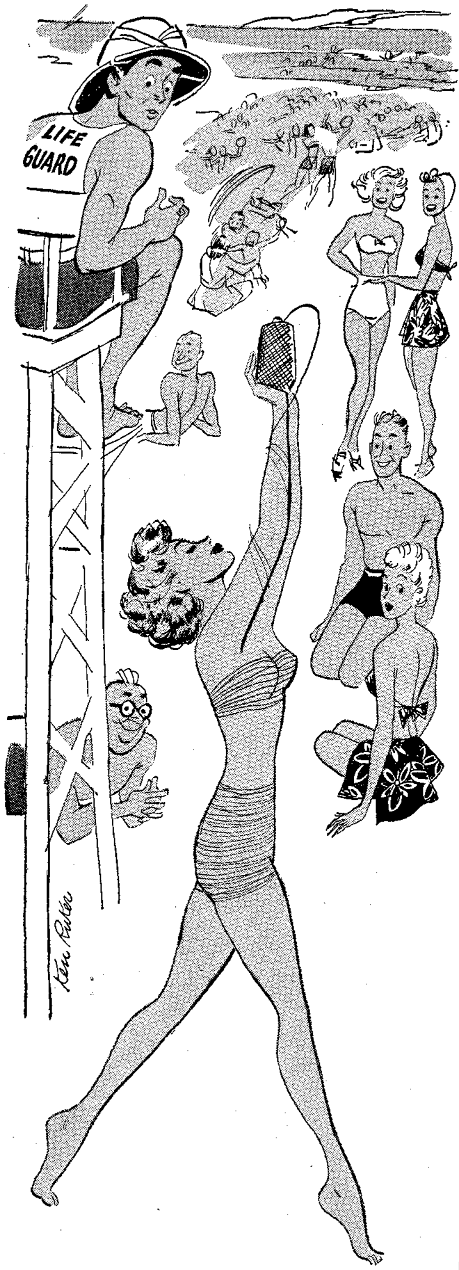

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"How are you?" I asked. "How's everybody?"

Mrs. Haggerty put on a solemn expression. "We buried Mr. Haggerty in January," she said.

I told her I was sorry. Mr. Haggerty had been a gnarled little Irishman, his hair still black, though he was in his seventies. He was a quiet man, but when aroused he could, by all accounts, be truly eloquent. The day his calf fell into the ditch, the air over the south meadow turned blue, Mrs. Haggerty respectfully reported later. One afternoon, I spent a half hour in companionable silence with old Bill. I had been in the house talking with Mrs. Haggerty when the priest came to call on her, and with a piece of Irish diplomacy she banished me to the barn, at the same time making me feel flattered to be sent there. (I learned afterward that she had been doubtful about the effect on the priest of a Unitarian, smoking cigarettes.) Old Bill was in the barn, and in a while Bill, Jr., joined us, but only momentarily. He was carrying the priest's cup of tea and had come to get a dash of milk from the cow. Usually when I went to the Haggertys', it was evening and old Bill had fallen asleep on the porch with his shoes off, his snores furnishing a wild and unpredictable obbligato to the conversation.

"Yes," Mrs. Haggerty said. "Yes, now. We buried him in January. Come in and sit down."

I KNEW I was to hear the whole story, and was selfishly relieved that several months had passed since Bill's death, for one cannot hope to match the easy tears of the Irish in a crisis. Mrs. Haggerty and I settled ourselves, she on the sofa, I in a rocking chair beside the living-room table, with its photographs of Bill, Jr., when he graduated from college, Bob in uniform, and Mary as a bride. "Yes, it was in January," Mrs. Haggerty began. "January 14th. All that day, he kept saying he wished he had a glass of beer. Well, he often used to say it, but that day he was so meek and humble-like. I went up town that afternoon, and I thought I'd just step in and get Bill a bottle of beer. But then I didn't, because his sisters was coming, and they're so down on it." She looked out the window. Her wide gray eyes became bright. "When his sisters came, they brought him a present. A bottle, it was, wrapped in tissue paper, and the minute they'd gone he took off the paper." Laughter welled up in her voice. "He was disgusted. It was a bottle of witch hazel. I was so sorry for him I went up town again and got him a bottle of beer after all." She paused, and her solemn expression returned.

"He went to bed early that night, about seven o'clock," Mrs. Haggerty said. "He often used to go to bed early. Then, about ten o'clock, he got up and came down to the kitchen for a little lunch. He always did that when he went to bed early. Bob was in the kitchen studying. Bob says, honest, he'll never forget the look on Pa's face. Pa said, 'Hello, Bob,' and Bob said, 'Hello, Pa,' and Pa said, 'That's right, always study hard.' "

I thought those were Bill's last words, and started to murmur something I hoped would be appropriate, but Mrs. Haggerty took another breath and went on. "He went and sat down by the stove and lit his pipe," she said. "It was dark in the kitchen. Mary's baby was asleep there. Just Bob's studying lamp was on. And Bob said, 'Why don't you put on the light, Pa?' and Pa said, 'I wouldn't wake up that little baby.' And, you know, then he said, 'If God takes anyone this winter, I hope it's me, and not that little baby. I'm no more use in this world.' "

This again seemed like a sad final note. I couldn't think of anything to say, but it was all right, for Mrs. Haggerty continued. "I went up to bed about eleven, and he was lying there awake. I said to him, 'Why aren't you asleep, Bill?' and he said, 'Julia, I never sleep good till you get here.'

"I lay way down on one side of the bed, like I always did, because he was awful restless. He used to throw his arms about. But that night he said, 'Julia, you seem to be pushing away from me all the time. Push over closer.'

"So I moved over closer. And he threw his arm right across me, here, and he said, 'In all the time we've been married, it seems you never lay so good in the bed.' And then after a while he said, 'And we've got a nice home, too.' And I said, 'Yes, Bill, we've got a nice home.'

"I woke up the next morning about five and he wasn't snoring. He always snored a lot. I thought he was awake, and I said to him, 'I'm going down and light the fire now.' He didn't answer. Well, say, you know, he was gone then."

MRS. HAGGERTY stopped talking and folded her hands in her lap. I said the obvious thing—that it was nice he could go like that, so easily.

"Well, now, it really was," she said. She gazed down at her hands for a moment and then spoke again. "I'm glad I went back up town and got him that beer," she said. "Just think! What if I hadn't?" She looked at me solemnly with her wide gray eyes, and I felt that if she hadn't, the air over the south meadow would probably be turning blue on nights when the moon was full.

—LORNA SLOCOMBE

•

TERM END

Deep within a darkness that
Is summer afternoon,
The June-faced men extend
A hand, and leave your
Room, with "Well, so long
Matt; when you're this way
Drop in now and then."

Deep within the tunnels
Of parting ways, a hand
Extends, taken while you
Say again and yet again,
"I'll be seeing you on
Holidays, of course, and
Vacations now and then."

Of course, of course: for
Deep within the later
Stillness toward the end
Of afternoon, the grip seems
Printed in your hand, and hoarse
Throat-clearing faintly dies
Downstairs: "See you now and then!"

—HORACE E. HAMILTON

•

Mr. Bradley in a personal letter to the registered GOP voters said, "I am in this contest because I want to see the Republican party win in November. In order to do this we must have no plans, no ideas and new leadership."—*Bridgeport Sunday Post.*

What, again?

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

WE HAD QUITE a party in Minneapolis recently. The occasion was an open house here at the Star and Tribune plant celebrating our new circulation figure of more than 600,000 for the Sunday Tribune. I want to say very sincerely that the party was one of the big thrills of the last 10 years. That was true for a number of reasons. Let me whisper something in your ear first. We staff members ordinarily dread these open house parties. And I think you can understand why we do. In the first place, we have to get dressed up and then for two nights we stand at our various stations around the plant. After about two hours of having people walk by gazing at you, you begin to understand completely the feeling the monkeys must have as the zoo crowds on a Sunday afternoon peer at them . . .

★

AFTER YOU'VE BEEN gazed at by a thousand persons you begin to develop a self consciousness and then gremlins begin to murmur strange talk in your ears. You imagine that the conversation of the persons who are looking at you contains remarks like these—"My, he has a funny shaped head, hasn't he." "You'd think he'd do something about that figure of his." "That's no shadow, his neck is actually dirty." "He can't make me believe he's only 48. He's 56 if he's a day." "If he's a newspaperman, I'm a hydrogen bomb." "He seems pleasant enough, but they say his father was a horse thief" . . .

★

WORST OF IT is, of course, that after the second thousand go by, you're saying those things about and to yourself. And believing them. That's why when our promotion department asked us to be on hand every staff member gritted his teeth and faced the task ahead of him with fear and disdain. I certainly was no exception. I love people. I like to have people around me. But when you're on exhibition like that you get a peculiar feeling. Every bit of that was gone at our Star and Tribune open house. I had four very delightful hours . . .

★

THE GUYS IN CHARGE FIRST put me down in the mail room (one of the largest in the world). I was to pass out balloons to youngsters under 12. They figured I had the personality of a department store Santa Claus and could do all right with the kids. I pictured an evening of yelling, stampeding, grabby youngsters. I knew what my own would be like under similar circumstances. What a surprise I got. In two full hours I didn't encounter a youngster who wasn't courteous, polite, considerate. The balloons floated up to the ceiling with the strings hanging down. Did the kids grab the strings? Did they try to make off with more than their one balloon? They did not. Several asked very politely if they might have an extra one for a brother or a sister at home. But not one instance of rowdyism or pushing or shoving. It was a revelation, believe me. And I saw some of the cutest tots I've ever gazed at . . .

★

ANOTHER THING I enjoyed was the friendliness of our visitors. There was a warmth in that crowd (7,500 in two nights) that made me feel good inside. People would come up and shake hands with you, visit, compliment us on our beautiful plant. They were guests and yet, they were all like neighbors. That's a wonderful spirit. Our staff couldn't help but talk about that after the party was over. Minneapolis is a pretty big city, so when you can overcome that metropolitan bigness and coldness and aloofness and find in newspaper readers a sort of family relationship, it seems to me that we have achieved a precious goal. We knew very definitely on those open house nights that we were among friends. Is there any bigger thrill? . . .

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

BIG POTATO FOR A DAY

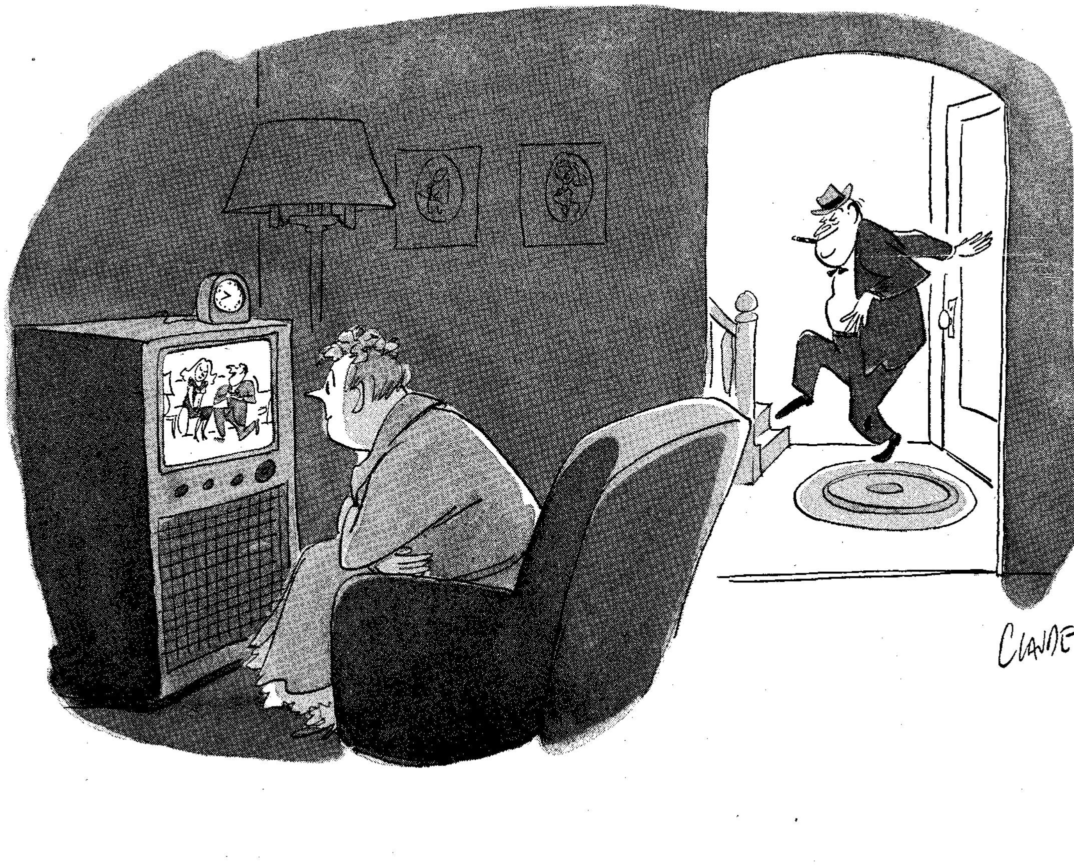
A YEAR or so before the war, I came into a small windfall, and on the advice of a Wall Street friend to whom I shall always be thankful I invested it in common stock of the General Motors Corporation—sixty-eight shares, to be precise. I have enjoyed enormously being part owner of this celebrated outfit, not to mention being sole owner of one of my own products—a 1947 Pontiac convertible with white-sidewall tires—and I have sat by approvingly as my stock has increased in value and has paid me gratifying dividends: four and a half dollars a share in 1948, for instance, and in 1949 a whopping eight dollars, or a little better than ten per cent of the stock's average market value during that year.

Recurrently throughout my decade of proprietorship, however, I have been guiltily aware of being a lazy absentee owner, so irresponsible as never to have attended even one of the annual meetings at which the management that I and others employ reports to us on what it has been up to. It is easy to put off attending stockholders' meetings; a shiftless capitalist like myself is apt to view them as he might a class reunion, and say to himself that he can always wait till next year. Some weeks ago, though, when I received a nicely printed invitation from Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., the chairman of our board, to attend the 1950 G.M. get-together, I decided to accept. I was prompted to do so partly because Mr. Sloan had graciously asked me to have lunch at and make an inspection tour of a Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac Assembly Division Plant we operate a few miles outside Wilmington, Delaware, at which plant the meeting was to be held, and partly because I suspected that I might soon not be qualified to take in such an affair, inasmuch as I may have to sell my G.M. stock in the near future to help defray the cost of a house my wife and I are planning to build.

Mr. Sloan's communication said that the meeting would start at two o'clock on a Friday afternoon, and that the corporation would provide transportation for us stockholders from eleven o'clock on between the Wilmington railroad stations and the plant. Accordingly, I bought a parlor-car seat on a Pennsylvania Railroad train leaving New York at nine-thirty that morning and due in Wilmington at eleven-thirty-five. It would be unseemly, I felt, for a General Motors stockholder to travel to such a conclave by coach.

On the appointed day, too excited to eat a proper breakfast, I boarded the train in high spirits and with mounting anticipation. I noted with interest in a morning newspaper I had with me that General Motors had closed the day before at 85⅝. The paper informed me, too, that Charles E. Wilson, our president, was the highest-paid executive of any corporation in the country last year, earning $586,100 in salary, bonus, and stock, of which he had to fork over around $430,350 in federal income taxes. It made me proud to realize that I had an employee whose pay envelope was so comfortably filled and whose contribution to our government so patriotically beneficent. Mr. Sloan's communication to me, which I had brought along to study on the train, corroborated the published version of Mr. Wilson's gross. It also gave the stock holdings of the thirty members of our board of directors, all of whom were coming up for reëlection that afternoon. Mr. Wilson owned a modest 18,742 shares, Mr. Sloan himself owned 38,623 shares outright and was a substantial stockholder in a corporation that owned 533,203 additional shares, Mr. Charles S. Mott owned an even 500,000 shares, Mr. Charles F. Kettering owned 549,159 shares, and E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., four emissaries from which were serving on our board, owned 10,000,000 shares, or slightly more than one-fifth of the total stock outstanding. I imagined that all of them had been just as delighted as I had with last year's eight-dollar dividend, and that, as a result, there would be little bickering at the meeting. I knew there wouldn't be an oppressive amount of business for the Messrs. Sloan, Wilson, Mott, and Kettering, the du Pont boys, and me to transact, for, according to Mr. Sloan, there were only two matters to be voted on—the election, or reëlection, of the board and a proposal to hold a series of regional meetings of stockholders, rather than just the one meeting at Wilmington. I decided to keep an open mind on both subjects until the time came to pass on them.

WHEN I alighted at Wilmington, I found the station platform aswarm with smiling young men wearing badges identifying them as General Motors receptionists. One of them directed me to an exit outside of which was parked a convoy of three Delaware Coach Company buses (all manufactured by General Motors, I was happy



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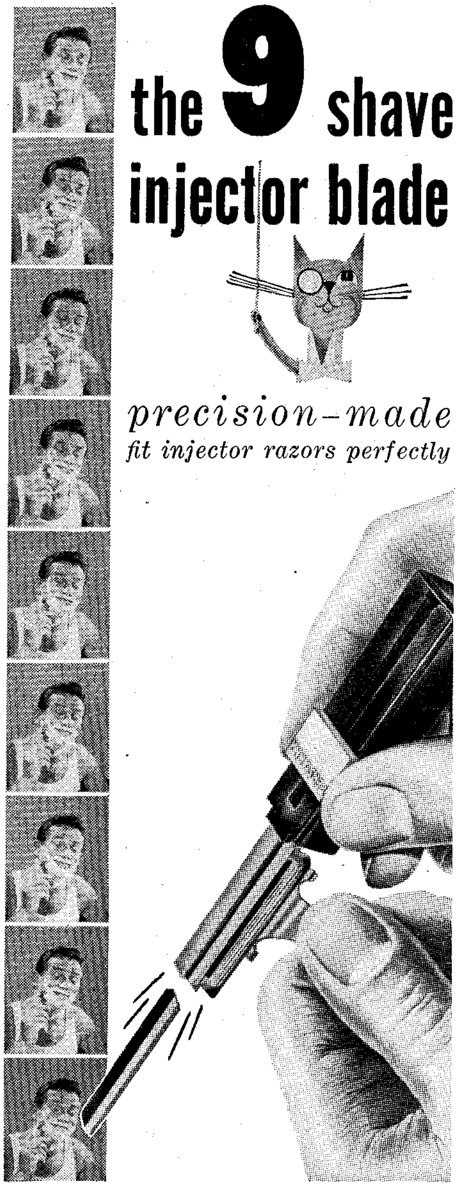
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to observe), with "Chartered" indicated as their destination. I hopped into the front one, which was then about half full. Above its seats ran a frieze of advertising cards that extolled, among other things, Diamond State Beer, the Immanuel Baptist Church, Beste's Frankfurts, and General Electric Automatic Dishwashers. There wasn't a single car card for any of our myriad products, and I made a mental note to tell Mr. Sloan or Mr. Wilson about this if I got a chance. (Unfortunately, I didn't, but maybe they noticed the omission themselves if they went out by bus.) The three buses, by then packed with stockholders, got under way at noon, and had travelled less than ten yards when a motorcycle cop shot out in front of our lead vehicle and, making occasional flattering use of his siren and paying no heed to the traffic lights at which stockholders of lesser corporations were impatiently languishing, steered us in a rapid procession to the outskirts of the city. On our way, we zoomed past a factory belonging to the du Ponts, and a couple of girl employees standing at the gate waved us on cheerfully. They probably regarded us as out-of-town cousins. A lady sitting beside me told me she was terribly eager to inspect our plant. I said I was, too. She pointed across the aisle to a ruddy-faced man with a broad-brimmed pearl-gray fedora and a dark-red shirt. "Do you suppose that's a Texas oil baron?" she asked me. I expressed the opinion that it undoubtedly was. She pointed to the back of the head of another man, who was seated just behind the driver. The man had white hair, and from one ear dangled a hearing aid. "Do you suppose that's Bernard Baruch?" she asked. I was fairly certain that it was not—and positive it wasn't when the man turned his head a moment afterward—but I told her that it seemed not unlikely to me that it could be Mr. Baruch. "Goodness!" said the lady. "Wait till I tell my husband about this!"

A few minutes later, we arrived at the assembly plant, a handsome modern building of red brick and glass, surrounded by neatly trimmed lawns and surmounted by a gaily fluttering American flag. At the front door, we were greeted by a man with a white carnation in his buttonhole. He directed us to a line of registration desks. I signed in, and was asked by a registrar whether I intended to vote by ballot or by proxy. By ballot, I told him, a trifle sharply. What in the world did he think I had come for, if not to vote in person? I checked my hat in a temporary cloakroom, accepted a booklet, from a man with a white carnation, expressing Mr. Sloan's and Mr. Wilson's pleasure at my being present, and wandered into a showroom decorated with flowing draperies, potted ferns, and vases filled with yellow gladioli. In this chamber had been arrayed gleaming examples of many of our products, from Cadillacs to air-conditioning units, though not including locomotives, which I understand we make on the side. I stopped to examine a radiant Pontiac convertible and noted a sticker on its windshield quoting its price as $2,711.05, at Wilmington. A bit stiff, I thought, especially since my own Pontiac cost considerably less than that three years ago, at White Plains. But my momentary disaffection was exorcised by a sign on a wall nearby reading, "Dollar for dollar, you can't beat a Pontiac." How could I argue with the disarming logic of that? Behind me, a lady stockholder muttered to a companion, "The convertibles are hard to see out of. That's what gripes me." A fine way for a stockholder to be talking, I thought, on this of all days! I had half a mind to tell her to invest in some other corporation if she didn't like the way we were running ours, but my attention was diverted by another wall sign, this one stating, apologetically, that the plant would not be in operation while we were on the premises, owing to a shortage of materials that had resulted from the recent railroad strike. I repressed a curse; how dare these labor czars thwart us like this!

Over an amplifying system, a gentle voice announced that tours of the plant were about to begin. I decided to have a bite to eat before going on one. I made inquiries of a man with a white carnation, and he directed me to a spotless cafeteria. There I picked up a tray, got in line, and was soon the appreciative possessor of a heap of on-the-house delicacies that included cold ham, cold turkey, Swiss cheese, potato salad, salmon salad, lobster salad, sweet and dill pickles, black and stuffed olives, chocolate cake, a three-flavored slice of ice cream, and coffee. No alcoholic drinks were available. A good idea, I thought; it'll keep our minds on business and save us money to boot. I thought, too, in that connection, that the lobster salad was perhaps an unnecessary luxury; there was plenty to eat without it, and I could see no reason for throwing our money around recklessly, even for our own benefit. I sat down at a table already occupied by an elderly gentleman and his wife. He identified himself as a retired colonel living on his investments, and apparently living well, for he and his lady, he told me, had driven to the meeting in a Buick Roadmaster. He added that they had got lost in Wilmington, and that the best way to handle Russia is to be firm.

Comfortably fed, I left the cafeteria, picking up, as I went out, three pamphlets on display in racks near the door, presumably put there for the perusal of the plant employees. This literature consisted of "Laughter Is Holy," a reprint of an article by Joe E. Brown in a magazine called *Guideposts;* "Facts You Should Know About Home Insulation," reprinted by courtesy of the Better Business Bureau; and "Is Private Enterprise Compatible with Christianity?," a reprint of a talk given before the Economic Club of Detroit by Dr. Alfred P. Haake, whom I later found listed in *Who's Who* as an "industrial economist." I was impressed by the nice balance maintained between the practical and the spiritual; another corporation, I realized, might have overstressed creature comforts to the detriment of the soul. Stuffing these documents in a pocket, I fell in with a crowd moving along a corridor, and presently found myself at the starting point of the plant tours. With fifteen or so other stockholders who had assembled there, I was taken in hand by a Mr. Vennum, a young plant official, and he led us away.

OUR inspection tour lasted nearly an hour, and well it might have, for it's quite an installation we have down there. Vennum, whose attitude toward us seemed exemplary to me—respectful but not obsequious—told us that our factory turns out four hundred and ten finished automobiles during a normal eight-hour day, and that the following Monday it was going to be in operation nine hours and turn out four hundred and thirty-five, to make up for some of the production lost because of the rail strike. With all the machinery shut down, the place was oddly quiet and static; still, if the assembly line had been moving, we probably wouldn't have been able to hear much of what our guide said. Even in its state of suspended animation, our plant was an eyeful. Wherever I looked, I was rewarded by the heart-warming sight of Buicks, Oldsmobiles, and Pontiacs in various degrees of completion. Vennum explained to us, briskly and lucidly, how the flow of thousands of parts was controlled so as to bring them all together at the right

Frosty-cool inspiration

..... *grand finale for dinner*

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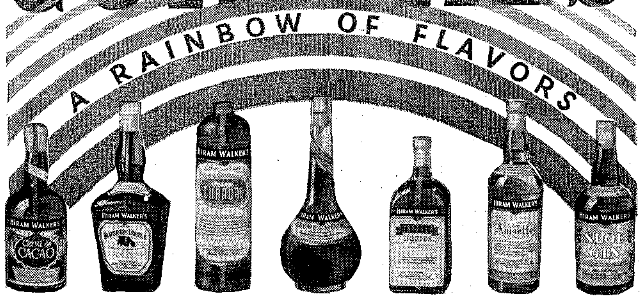

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time and place. Good man, Vennum.

As we moved along, I noticed with satisfaction a painted sign, hanging from the ceiling, that said, "Quality is the pride of the careful worker," and a handwritten one, tacked to a wall, that said, "If it don't belong on the floor please pick it up." I guess I wasn't the only stockholder who read that one; I saw one man step out a cigarette butt and then, after walking a few paces beyond it, turn back, pick it up, and furtively put it in his pocket. There were plenty of large barrels around, but not for trash; all were the repositories of automotive odds and ends. I passed by one that was full of Pontiac hubcaps. A picture flashed into my brain of the mangled horror that presently adorns my left rear wheel, and I was tempted to filch a replacement. Then I reminded myself sternly that these were *our* hubcaps and that there is nothing meaner than a man who steals from himself, so I marched resolutely on. One member of our party seemed, for a mere stockholder, unusually well informed about car manufacturing. He kept asking Vennum esoteric questions about this or that piece of machinery. Once I heard him saying, "What are these special agitators for?" and assumed that he was referring to some kind of labor trouble. But Vennum alertly recognized the query for the technical one it proved to be, and gave a courteous, technical answer. Later, the same man casually asked, pointing upward to some wondrous mechanical device, "Is that a merry-go-round conveyor?" "Loop type," replied Vennum confidently. "This boy's very good," the inquiring stockholder confided to me in a whisper. Vennum, I decided, was certainly going places.

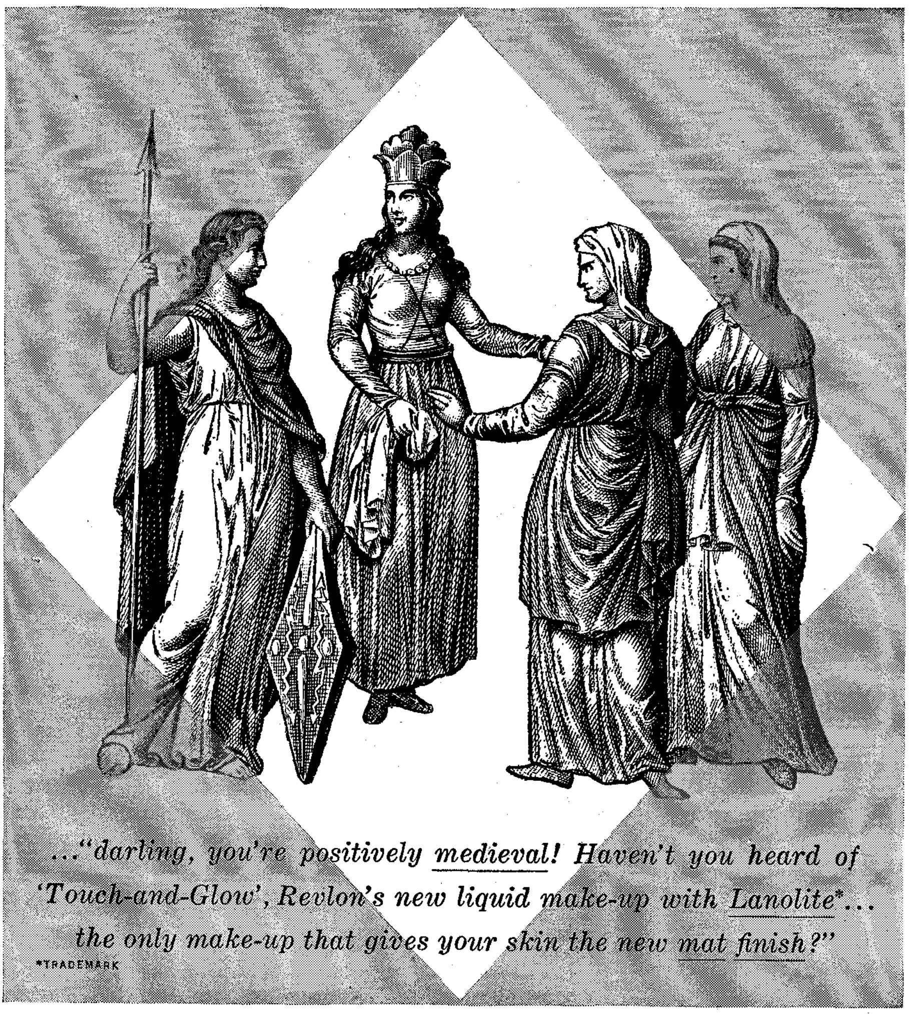
OUR tour ended a few minutes before two o'clock, and we were ushered toward the scene of our business meeting—another cafeteria, temporarily converted into an assembly hall—by way of the plant's medical office, where I picked up a couple of informative booklets on the common cold and the desirability of eating a good, hearty breakfast. A dais had been erected at one end of this cafeteria, and on it was a long table behind which were seated some of our executives, each with a printed name card in front of him, as if he were a participant in a television quiz show. Mr. Sloan, a dignified and benevolent-looking gentleman, was in the center of this lofty group. To his right sat Mr. Wilson, a fine-looking man with a fine shock of white hair; there was nothing about his appearance to indicate that he earned more than, say, three hundred thousand a year. To *his* right sat Albert Bradley, our executive vice-president and the recipient in 1949, I knew from Mr. Sloan's communication to me, of $511,224.90 in salary, bonus, and stock. Mr. Bradley reminded me of an old family doctor; diligence, kindliness, and ability were stamped all over him, and his suit didn't seem to fit too well.

Facing the dais were some seven hundred straight-backed chairs, most of them already occupied. I found a vacant one toward the front. On it was a copy of the annual report for 1949, with a fetching, multicolored cover; a copy of the report for the first quarter of 1950 (very encouraging); and a printed sheet listing the Order of Business. At two minutes after two, Mr. Sloan called us to order. He said he appreciated our having come and asked if the luncheon had been all right. There were cries of "Yes! Yes!" and applause from some of the stockholders. Most of them were middle-aged. I did, however, spot one little girl, holding a doll; probably a child actress with a level-headed investment counsellor, I surmised. Mr. Sloan introduced some of our twenty-nine other directors. "These men are your responsible agents in conducting the business," he said in a prefatory way. "So you ought to take a good look at them." He named a dozen men, and as, one after another, they stood up and beamed at us, I scrutinized them carefully. They were, all in all, an estimable-looking bunch; I particularly admired a vivid bow tie that graced the collar of Mr. Henry B. du Pont. After introducing the twelve, Mr. Sloan paused. Mr. Wilson gave him a fraternal nudge and muttered something. Mr. Sloan said that he had inadvertently forgotten a thirteenth director who was present, and introduced him. Sixteen directors were left unaccounted for; maybe they had inadvertently forgotten the date.

The chairman announced that 33,394,645 shares were represented at the meeting—a little more than three-fourths of our total outstanding. He asked that someone please renominate the thirty directors. I started to rise, but evidently there was some sort of prearranged deal on, for without even glancing my way Mr. Sloan recognized a chap who was obviously waiting to make the nominations, and who proceeded to do so. Then a lady stepped to one of two floor microphones set up for the stockholders' use, stated firmly that women ought to have a place on the board, and specifically nominated a woman airplane manufacturer as a substitute for one of our thirty holdovers. Several other stockholders, the majority of them women, endorsed this motion. Most of them were not only in favor of the lady industrialist but had complaints about one or more of our standby directors. An outspoken woman, for example, wanted to know why George Whitney, a Morgan man and one of the sixteen who hadn't shown up, had recently reduced his General Motors holdings from a thousand to two hundred shares. "I was wondering whether he was losing confidence in the company," she said. This evoked some laughter. It didn't strike me as especially funny; it seemed probable to me that Mr. Whitney was building a house and had had to liquidate some of his assets because he couldn't get as big a mortgage as he had hoped for.

Finally the women ran out of remarks and permitted us to get on with the voting. A number of company executives passed through the room with paper ballots, and I was astonished to perceive that only a handful of people, including me, asked for them. "What goes on here, anyway?" I asked a man sitting next to me. "Proxies," he said knowingly. "The du Ponts and all those voted days ago. Everything's settled already." I didn't care. I had come to vote and, by God, I was going to. While Mr. Sloan talked on about long-term potentialities and supply and demand, I held my pencil poised over my ballot. Should I cast my lot with the thirty men whose names were printed on it or, as Mr. Sloan had indicated I could, cross out one of them and write in the lady aircraft manufacturer? Ultimately, I decided against her. After all, she might be clever with airplanes, but could she put a Pontiac together? And how could I be sure she didn't consider ten per cent an excessive return on an investment?

The ballots were then collected. Shortly after the vote, such as it was, Mr. Sloan introduced Mr. Wilson, who spoke briefly, mostly about the railroad strike and what havoc it had raised with shipments of body stampings. Then we took up the matter of the regional meetings. The same ladies, and a man or two, who had been for changing the personnel of our board spoke in favor of the additional meetings. While the pros and cons were under discussion—and fairly heated discussion it was, too—the results of the first vote were announced. Of the thirty


..."darling, you're positively medieval! Haven't you heard of 'Touch-and-Glow', Revlon's new liquid make-up with Lanolite*... the only make-up that gives your skin the new mat finish?"
*TRADEMARK

KEEP THAT
YOUNG, HEALTHY LOOK!

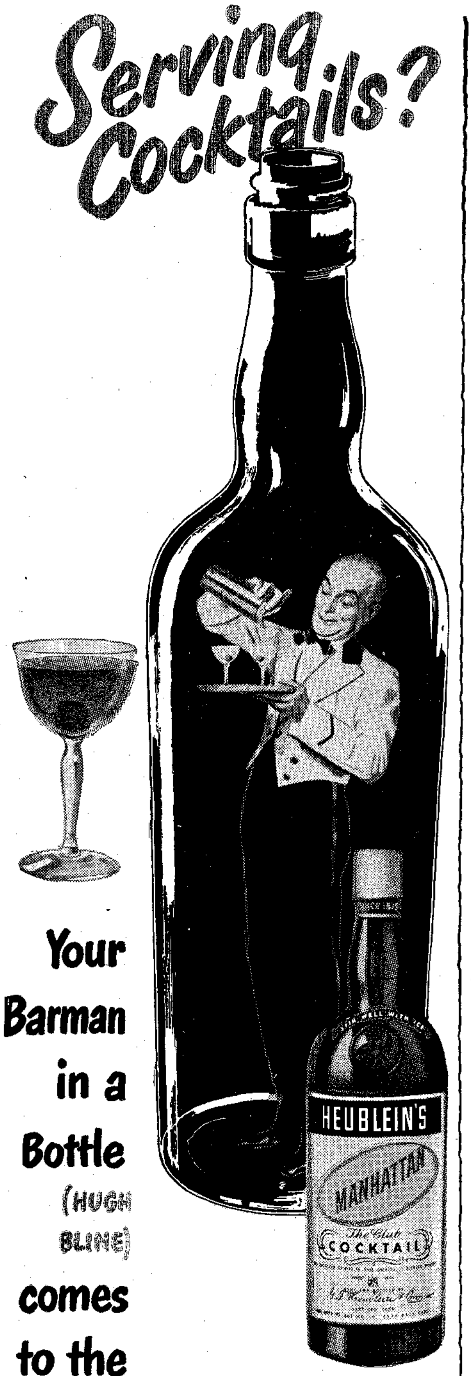
Join
Burgess Meredith

IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S
FOREMOST CLUBS

As man's youth has gotten longer, by decades, *more and more men are taking a YOUNG man's care of their appearance —more and more men are joining the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club. Aqua Velva brightens and braces your face after shaving, gives that youthful skin-freshness everyone enjoys looking at. Try it!*

***A few of the members:** Lauritz Melchior, Norman Rockwell, Lucius Beebe, Maj. George Fielding Eliot*

Burgess Meredith, distinguished actor and member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.



Your Barman in a Bottle (HUGH BLINE) comes to the aid of the party

Serve better cocktails, with less work. Made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists.* Ready mixed. No fuss. No waste. Just stir with ice and serve.

EIGHT KINDS
MANHATTAN, *65 proof*
DRY MARTINI, *65 proof*
GIBSON, *very dry Martini, 75 proof*
SIDE CAR, *60 proof*
DAIQUIRI, *60 proof*
OLD-FASHIONED, *70 proof*
WHISKEY SOUR, *60 proof*
STINGER, *65 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.®

male candidates, none had received more than 33,394,228 votes, and none fewer than 33,388,069. The distaff entry had received 3,703, so I guess it wouldn't have made much difference if I had endorsed her.

Things got pretty worked up along about here. A lady suggested that we save time by taking a standing vote on the regional meetings. A man objected violently and, glaring at the lady, said that he would not be intimidated by a management stooge. There were outraged cries of "Sit down!" and "Throw the bum out!" That settled the issue in my mind. I love watching fights, and I figured the more meetings, the more likelihood of mayhem. So, hoping that I might somehow continue to be a G.M. stockholder and thus be eligible to attend future brawls, I unhesitatingly voted in favor of the regional meetings when the appropriate ballot was distributed. My attitude was evidently shared by others, for when the results of this vote were revealed, we learned that the regional-meetings idea had come relatively close to approval, losing by a mere 31,832,276 to 1,106,636. If we can just swing the du Ponts and a few others into line, we may carry it yet.

There was no more official business to transact, but the meeting dragged on for quite a while nonetheless, largely because Mr. Sloan gallantly insisted on letting anyone with something on his mind express it. I had been meaning, at this stage of the game, to suggest the possibility of our adopting the British system of affixing lighted arrows to the sides of our cars as turn indicators, but so many other speakers took up so much time that I decided not to protract the meeting any longer. There were impassioned speeches on the subject of the amount of money our executives have been getting (the Messrs. Wilson and Bradley sat with commendable forbearance while people who were undoubtedly complete strangers to them loudly discussed their intimate financial affairs), on the state of the company's books (an auditor popped up from the audience and assured us that they were in A-1 shape), on the subject of a forty-thousand-dollar-a-year hotel suite the management was alleged to maintain at the Waldorf-Astoria (Mr. Bradley, on behalf of the management, assured us that it didn't have any suite at all at the Waldorf), on the subject of the alleged viciousness of a strike in 1944 on the part of some union workers in a factory that made penicillin (this didn't involve General Motors or, near as I could make out, any union that had any dealings with G.M., and was probably the day's most shining example of irrelevant oratory), on the subject of Communism, and on the subject of private enterprise. One lady who addressed herself to this last theme declared with emotion, "I'm in the army of private enterprise as a volunteer. Management is my general staff. I don't want to be diverted in this fight by enemies from within or without." She got a nice hand.

THE meeting adjourned at five-twenty, and after being bade a cordial farewell by several gentlemen with white carnations, I boarded a bus for the ride back to the railroad station. The man sitting next to me and I both discovered at the same moment that our hands were stained blue. "It's from the cover of the annual report," he said. "You'd think that du Pont could provide us with some dyestuffs that wouldn't rub off."

Resentful of this carping at a fellow-stockholder and anxious to change the subject, I said, "It was quite a show, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said sourly. "The only purpose of it all is to give the little stockholders a pat on the back and make them think they're big potatoes for a day. It's ridiculous to waste our time like that when the only thing we ought to be worrying about is throwing out the damn Democrats."

Abashed by the man's cynicism, I caught the New York train with a rather heavy heart. In the club car I picked up a copy of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, and what I read in the financial section bucked me up at once. I saw there that during the day, possibly even as we were all occupied with the meeting, our stock had climbed to 86⅛, a half-point advance that, I rapidly calculated, represented a paper profit of $274,579.50 to Mr. Kettering, of $250,000 to Mr. Mott, of $5,000,000 to E. I. du Pont de Nemours, and of $34 to me. Waste of time indeed!

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

●

SURRENDER

CITY RAINMAKER
SEEDS CLOUDS,
SHOWERS FALL
—*Headline in the Herald Tribune.*

Elements,
  Throw in the towel!
Fair today;
  Tomorrow, Howell.

—PHILIP LAZARUS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Underworlds

"THE ASPHALT JUNGLE" is a superior, if occasionally loose-jointed, gangster film thronged with the sort of characters that used to surround Cagney, Robinson, and Muni in the days when they were proving that crime doesn't pay. This picture is ostensibly designed to prove the old wheeze once again, but in the end one is tempted to regret that crime *doesn't* pay, because the malefactors involved are depicted so sympathetically. The boys' morals may be slack now and then, but their regard for wounded pals, sick wives, dim-witted trollops, mewling infants, and blooded horses compels reluctant admiration.

Adapted from a novel by W. R. Burnett and directed by John Huston, who also collaborated on the script, "The Asphalt Jungle" begins by toying around with police corruption in a Middle Western town, but it soon gives that up to concentrate on the activities of a group of thieves who are out to swipe a peck of jewelry from Belletier & Co., a kind of prairie-state Tiffany. Mr. Huston displays his customary flair for realistic and dramatic camerawork. He has certainly made the most of a not-too-arresting theme and has coaxed from his cast a number of practically flawless performances. As a crooked police lieutenant, Barry Kelley is frighteningly persuasive, and, as a criminal lawyer, Louis Calhern conducts himself as if he had only recently held down a desk in the offices of Howe & Hummel. In the roles of assorted gangsters, James Whitmore, Anthony Caruso, Sterling Hayden, and Marc Lawrence are assuredly a wonderful relief to anyone who has been agonized by the antics of George Raft types in similar parts. Another actor who does much for "The Asphalt Jungle" is Sam Jaffe, who appears to know how to case a joint as well as the chaps who did Brink's out of that million or more in Boston.

HAVING taken in Mr. Huston's excursion into the lower depths, you may pursue the course further by attending "Night and the City," an adaptation of Gerald Kersh's novel about the London underworld. In this film, which has plenty of rousing episodes, we find Richard Widmark as a shifty night-club tout who is determined to make something of himself, preferably something horrible but important. He is assisted in this endeavor by a chance meeting with an aging wrestler named Gregorius, father of a London sports impresario. Gregorius, it seems, is sore at his son because he promotes wrestling bouts in the modern manner, complete with biting, gouging, and choking. The old man prefers classical Greco-Roman wrestling. By pretending to be a supporter of the old-style grappling, Mr. Widmark becomes a partner of Gregorius, and then proceeds to double-cross everybody he knows to gain control of London's sports promotion. As events go along, we are introduced to the damnedest specimens of humanity you ever laid eyes on, from a makeup man for fake cripples to a kind of Apple Annie who is in reality in the hot-nylon trade. Mr. Widmark carries the burden of the acting, but he is not without valiant assistance. Francis L. Sullivan is fine as a night-club owner, and so is Googie Withers, as his wife. But it is the great old Stanislaus Zbyszko, as Gregorius, who gets in the most telling licks. In a bout with Mike Mazurki, who plays a modern-style wrestler, Mr. Zbyszko puts on the sort of performance you haven't seen in wrestling since he and Hackenschmidt abandoned the trade.

"A WOMAN preaching," according to Dr. Johnson, "is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." I'm afraid that in "Kind Hearts and Coronets" Alec Guinness is rather in a class with the Doctor's lady preacher. Mr. Guinness attempts in this one to play eight roles, ranging from a duke, through a parson, to a suffragette, but while he uses as many wigs and costumes as Owen McGiveney, the quick-change artist, he never seems to be anything more than an actor who has overextended his lines. Since Mr. Guinness is a man of merit, this is most unfortunate. The picture is concerned with the efforts of an impoverished member of a noble house to eliminate all the members of his family (Mr. Guinness) who stand in the way of his succession to a dukedom. After Mr. Guinness has been murdered two or three times, the conceit grows mighty wearing. Dennis Price, Valerie Hobson, and Joan Greenwood intrude upon him every so often.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

WITHOUT Ac'cent
Bla-a Hash
WITH Ac'cent
what Hash!

SURPRISING THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO OLD FAMILIAR FOODS!

Your cute and choosy eater won't play coy for long, once you touch the main dish with Ac'cent. What a *difference* it makes!

Ac'cent is like nothing you've ever known. Not a flavoring (it adds no flavor of its own), Ac'cent intensifies the good *natural* flavors already *in* foods—in meats, poultry, gravies, soups, vegetables.

In working this wonder, some scientists say, Ac'cent also urges the *taste buds* to a keener *appreciation* of food flavors.

You can buy Ac'cent (a 99+% pure monosodium glutamate in crystal form) in many grocery stores. If you can't find it in your vicinity, drop us a card. Amino Products Division, Dept. NY17, International Minerals & Chemical Corporation, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

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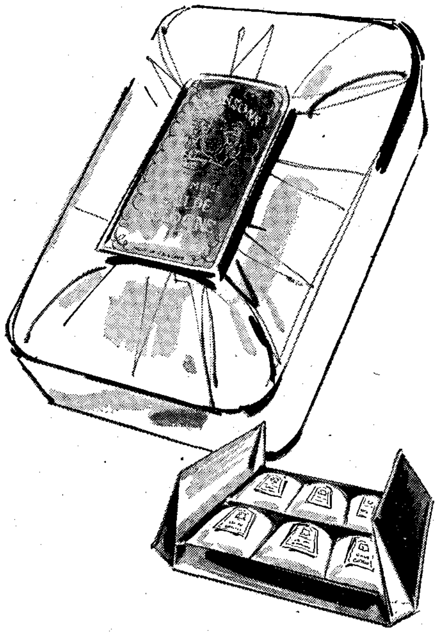
makes food flavors sing!
Ac'cent makes food flavors sing

Trade Mark "Ac'cent" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For you . . . a touch of Luxury

from Old Bond Street



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SOAPS

Luxury can consist of little things . . . morning coffee in bed, a yellow rose on the desk, fine soaps that bubble into a silken lather. Robinson's can't arrive in the a.m. with your coffee on a tray . . . or even with a rose . . . but we *are* prepared to serve you with the world's finest soaps. For a special lavish touch we suggest Atkinsons — scented with the fresh and lovely fragrances of their English Lavender or Gold Medal Colognes.

Presentation box, **4.00**

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DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES AND BEVERLY HILLS

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

PRINCETON, N.J.,
MAY 25, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ability to evoke the past was never better illustrated than in Mr. Roderick Haig-Brown's story "The Bells," printed in a recent issue of your magazine. I am sure that on the occasion of the defeat of Germany and under the spell of Mr. Churchill's eloquence Mr. Haig-Brown thought he saw the date 1101 A.D. on the great bell of a parish church near Winchester, but he must have been mistaken. In the first place, a bell of the size he describes was rare in the twelfth century. Only the great and wealthy churches could afford such a newfangled luxury. Then, few people in northern Europe used the reckoning "*anno Domini*" in the twelfth century. They either gave no year date whatever or counted by regnal years of kings, popes, and emperors. Furthermore, our curt and somewhat secularized abbreviation "A.D." was never used. The words were either written out in full or contracted thus: "*anno dni.*" Finally, no one in Christian Europe used Arabic numerals at the time. They first appear in Italy at the very end of the century and reach England generations later.

Reconstruction from second-hand evidence is always risky, but I suspect the bell was dedicated to an Anglo-Saxon saint, since the word "SANCTI" seems to have been clearly inscribed. If we could assume that Mr. Haig-Brown unconsciously reversed the order of letters and numerals to conform to modern usage and actually saw something like "A.D. 1101," then the most likely saint would be Adhelm, or Aldhelm. Aldhelm was one of the first and greatest of Anglo-Saxon scholars, and his monastery of Malmesbury was not far from Winchester. A dedication to him in that region is not unlikely and a badly engraved "ADHELMI" would resemble "ADIIOI" rather closely. If the numerals and letters occurred in the order given by Mr. Haig-Brown, then the best guess is Saint Edward, probably Edward the Confessor. There is some resemblance between "EDOARDI" and "IIOIAD," at least in bad light. Edward, the last Anglo-Saxon king, was frequently at Winchester, and he was revered (quite erroneously) throughout the Middle Ages as the founder of the English system of law. In either case, the spirit of Mr. Haig-Brown's report was right, even if the facts were wrong. A bell dedicated to Aldhelm or Edward links the England of today not merely with Agincourt and Acre but with the very beginnings of the English nation.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH R. STRAYER

CAMPBELL RIVER, B.C.,
JUNE 5, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

THANK you for sending me a copy of Mr. Strayer's letter. Unfortunately, I am not nearly scholar enough to give his good letter the straightforward answer it should have. All I can do is to attempt to analyze a visual impression now five years old.

The church of which I wrote in "The Bells" is, in common with several other churches near Winchester, dedicated to Saint Swithin. Its oldest parts are Saxon. Norman additions, including the tower in which the bells are hung, were built shortly before the extensive Norman work in Winchester Cathedral, which I believe is dated by Bishop Walkelin's prelacy (1070-98).

Knowing this, and having the utmost respect for my old tutor's scholarship, I was not surprised when he said that the bells had been rung since Agincourt, or by his careful reluctance to claim Crécy. Nor was I, as Mr. Strayer correctly surmises, in any cautious and critical frame of mind when I climbed the tower to look for the date. I did not expect to find a date and was intensely surprised when I did find one. I was still more surprised, and still uncritical, when I found I could read it easily, in what seemed very modern characters.

The ease of the whole thing began to raise doubts in my mind quite soon after, but I was returned to Canada almost immediately and had no chance to check. I felt reassured by my strong impression that the characters I had seen were raised on the bell, not cut into it, which would mean that the bell was dated when cast, not later. As Mr. Strayer does, I questioned the hanging of bells of this size in so small a church so early. But I remembered that the peak of Winchester's prestige and prosperity was reached in the early twelfth century and supposed that this little church, only two or three miles from Winchester, might have been passed by the early Norman kings on their way from London, and so especially favored.

I cannot estimate the size of the bell on which I found the inscription, and I may have been wrong in remembering it as the largest of the three. But I feel fairly sure that none of them weigh even nearly twenty-six hundred pounds, which I understand was considered a large bell in the eleventh century.

I am still without explanation for the Arabic numerals or the abbreviation "A.D." and would gladly accept Mr. Strayer's generous and ingenious explanations if my conscience would let me. But my impression is intensely strong that the letters and figures were distinct and easy to read. A letter to my wife, dated 9 May 1945, says they were "clear and utterly unmistakable," and gives the sequence as "1101 A.D." My encyclopedia tells me that Arabic numerals crept into a manuscript written in Spain in 976. Could another century and a quarter have carried them to my bell?

In spite of all this special pleading, I like Mr. Strayer's conjectures at least as well as my own. In 1109, Alfred's bones were moved from the ruins of the Minster to Hyde Abbey, very near my little church. This might have been a time of special recognition of the Saxon kings and saints, and would still have given the bells an excellent chance to ring for the Crusades.

Sincerely yours,
Roderick L. Haig-Brown

•

COUNTRY HOTEL

Where do they get the furnishings
That they put in country hotels?
(The auctioneer and the owner know
And neither of them tells.)
Why are the chairs all armless
And the drawers lined with last year's
news?
(Only the maid and the manager know
And neither expresses his views.)
When was the place banged together?
How many years has it seen?
(Neither the walls nor the manager
know;
It simply has always been.)
—George Gleason

•

Montevideo, Uruguay (AP)—A United Nations subcommission last night approved a code of ethics calling four journalists to be factually accurate and objective in their work.—*Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

Sometimes we wonder whether there are three.

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

An Invitation to try

HARVEY'S

BRISTOL MILK

A great sherry in its own right—the only alternate to our Bristol Cream

By the very nature of its rare quality, *Bristol Cream* cannot be produced in sufficient quantity to meet its world-wide demand.

However, we are confident that those devotees of *Bristol Cream* who cannot always obtain it at their wine-merchants, will find great alternative satisfaction in *Bristol Milk.*

Bristol Milk, like *Bristol Cream,* is a superb *oloroso.* It is not quite so rich, but has the distinctive mellowness and character of *Bristol Cream,* and is slightly lower in price.

A great sherry in its own right, you will serve Harvey's *Bristol Milk* proudly.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
EXTRA SUPERIOR GOLD
BRISTOL MILK
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
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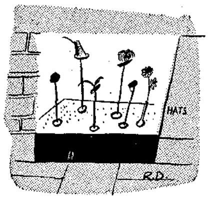
HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
SINCE 1796

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

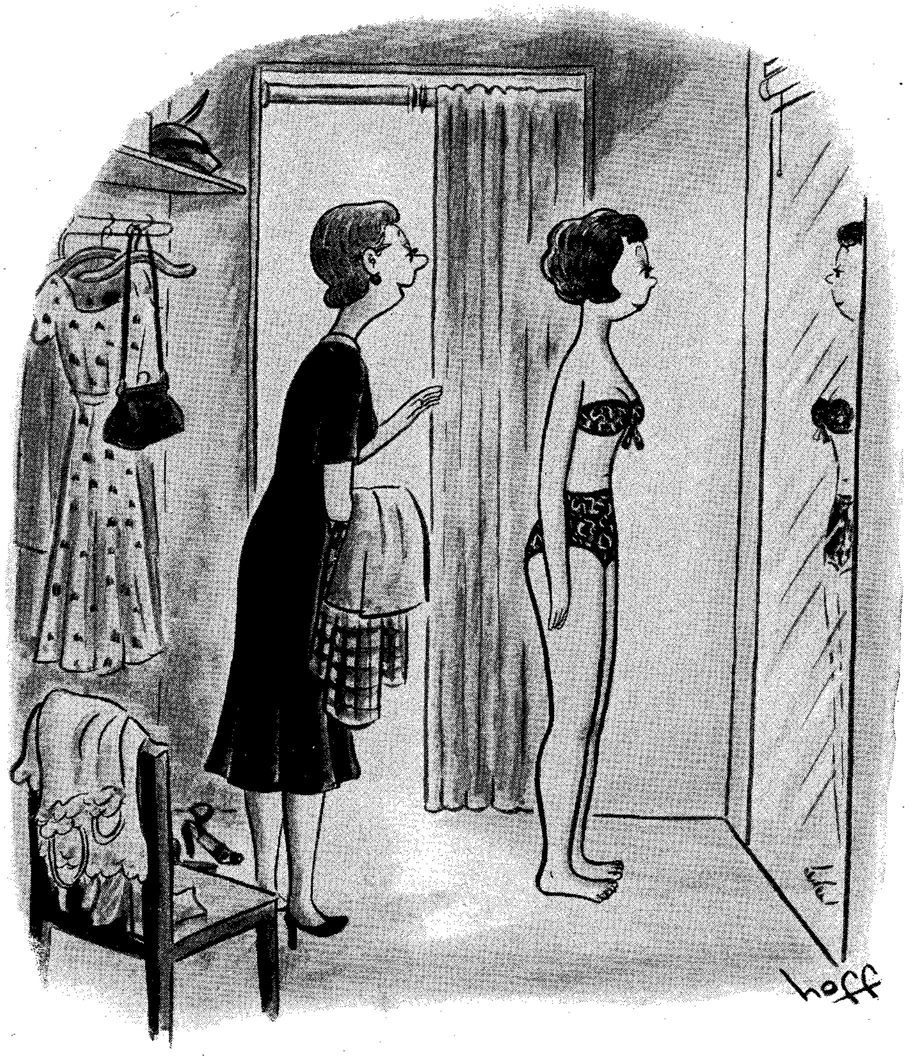
THIS AND THAT



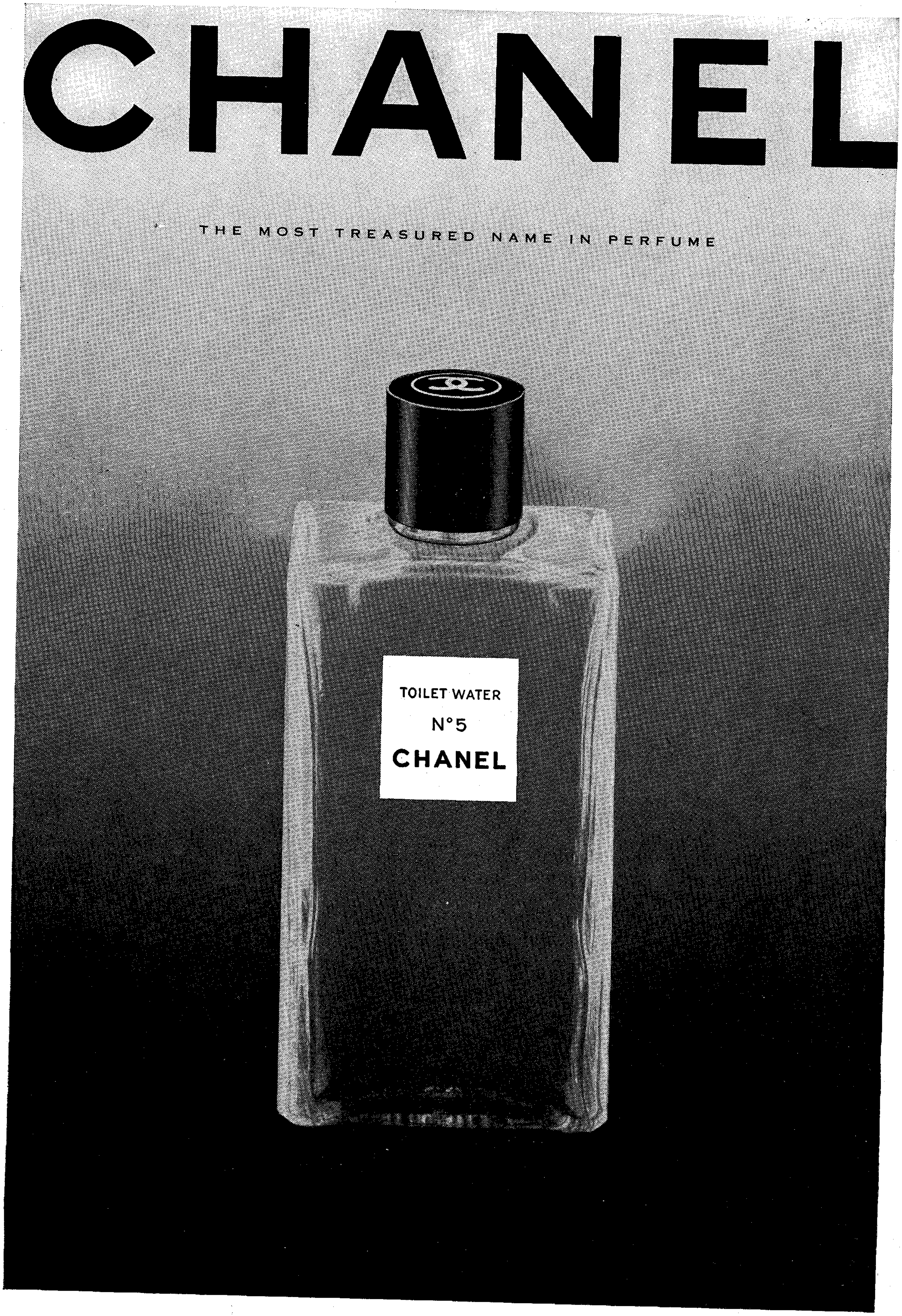
FOR the benefit of chronic procrastinators, and those who have been discouraged by the slow-motion advent of the good new summertime, it can be said that there are still some excellent things for the hot-weather season in most of the shops. Saks Fifth Avenue, like almost all of us, are thinking about travel and travellers, but the majority of the clothes on view there are versatile enough to look as at home in Manhattan as they would abroad. A well-tailored suit in natural or black linen could easily do double duty on a small tour of the Fifth Avenue emporiums and on the Grand Tour of Europe. Its fitted jacket has short lapels and rounded, slightly stiffened hips; its skirt is straight and buttoned down the front. It's yours for $69.95. The fairly low squared-off collar and the three-quarter sleeves of a two-piece dress of blue-and-white or gray-and-white foulard are bound with white grosgrain. The skirt is straight, and the price is $59.95. Dark polka dots are scattered over a tailored dress of white linen, and a contrasting scarf of rayon crêpe tucks inside its narrow shawl collar. This one is $35. To wear over these, or anything else, there's a fine raglan greatcoat of cravenetted black or blue gabardine, whose sleeves are tight at the wrists. The tag on this says $49.95. For less than half the money, there are fifteen-ounce silk raincoats, ranging from blackest black to blushing apricot. The management announces that they're wrinkleproof as well as water-repellent. Also for travellers is a duffelbag of plaid duck that stands sixteen inches high in action but folds down to just two and a half inches when it's not loaded; $30. Clem is the name of a handy little English travelling iron that is heavy enough to do a creditable job of pressing and is equipped to operate on A.C. and D.C. and a variety of voltages. It comes in a leather case, has an asbestos stand, weighs twenty ounces, and costs $15.

GERTRUDE HEANEY KANE, who holds forth on the fourteenth floor of 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), has clothes for women of all ages, but she offers women of mature figure a particularly interesting collection of clothes that are mannerly, yet have a bit of spirit. A handsome foulard daytime suit with a very small pattern in white on a blue, green, or mahogany ground is an example. Big loops of the material make the lapels and pockets of the fitted jacket, and its skirt is pleated down the center front. A variant of this, with a much straighter skirt, appears in black or navy tissue faille, which makes it a year-round item. A softly tailored afternoon dress is of black or navy rayon sheer. Its rounded lapels, rounded cuffs, and vertical pockets are all edged with hand-run Alençon-type lace. A short dinner dress is entirely of the same sort of Alençon, in black, blue, or cocoa. The heart-shaped neckline and the cap sleeves are scalloped, and the skirt is slashed down the front and finely pleated at the sides. An evening concoction of white pussy-willow silk printed with implausible but beguiling fuchsia-and-turquoise or green-and-brown pussy willows has a becoming cape collar; another nighttime white silk, printed with red-and-blue carnations, has a floating back panel, attached at the waist, to be draped like a stole about the shoulders or tossed over the head like a sari. Prices ascend from $65 into the hundreds, sizes run from 10 to 44 (there's a small additional charge for 42s and 44s), and it takes two weeks to fill an order.

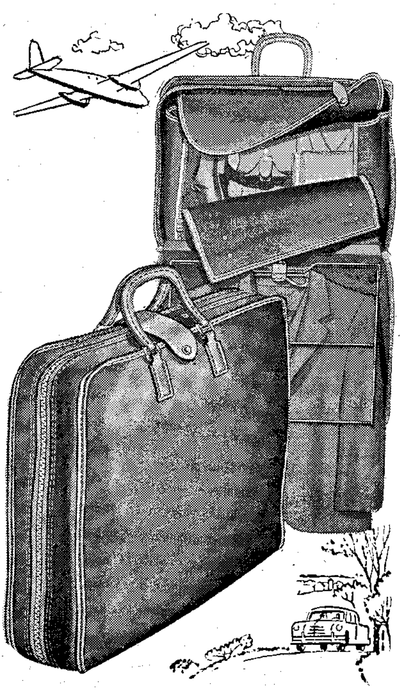
ELIZABETH ARDEN's ready-to-wear summer lingerie, whatever the ingredients, is a pleasure. There's a wraparound surplice negligee with a brief scalloped shoulder cape. It appears in pink, blue, or white sheer nylon, covered with embroidered white polka dots, and it's $29.75. A wispy matching gown of the same material is $26.50. Another gown of white, pink, or blue nylon



*"When he sees you in this,
he'll be seeing you in a wedding gown next."*



CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
TOILET WATER
N°5
CHANEL



A&F

Packed for pleasure!

Here is a canvas "two-suiter" wardrobe bag that could carry you through the longest weekend or be adequate for a vacation. It's good for train, boat or plane travel—for it weighs only 6¾ lbs. but holds everything you need, 6 changes of linen, toilet accessories and shoes, in addition to the two suits on hangers. It is zipper-closed with a padlock.

MEN'S TWO SUITER WARDROBE BAG . . . $27.00*
Brown canvas, 3-way zipper closed with padlock. Solid leather, sewn-on handles.
In all tan cowhide $45.00*

MATCHING OVERNIGHT BAG
Full length zipper with sturdy lock and metal braces to hold bag open for easy packing.
18" Canvas $18.00*
18" Leather $27.00*
*Tax included

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sheer, pleated all over and lavishly trimmed with nylon lace, is $34.50. There's a matching bed jacket and a matching three-quarter lounging coat. An accordion-pleated, scalloped, lace-hemmed petticoat of the thinnest nylon tricot is just right as the underpinning of a strapless or off-the-shoulders dress. It's only $8.95, in a variety of colors. There are matching pants. The pleats, Miss Arden says, are permanent, no matter how many washings they undergo. Those who are still faithful to cotton lingerie may have white batiste gowns, frothy and fresh and looking like a child's party dress, what with their wide, embroidered yokes and the ribbon threaded through the waistline. And to make thin dresses shadowproof, nothing could be better than a shantung slip. It's $11.95. Silk crêpe ones start at $9.75.

CHARLOTTE, an unpretentious, pleasant little establishment on the sixth floor of 38 East 57th Street, has chosen custom lingerie as its lifework. Almost everything is done by hand, and everything, furthermore, is magnificent. Slips and nightgowns of a batiste print—small bunches of yellow or gray violets on white—are edged with imitation Valenciennes; $12.75 and $19.75. Pale, flowered voile gowns, banded with shirring, are $16.75. If anyone has been hunting for a real envelope chemise, it's here, of a sort of chiffon nylon, in black, white, pink, or blue, and trimmed with nylon Valenciennes. A slip of black, white, or pastel silk crêpe has a yoke of Alençon-type lace and is cut high enough to shroud the brassière that would otherwise be on public view under a sheer blouse or dress. The phone number, which you still won't find in the book, is Plaza 3-9486.

BOURNEFIELD, a third-floor shop at 660 Fifth Avenue (52nd), has something called the Breez-ee, unquestionably because it's constructed in the frank and open manner implied by the name. It's a nightgown of pink or white plain or self-striped nylon, made like a peignoir and dipping so deep at the shoulders, to say nothing of the armholes, that it has practically a halter top. Very bare, very pretty, $29.95, and in your hands two weeks after you order it if your favorite color isn't in stock.

DELBEAU, a few steps north of Bournefield and across the street, at 675 Fifth Avenue, is full of excellent blouses, at from $8.95 to around $70. Among the least expensive ones is a charming white ribbed batiste with a narrow rolled piqué collar and cap sleeves. A mandarin blouse of white, navy, dull-gold, pink, or aquamarine shantung has braiding down the front and is buttoned down the back. A more tailored one—same colors, same material—has a binding of contrasting shantung on its turnover collar and its short cuffs. An enchanting after-twilight blouse, of imitation Alençon backed with sheer silk, should make its owner look as light and airy as the bubbles in a champagne cocktail. It's in black or navy over pale pink, and in beige over beige. Handmade French blouses begin at $19.95. One of white handkerchief linen is rather tailored. It has short sleeves, and large clusters of embroidered flowers and drawn work ornament the sides. First-rate for a town suit. This is also done in white silk crêpe, with either short or long sleeves. A blouse of white georgette or silk crêpe has a high, tucked collar and a finely tucked off-the-shoulders yoke banded with hand-run Alençon-type lace—very 1900 in mood.

EVERYONE at Georg Jensen is happy because, after a long hiatus, that traditional Danish silver jewelry is again arriving in this country. A good many of the old favorites are on hand. One of the best of these, a stunning flexible choker in a fan-leaf design, is $110, and matching bracelets are $45 and $55. Among the new things is a circular brooch with a center that is all butterflies and morning-glories, a perfect epaulet for a simple dark dress; $25. A smaller, oval brooch, with a center of fauns and dandelions (whatever can be the symbolism of *that?*), is $16.50. Little, heart-shaped earrings with a design of flying fish, sea shells, and sea grass are $19. There are matching brooches. Some things in the collection are as low as $3.50. All prices include the federal tax.

JULIAN GOODENOW, who's at 18 Christopher Street, is another silver man worthy of attention. His hobby is designing and making jewelry. Miniature-cowbell earrings set up a faint tinkle when tossed, by hand or by ear; $14.40. Belled charm bracelets are $9. Earrings that look like tiny twigs are $7.20, and there are matching lapel pins at the same price. Mr. G. will do any of these in gold, but not for the same money, of course. He'll also make good-looking link belts of all manner of foreign coins for $65 and up, or for less if the coins are yours. These prices, too, include the federal tax. The shop is open from nine-thirty to six, or tries to be, but you know the Village. A phone call for an appointment might be the ticket.

EMMETT HOLCOMBE, whose bower is at 225 East 57th Street, is a florist with ideas in his head. He sends summer brides down the aisle with a breathtaking wreath of white geraniums in a setting of rose-geranium leaves, and a matching bouquet in which the blossoms and leaves have been worked into the form of one enormous geranium. He thinks a headdress makes a nice substitute, now and then, for the corsage that often goes with a décolleté evening dress. A slim, fragrant coronet of tiny garnet roses is $7.50; one of stephanotis interlaced with ivy is $10. His corsages, when he does do them, are all right, too. And a thank-you missive for a hostess or a best-wishes one for an actress on opening night could be a pair of little Victorian bouquets of small pink roses and blue laceflowers or delphiniums. Holcombe wraps his fantasies in suitable splendor, such as white glass foil flecked with silver, and ties a live nosegay on the top of his delivery boxes.

BEAUTY IS SKIN-DEEP, OR DEEPER: Mary Abels, at 42 East 57th Street, is already known for her manicuring. Now she's added a facial department to her business. No massage; a laying on of her unguents does the work while the customer drifts and dreams. The rites include the application of a creamy white mask to the face. After it's been there half an hour, it is washed off and an astringent is dabbed on. The result is a sea-nymph dewiness of complexion, perhaps because both mask and astringent have a seaweed base. This procedure is $4.50 a face. . . . John Hall's double-quick permanent, for bustling career girls and the like, uses up only fifteen minutes more than the standard shampoo and set and makes a lovely, loose, natural wave. Not recommended, though, for those whose hair is extremely fine or who want tightish curls. The job costs from $7.50. The shop is at 26 East 56th Street. . . . Colognes in stick form are beginning to deluge the town. This way, they're as deliciously cool as ever and the danger of spilling is reduced to zero. For instance, Lenthéric's Tweed is now being presented in stick shape under the tag of Tweed Icicle. It's a fine daytime scent; $2.40. And D'Orsay's Intoxication, a light but lingering flavor and ideal for evening, is $2.10 as a stick. It's at Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord & Taylor. . . . Not everything has gone Birds Eye, though. Lenthéric's new

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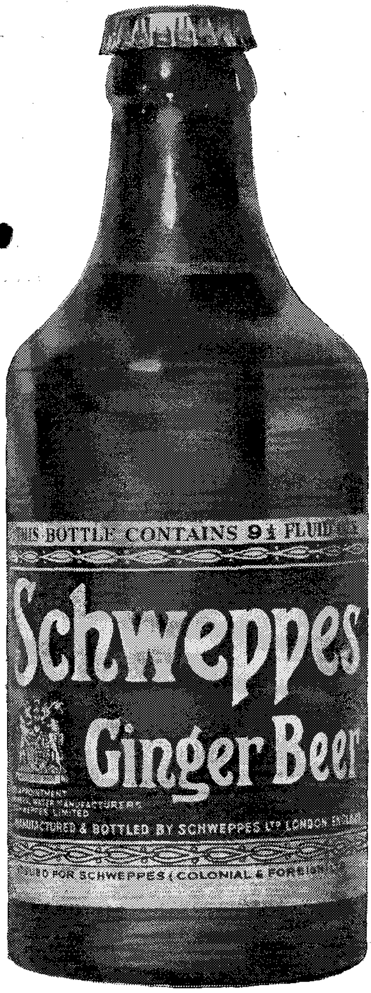
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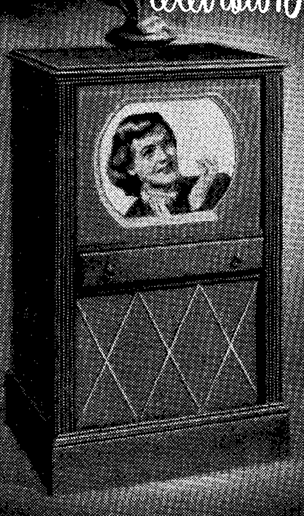

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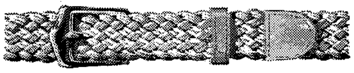

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Red Rose, a sweet and pungent perfume, is liquid as can be. A half ounce is $4.80; three and a half ounces of the same scent in cologne are $1.20. Atkinsons of London's cologne, Mirage, is a nice and flowery invention with a mysterious undertone that you'll have to guess at yourself; $4.20 for four ounces, and Saks Fifth Avenue, Wanamaker, and Caswell-Massey, the drugstore at 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), have it. Ciro's Peti-Pat, a welcome revival of a useful mechanical contraption, is a gold-metal case that looks like a lipstick holder. When you tap it, the perfume with which it is loaded pops out, drop by drop. Ciro fills it with Surrender, Reflexions, Danger, or New Horizons; $2.40, regardless. . . . Jacqueline Cochran has lately devised a creamy cleansing lotion that does a thorough job; four ounces cost $1.80. Altman, Bloomingdale, Jay Thorpe, and Lord & Taylor, among others, will sell it at the drop of the requisite folding money. Frances Denney's foundation cream, Texture Tint, is good for a drawn and weary hide as well as for the one whose wearer hasn't time for a real vacation. It can make skin look as though it had been lying around in the sun for a month. No powder is needed. A dark beauty of this department's acquaintance likes it in rose beige; others may prefer the rose *or* the beige. Whichever, it's $6. Some women golfers have been heard to speak admiringly of a cleansing oil made by Estée Lauder. They claim that it makes the skin immaculate and, dabbed on the nose and other vulnerable spots, prevents the peeling of a sunburn. Saks Fifth Avenue, for one, have it; $3 and $4.80. . . . A five-minute facial can be managed with Pink Ice; $2.40 for a four-ounce jar. . . . And Pinky is a new polish remover in a square glass container into which a small brush has been built. All you have to do is draw your fingers across it. It costs $1.20 and refills are half that. Bloomingdale is the place.

Last word: The federal tax is included in the prices that have just been bandied about. —G. J.

•

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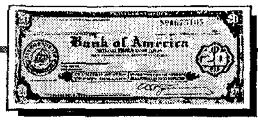

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LETTER FROM PRADES

JUNE 7

UNTIL now, doubtless the only earthly connection between this remote Pyrenees village of Prades and the United States has been sculptural, and tied up with a popular Riverside Drive bus ride. The Cloisters, in Fort Tryon Park, owes its name and fine Romanesque atmosphere in part to its possession of the biggest existing slice of the once famous cloister of the Abbey of St.-Michel-de-Cuxa, situated on a hill outside Prades. The people of Prades—there is no one left in the abbey—wish that history had not removed their treasure such an exceptionally long distance from home. A new aesthetic connection between Prades and America is the Prades Bach Festival, just opened here, which is being sponsored and mainly attended by American Bach-lovers, come all the way across the seas to this rather inaccessible valley. The Festival celebrates, first, the two-hundredth anniversary of the composer's death and, second, and more locally, the reëmergence of probably his greatest living exponent, Pablo Casals, who is certainly the world's greatest cello player and since 1939 has been the village's most noted Catalan émigré from Franco's Spain.

For the occasion, Casals is playing in public for the first time since 1947, when he decided that since the democratic governments had finally accepted the dictatorship of Franco, he, as a Spaniard, must make it clear that he did not accept it. So he gave up his concert career as a protest against what he considered a morally shabby postwar world. He is performing now because some of the leading younger musicians in America sent word to him last year that his premature silence had, along with the war and postwar travel difficulties, prevented them from ever hearing him play, and also because they declared that they wanted to come over to Prades and organize a festival of homage to Bach and to him as a politico-musical idealist who had refused to compromise for them or anybody else, or even for his own pocketbook's sake. This gives a notion of the almost Chautauqua-like fervor—the hero worship, the confusion, the practicing, the rehearsing, and the great expectations—that has been rocking this simple, inexperienced old village. Its streets are now filled with a mixture of garrulous international music-loving visitors and silent old local women dressed in black, of motorcars and donkey carts. Dominating it all has been the recrudescent figure of Casals. At seventy-three, he is stout, vigorous, indefatigable, and completely bald.

ON the opening night, the scene was impressive, both inside and outside the handsome big Church of St. Pierre, where the concerts are taking place. From the church square, floodlights blazed on the cream-colored thirteenth-century church tower for the first time in its existence. A peanut-and-ice-cream booth had been set up close by, as if for a county fair. The square's buildings were hung, in a sparse, economical way, with the red-and-yellow striped flag of Catalonia. Like most of this border region, Prades was Catalan until France conquered it, in the seventeenth century, and it has gone on uninterruptedly speaking and feeling Catalan, which is unquestionably why refugees like Casals have the split satisfaction of feeling both at home and in exile here. By nine o'clock, what looked like the village's entire population (about five thousand) was massed in two watchful lines, between which eight hundred concertgoers, more than half of them American, self-consciously marched up to the church door. Some of the women concertgoers wore mantillas or veils on their heads, because they were going to listen in a church. Among the members of the orchestra inside were some women, and they wore little black caps, because they were playing in a church. A request was made in the program that there be no applause in the church, so the audience rose in welcome to the Maestro and thereafter rose whenever it wished to indicate applause. The Bishop of Perpignan, over for the great event in his red cape, cap, and stockings, blessed the occasion, Casals, and the composer, whom he referred to as "Botch." The performers sat on a stage in front of the altar, in the shallow choir.

The church, whose interior is graystone Gothic, with Romanesque chapels and lavish baroque décor, was built for religion, not concerts. To aid the acoustics, fishlines have been stretched parallel overhead and attached to the lofty clerestory balcony, and fishlines weight-

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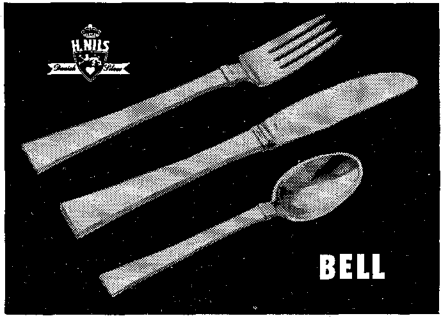

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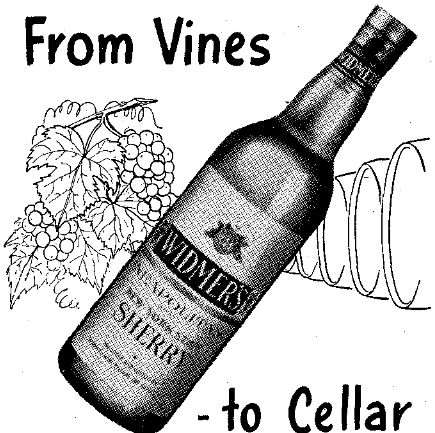

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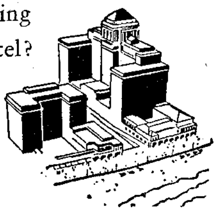

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ed with hooks and sinkers hang down from the chapel arches in a fringe. Behind the altar, the half-hundred gold, blue, or pink cherubim, saints, and angels that populate the ceiling-high Spanish carved retable certainly pocket some of the music's clarity.

Casals opened with the first Bach Suite in G Major for Unaccompanied Cello, and in spite of the poor acoustics, a glorious volume of sound rose from his strings. The stroke of his bow was like heavy silk; his vibrato was strong and rapid as that in the throat of a young man. What Casals gave was the culmination of a life devoted to technique, enriched by recent sad years of seclusion and freed once more for pleasure. Conducting the "Brandenburg" No. 2, he made Bach sound popular, in a new, noble, fast way, instead of traditional, boring, and dull. Being a cellist, he leaned especially on the big stringed instruments for support, instead of putting the customary Teutonic reliance upon sweet violins. And, being Latin, he gave the Second "Brandenburg" an un-Germanized, southern, joyful rhythm that made it sound like the most well-tempered dance music of the ages.

IT was in the morning of the day the Festival opened, however, that the really great performance of the Second "Brandenburg" was played. It was done twice—in rehearsal and, again, for a Columbia recording in the refectory of the village girls' school. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be smuggled into the refectory that forenoon heard what may have been the best performance of the entire Prades cycle. After fifty days of rehearsals, on that last great day the orchestra had a few perfect hours of mellifluous ripeness, like that of a peach or a plum; the playing was just right, and the musicians themselves were just right—slightly intoxicated by work, by June heat, by Bach, and by enthusiasm. The recording made that morning should, with luck, be a beauty.

According to reports, Columbia Records contributed fifteen thousand dollars to the purse that made the Prades Festival possible. (The purse was also contributed to by wealthy women music patrons, like Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and Mrs. Rosaline Leventritt, as well as by prosperous orchestras, like the Boston Symphony.) Columbia ought to get a lot of its money back on its recordings of the Festival's six chamber-music concerts and its six orchestral concerts, which include all six of the "Brandenburg" concertos, on an esti-

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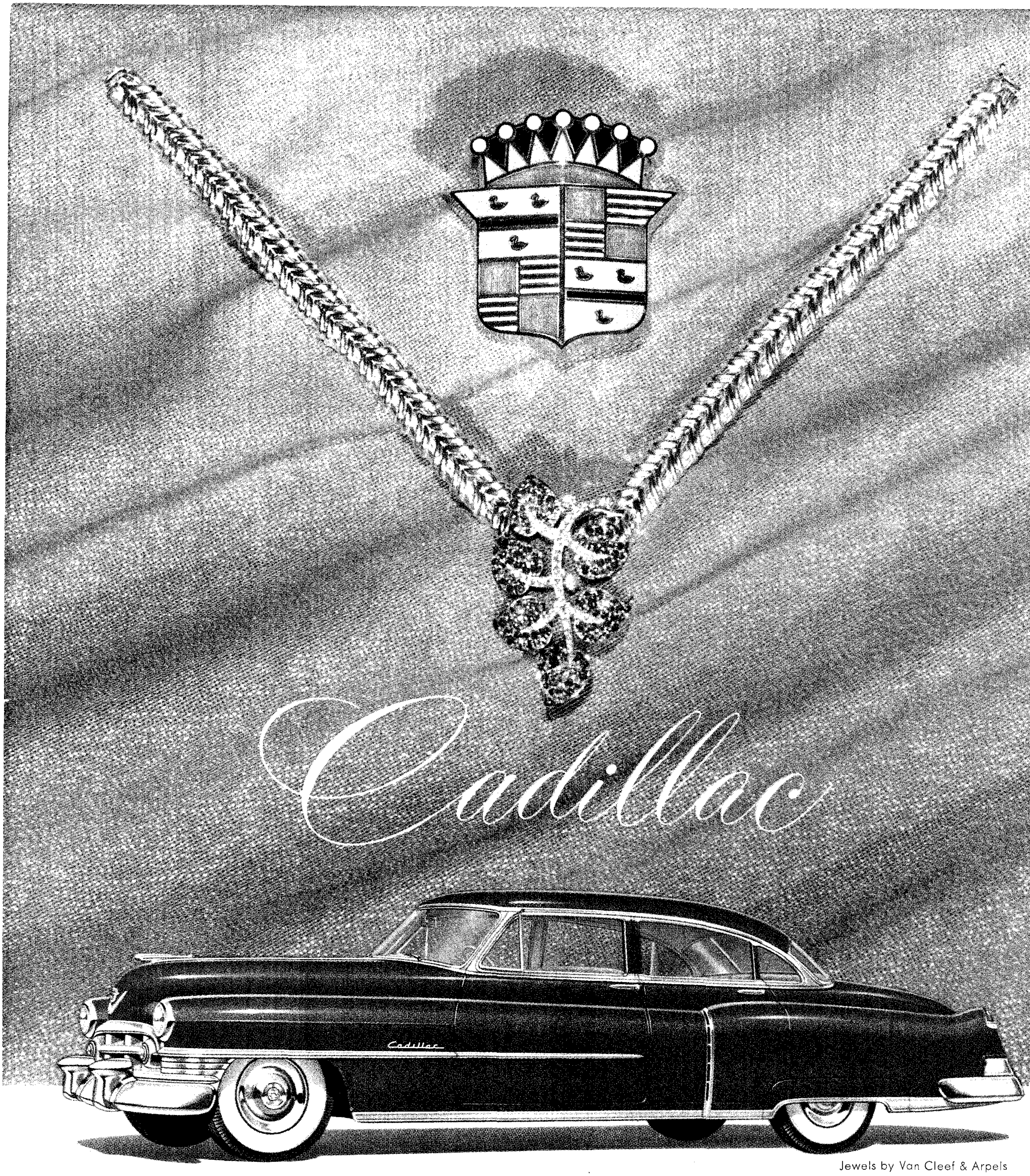

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ★ GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION mated twenty-seven platters. It is reported that Casals is to get a ten-per-cent royalty on everything. In addition, several visiting soloists have turned their royalties over to him for his lifetime, as a safeguard for him when he can no longer teach. But the greatest generosity was shown by the thirty-five members of the orchestra, who have given their time—about seventy days of it, by the time the nineteen days of the Festival are finished, on June 20th. Round-trip boat passages were paid for those in the orchestra—just over half—who came from the States, and the railroad fares for all the others, who came from France and Switzerland. Each member was given, in addition, three hundred dollars for other expenses. All the Americans, at least, have lost money, because of engagements elsewhere that they refused, but they are glad they came; they find Prades worth it.

Life is cheap here, and plumbing primitive. As many musicians as possible are crowded into the twenty Spartan rooms that constitute the village's Grand Hotel, its present social center. Others are rooming with hospitable villagers, or at inns in neighboring towns; often, they must bicycle home, and uphill, after each concert. On such sporting jaunts, Miss Madeline Foley, the New York cellist, who is living at the neighboring Vernet-les-Bains, carries her instrument strapped across her handle bars. All the orchestra members are top-flight, successful professionals, and most of them are young. The list includes Miss June Rotenberg, of the St. Louis Orchestra, who is one of the rare lady bull-fiddlers; Leopold Teraspulsky, the cellist; and the oboe expert Marcel Tabuteau, of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Among the visiting soloists are Leopold Mannes, Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Joseph Szigeti, Eugene Istomin, and Doda Conrad. The concertmaster is the concert violinist Alexander Schneider. For the past few years, he has been coming here to study musical interpretation with Casals.

Schneider was the leading impassioned spirit in, and inventor of, the Prades Festival. He is also leader of the fanaticism about Casals, which marks the American group particularly. At night, they sit in the Grand Hotel's modestly equipped main-street café—the Grand refused to believe that foreigners would actually cross the Atlantic to attend any Prades shindig, even if it included elephants, and so failed to lay in whiskey and gin—and argue about the psychoanalytical definitions for words like "soul," "inspiration," and "purity;"

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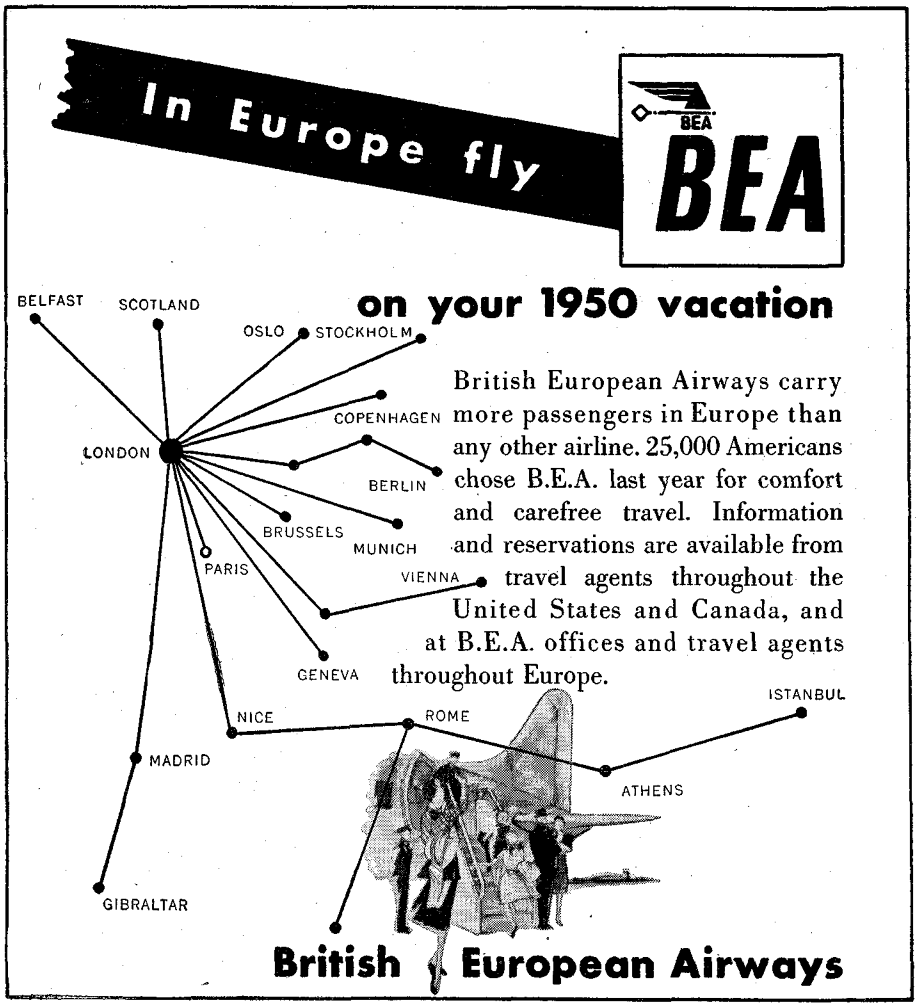
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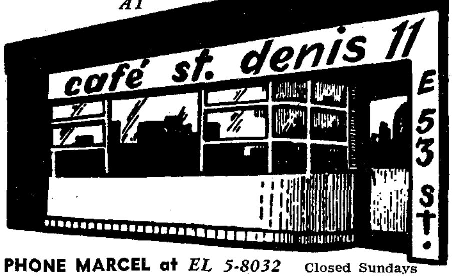
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that is, when they are not discussing the Maestro. Even those who were skeptical about the legend of the Maestro and came to Prades only to polish up their technique seem now to regard him as a musical messiah. At rehearsals, and on the altar's stage, they all play with the burning attention of fanatics, and when he plays, they lean out from their places to watch his every move, like disciples who want to remember how it all looked. This attitude is a secondary characteristic of the Prades Festival, just as the secondary characteristic of the Salzburg Festival, underlying Toscanini's great direction, was chichi and clothes.

THE Roussillon valley in which Prades sits is one of the richest in France. The orange earth lying between the clumsy blue mountains and, to the east, the opaque salt marshes by the Mediterranean is planted thick with orchards and lush grapevines. The latter produce a sweetish table wine from which apéritifs like Byrrh are manufactured. These are the fertile fields that the Catalonians fleeing over the mountains when Barcelona fell in 1939 camped on, destroying the tender vines, along with the French welcome, as they desperately hunted up families and friends in the dark of night, cut down fruit trees to keep warm in the chill spring rains, and lost track of the thousands of horses that they had brought with them and that took to the roads and vineyards in destructive herds. At Amélie-les-Bains, a football field was turned into a refugee field, without water supply, for thousands of dirty, thirsty men. Farther from Prades, on the Mediterranean beach of Argelès-sur-Mer, was a camp watched over by France's Moroccan soldiers, mounted on brisk little stallions, and by Senegalese troops. At Argelès, the refugees slept in holes filled with seeping sea water, caught colic, and died in great numbers, literally sick to death of the reception offered by Republican France. It was a bitter time for both Spaniards and French. Prades people say that most of the Spaniards who fled to their region were spread out northward over France by the government in order that they might find work, that some later returned to Spain and the acceptance of defeat, and that most of those who remained joined the French Communist Party.

Enrique Casals, the Maestro's brother, himself maestro of the Barcelona Symphony and here as chief of the Festival's second-violin section, says that there are two Spains today—the one imagined by Catalan refugees in France and the one seen by Spaniards who live in it. The brothers joined the Republican cause belatedly, when Franco destroyed Catalonia's new autonomy, which its patriots had dreamed of for centuries. Enrique Casals says that if there were a free election in Spain today, only about eight per cent would vote for Franco. But if there were a plebiscite on doing away with him, eighty per cent would vote to keep him, because they fear the disorder of Communism as they remember it even more than they do his regime. He says that you can stand on any street in Spain and say what you think about the government but you cannot print it anywhere; that while Catalan refugees here are convinced that the Franco prisons are filled with Republican patriots, the Spanish in Spain are convinced that the prisons are filled with ordinary criminals, the patriots undoubtedly having perished long since. He adds that Franco's system is bad, but at present it is not being cruelly applied.

THE Maestro lives in a gardener's old-fashioned cottage at the gate of a pretentious villa, on the edge of town, that belongs to a well-to-do non-refugee Catalan family named Marty-Roy. Young musicians who have been invited to Casals' sanctum to talk or play or listen say, almost with admiration, that he lacks absolute pitch, that his piano is tuned half a tone too low, that his cello, which is an eighteenth-century Goffriller, looks as if it had not been cleaned for a hundred years, that a piece of paper is stuck under the bridge to steady it, and that a broken matchstick is wedged under a string on the fiddle head to keep it taut. One of Casals' recent visitors was Burl Ives, who serenaded him outside his window one evening with "I Know Where I'm Going." The Maestro invited him in for more ballads and returned the compliment by playing some Bach for Ives. The Maestro's closest local friend is his physician, the Catalan Dr. René Puig, who serves on the Comité d'Action of Prades—leading citizens whose dazed but efficacious devotion to the cause of having their town turned upside down, mostly for visiting foreigners, is the basis on which the Festival really functions, outside of Bach. The Action Committee organized the housing in, and transportation to and from, the hotels for miles around, all of them grander than the Grand at Prades—spa hotels at Molitg-les-Bains and Thuès-les-Bains, and, for visitors with their own cars, Font-Romeu, which is forty kilometres distant, and even Collioure, the fishing port and artist colony over on the Mediterranean. Under this pressure of tourism, the local fishermen of mountain trout, which abound in the little River Têt, have jumped their prices from seven hundred francs a kilo to twelve hundred francs.

In the Prades locality, there is one resident, Frère Louis, an elderly monk, who has been particularly interested in conversing with visitors from New York. Having heard that the section of his cloister at Fort Tryon Park is splitting its friable stone under the extreme New York temperatures, he is worried and wants news. He dwells in a modern monastery beside the antique, ruined Abbey of St.-Michel-de-Cuxa, is toothless, polite, and ruddy-faced above his patched, well-tailored white wool habit, and acts as guide now that the unhappy cloister, which till recently had no pillar *in situ*, is being partially restored. Masons lately removed ten of its magnificently preserved pink marble columns, topped with white capitals of acanthus leaves and monster heads, from the façade of Prades's St. Pierre Church, where they were stuck in the last century. These columns are now mostly in place on the site of the old cloister, and around them will be reconstructed one of its four sides. The adjacent tenth-century abbey, now a great, gutted, roofless shell of thick walls and arches, became dilapidated, Frère Louis says, during the French Revolution; the hulk and cloister were then abandoned by the monks, and were eventually acquired by some French antiquarian. In 1913, the wrecked abbey was bought, and returned as a gift to the monks, by the American sculptor George Grey Barnard, who had located thirty-seven of the cloister's columns. These a Rockefeller fund purchased for the Metropolitan Museum in 1925, and the cloister at Fort Tryon Park was subsequently constructed around them. Frère Louis says that somebody once sent him a postcard of the Cloisters, which he still treasures, showing the columns in position in Manhattan, but he asks, please, for some other postcard, showing, perhaps, the herb garden they surround (he has a garden of sorts near the abbey), and he would also like a postcard of the Hudson River, which has been reported to him as so big that he cannot visualize it. Frère Louis also politely asks if the people of New York are likely to mind his praying that someday St.-Michel-de-Cuxa's thirty-seven columns will be returned.

—GENÊT

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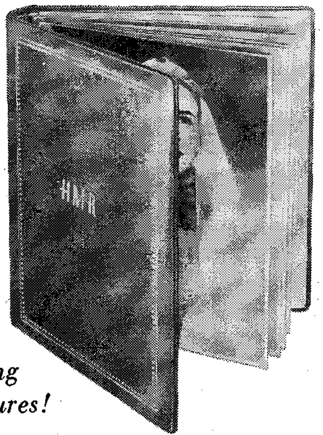

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THE RACE TRACK

Texas Star

ANYBODY who thinks Middleground isn't our best three-year-old—right now, anyway—should have seen him win the Belmont Stakes. It doesn't embarrass me, if I may say so, to find myself enthusiastic about the King Ranch's colt, for he has been second best on my list all year.

Most of us who went to Belmont Park last Saturday for the third of the spring classics expected almost anything to happen, because form had been so mixed up for more than a fortnight. What we saw, however, was a well-run, exciting race with few surprises. Hill Prince led for nearly a mile and a quarter of the mile and a half, but Middleground was never far behind. And he was running so easily and powerfully three furlongs from home that watchers felt sure he could go to the front whenever he pleased. Actually, he didn't take the lead till the last furlong; then he won by a length from Lights Up, with Mr. Trouble third.

As in the Kentucky Derby, which, I hardly need remind you, he won last month, Middleground was the best-trained horse. For one thing, he had had a short rest after he finished second to Hill Prince in the Preakness, three weeks before, and he showed it. Middleground, I can report, in case you haven't seen him, is one of the handsomer horses in training—if you don't look below his knees. His ankles are large and lumpy, and last Saturday his hind legs were bandaged. Still, he can run a bit. He managed to get around the course in 2:28⅗, a couple of seconds faster than Whirlaway did in his Belmont, nine years ago.

I might mention, too, that the race was a clean sweep for Texas. Middleground was foaled on Robert J. Kleberg, Jr.'s, King Ranch; he was ridden by Bill Boland, a young man from Corpus Christi who is turning out to be one of our better jockeys; and he was trained by Max Hirsch, who was born in Fredricksburg, same state. Hirsch must be pretty tired by now of hearing what a good job he's done, but it is a good one. Incidentally, he must be at last convinced that Middleground is something more than a miler. As this is written, he hasn't decided whether Middleground will run for the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct a week from Saturday or will have a longer holiday.

I cannot speak with equal enthusiasm of Hill Prince, the favorite for the Belmont, and this department's favorite all spring. He tired badly and finished seventh. He had lost weight—obviously the effect of the hard racing he has had—and was nervous. Besides, he has changed his way of running. Early this season, you may remember, he used to start slowly and finish with a great rush. In the Preakness, the Suburban, and the Belmont, he went to the front like a quarter horse. (After the Belmont, Arcaro, who rode him, said he simply hadn't been able to hold the colt in check.) It's my guess that Hill Prince is fed up with racing, knows he has to run, and wants to get the beastly chore over as quickly as possible. Horses sometimes become neurotic, you know. At all events, the Belmont was the poorest race of his career.

TRIVIA: Our pet roving observer reports with delight the latest excuse for Your Host. Seems that the reason California's wonder colt won the Kent Stakes at Delaware Park last weekend by only three-quarters of a length, when it was expected that he would win by ten, was that he stumbled in the stretch. That reminds me of Owl Eyes, the clocker; when he's working on you to put a bet down on a horse for him, he always says, "Why, this colt is so good he can fall down, roll over, jump up, and win by himself." . . . Any lingering skepticism about Cochise's being one of our topflight older runners was cleared up the other afternoon by his performance in the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs ("Suffix Downs," horseplayers call it), when he won by lengths from My Request and Loser Weeper. Better remember, though, that he runs well only on a fast track.

—AUDAX MINOR

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The rent on the new quarters, he said, is "slightly more," but he added that the new quarters will mean increased inefficiency.—*The Post.*

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[*Adv. in the Evanston (Ill.) Review*]

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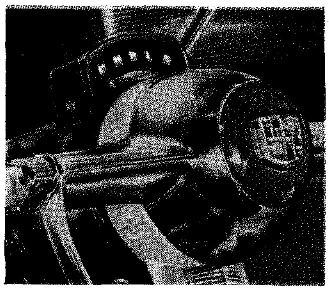

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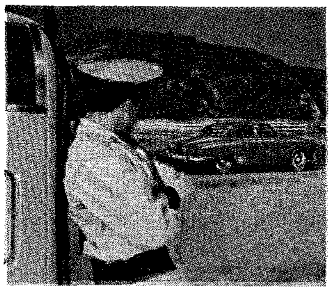

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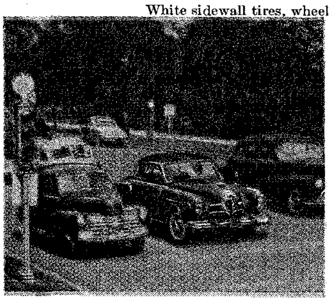

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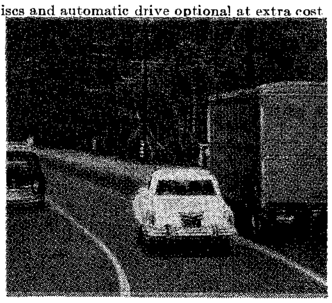

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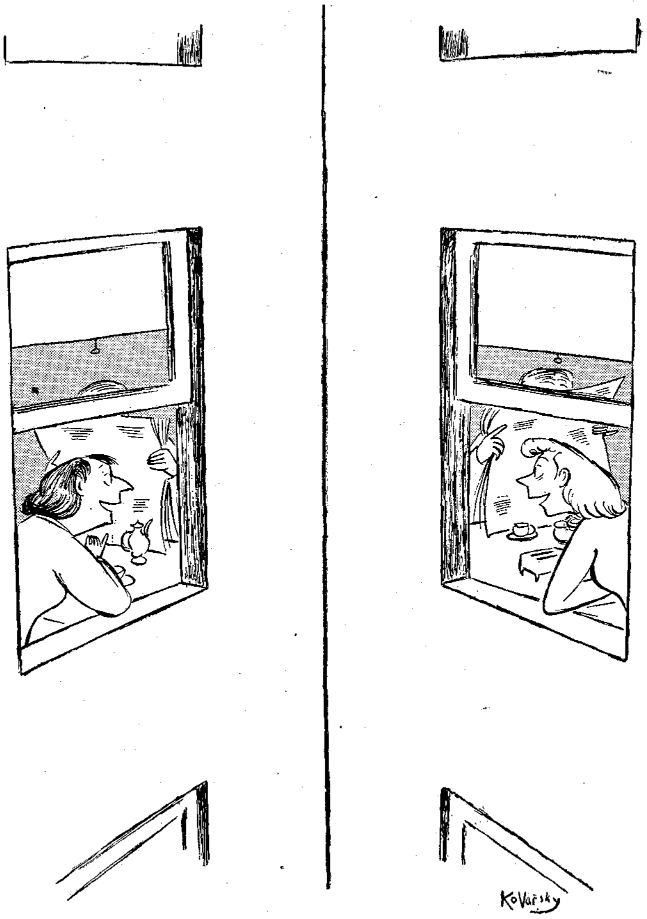
BOOKS

Close Pursuit of Things Past

THE journalistic content of French fiction, like the fictional content of French journalism, has always been high. The characters in Stendhal and Balzac are affected by contemporary politics to a degree unmatched in Dickens and Thackeray. Proust, hardly a reportorial type, gave the affairs of Captain Dreyfus as memorable a place in his quest for the past as those of Swann and Charlus. At the beginning of the nineteen-thirties, when, as François Mauriac once said, the French felt they were in an automobile without brakes or steering gear, this journalistic aspect of the novel got to be the more important one, and writers became primarily reporters of their times. The novels of Malraux, Céline, and Aragon will serve the student of the decade better than newspaper files or diplomatic memoirs, and even such a minor work as André Chamson's "La Galère," about the impossibility of Right-Left social relationships, has a solid value as reporting that it does not have as art. One common emotion in these novels of the thirties is disillusionment—bitter in Céline, hopeless in the early Sartre of "La Nausée," snickering among such lesser practitioners as Marcel Aymé, who wrote a book called "Le Bœuf Clandestin" (I don't believe it was ever translated) in 1939. This was a story about a dynamic, American-style French businessman who pretended to be a vegetarian, thus making his omnivorous family feel gross and inferior, but who ate large beefsteaks when he thought himself unobserved. (The title was ingenious.) His daughter caught him at it; I forget whether he committed suicide. Another character I remember from "Le Bœuf" was an ostentatiously religious old general, sentimentally devoted to his crippled sister and at the same time an enthusiastic collector of erotica. These he bought from a dealer in holy books. Aymé's best effects were always spoiled by his own slightly too evident appreciation of them.

This novelistic social history of France was later interrupted by five years of war, but since the Liberation, French writers have been racing to bring it up to date. They have been proceeding at different speeds, naturally, according to the scale of their conceptions and their capabilities. Sartre, for instance, has already done three volumes of "Les Chemins de la Liberté," and has got only as far as the defeat in June, 1940. The third volume is so recent that it has not yet been published in translation. And while Sartre's homosexual collaborationist, Daniel, stands feasting his eyes on the athletic bodies of the first Nazis to enter Paris, Jean Bloch-Michel has already given us a good novel of the Occupation, called "The Witness," of which I have previously written. Now two other French novelists have reached the American public with chronicles of the aftermath of collaboration. Things hardly have time to become past nowadays before they are remembered in print.

ONE of these two books is "The Barkeep of Blémont" (Harper), by M. Aymé, who is as knowing as ever. The war, it appears, didn't fool him for a minute. He continued to publish in France throughout the Occupation, and emerged with the high surface shine on his prose unscratched. Two-thirds of Blémont, the fictional town of the title, has been destroyed—not by Germans but by either British or American airmen—needlessly, since the Germans, for whom M. Aymé has no hard words, had already withdrawn. The bombing was also inefficient, as the bombs hit the wrong side of town, leaving untouched the railroad yards, the bridge, and the large factory that had been working for the Nazis. The authorities never refer to the nationality of the authors of the disaster, but as the Party line develops—this is in the summer of 1945—the Communists begin to say openly that it was the work of the Americans. Bombed-out Blémontois are billeted with the more fortunate tenants of the surviving buildings. M. Archambaud, the chief engineer at the collaborating factory and the vehicle for the author's reflections, has done only the necessary during the Occupation; he has not, like the factory's owner, profited extensively. Still, as he cycles away from a meeting of the factory staff, he feels embarrassed because he has allowed himself to be talked down on a technical matter by a younger engineer, a man whose brother died in Buchenwald. M. Archambaud resents Buchenwald less than the circumstance that his colleague's brother chose to die there.



Returning to his flat from a nocturnal stroll, Archambaud finds lurking under the stairs at the entrance of his building a former clerk at the factory, named Maxime Loin, who has been editing a collaborationist newspaper in a nearby city. Archambaud does not approve of Loin—"he had," we are told, "no sympathy for the man's views, and condemned him for having seen in collaboration a means of subduing France, whereas to him, Archambaud, it had been a means of defending her." (M. Aymé does not explain how; he apparently relies on his readers' knowledge of Pétainist doctrine.) Nevertheless, Ar-

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chambaud feels sorry for the hunted man. He therefore takes him up to his flat, where, with the coöperation of Archambaud's wife and Marie-Anne, their daughter, Loin remains concealed for three weeks, despite the fact that two of the Archambauds' five rooms are occupied by a bombed-out Communist family, the Gaigneux, and another by Professor Watrin, a teacher at the local lycée, who has also lost his home. (In addition, Watrin has lost his wife, the victim of a bomb, and has become permanently euphoric because he is so glad to be rid of her.)

From then on, things are rather gay. Loin wants to seduce the daughter, but hasn't the nerve to try; Mme. Archambaud, a determined woman weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, seduces him. The Communist Gaigneux, also possessed of a *béguin* for Marie-Anne, walks into the living room of the Archambaud flat one day when he thinks she is alone and discovers Loin there with her. Loin realizes the Communist will be obliged to report him, so he allows himself to be led off to the police station after he and Gaigneux, to save trouble for the Archambauds, have agreed to say that they met on the street. As for the barkeep of the title—this is one of those stories with two parallel plots, tenuously connected—he is a large, doltish fellow, the local strong man, who is killed by the police because he knows too much about the billions of francs that M. Monglat, another local war profiteer, derived from his deals with the Nazis. With part of his profits, Monglat has bought influence in the national organization of the Communist Party, and, inferentially, in the government, which is, also inferentially, as corrupt as governments before the war. The book, I am told, had a good sale in France, a number of readers appearing to find consolation in it.

ROMAIN GARY, the author of "The Company of Men" (Simon & Schuster), the other new post-Occupation novel, spent the war, according to his publishers, as a pilot in first the French and then the Free French Air Force. So it is natural that he should approach the Liberation from a rather different angle from that of the resolutely unembarrassed M. Aymé. He is a new writer, who tells a story as if he must. The first pages of "The Company of Men" describe the chagrin of M. Jean, known as Marius in the Resistance, when, after the Liberation, the authorities confiscate his machine gun. "He made a very bad impression everywhere," one reads. "An excited type, they said. They took the machine gun from his arms, politely but firmly. We were no longer in the Wild West, they explained to him, emphasizing a little rudely the words 'no longer.' The Resistance was finished, and liberation, too; now it was the turn of real soldiers—the Germans were in flight, now we would have a real army." Within a short time after the Liberation, the Jeans were as disgruntled as the Archambauds. But the Archambauds had the jobs.

Luc Martin, who at the beginning of the book is fourteen, is the narrator of "The Company of Men," and he recounts what happens with the dry irony, but without the self-pity, of Céline's Ferdinand in "Death on the Installment Plan." Luc's father, a rural schoolteacher, has been killed while working in the Maquis; Luc, who has grown up a kind of savage, since his mother died when he was six and his father was with him little during the war years, is taken to Paris as a ward of the nation. He has enough of that in less than one day. (The Cabinet Minister's reception for the Resistance orphans ranks with Céline's best scenes.) Luc plunges into the Paris underworld, where "there was a wind of freedom blowing; you could buy anything in the black market." The principal source of supply was the American Army, and boys were the intermediaries between the "*dudules*" (adults) of the black market and the G.I.s, who "never refuse to talk to children." The *dudules* supplied capital, ideas, and protection, and kept most of the profits.

Luc's tutelar *dudule*, a shabby old rat named Vanderputte, is so abject that he holds his children by pity rather than fear. They recognize that he is sly. Hollywood sheds its effulgence over the special world in which this trade is carried on. Girls shout themselves permanently hoarse to give themselves voices like Lauren Bacall; boys sit through three showings of a Humphrey Bogart picture to study the fashion in which the great artist kicks a man in the face; driving an automobile, Luc daydreams that he is helping Edward G. Robinson fight off pursuing G-men. He and his friends progress from illegal chaffering to armed robbery, and, as "the adolescent gang," gain a newspaper reputation. Luc's only legacy from his father is a copy of the "Pensées" of Pascal, with marginal notes in the schoolmaster's hand. He carries it with him on all his stickups, somehow equating loyalty

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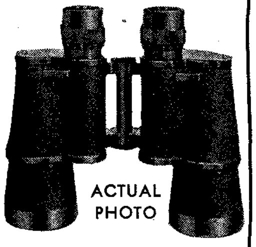

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to his companions with his father's loyalty to comrades in the Resistance. When he learns from his enemies, the police, that old Vanderputte was in fact an informer who in 1943 betrayed eighteen Resistance leaders to the Gestapo (the police had just fallen heir to this information themselves), his loyalty goes, by reflex, to Vanderputte. His father had written in the little book, "Only mercy can measure us all, only mercy can contain us all, it is the only mark of our equality." At this point, I must admit, I grew impatient with the boy, and the whole device of the little book seemed a distraction from what had been a marvellous picaresque.

Luc helps Vanderputte escape, gets him nearly to the Spanish border, and then, rather to his own astonishment, kills him. "I think it was not only compassion which made me act then," he writes. "Some deep feeling of failure and humiliation compelled me. . . . What I had tried to save, what my father had died for, seemed to me at this moment to be *nonexistent* and empty of meaning, betrayed by everyone, abandoned a long time ago. . . . There seemed nothing left for me but to submit at last to a cowardly, welcoming conformity. . . . I pushed him against the wall. . . . Now I could take my place among men."

You can make what you want of the ending. I understand that Joseph Barnes, who has done a translation that doesn't seem like one, professes to find it hopeful. Whatever it is, M. Gary appears to live in a different world from M. Aymé, as different as "Hamlet" is from a Palais-Royal farce.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ENCOUNTER, by Crawford Power (Sloane). Father Cawder, an exceptionally ascetic and at the same time very human Catholic priest, is mysteriously impelled to seek the acquaintance of a travelling acrobat named Diamond. Diamond and his girl, Stella, turn out to be a doomed pair, determined to destroy each other, and Father Cawder finds eventually that the passion and misery of their lives have revealed to him his own total lack of love for any being. The priest is thus abandoned in what appears to be a perfectly sealed trap. Mr. Power is a thoughtful and sometimes striking writer who presents his characters with such re-

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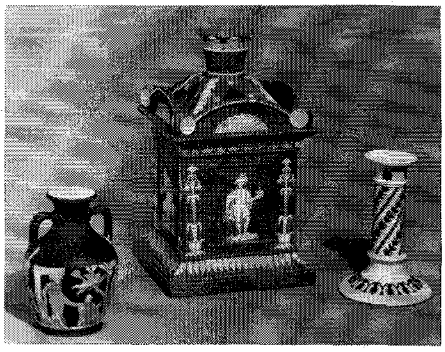

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spect and understanding that it is impossible to lay his book down until one discovers what the end is going to be.

TOO LITTLE LOVE, by Robert Henriques (Viking). Mr. Henriques gives a strict accounting of all the changes of mind and heart that take place in the well-to-do Meredith family of Neapcaster Park, Gloucestershire, from about 1925 to about 1948. The Merediths and their servants and friends all lead fairly disorganized, erratic lives, but somehow, the way it's described here, their behavior never seems more than completely ordinary. The story is told in an endless series of chatty and often inconsequential episodes. After a while, we get the feeling that we're wading through the correspondence of some people who are strangers to us and who, for all we care, will always remain strangers, because it is difficult to feel inquisitive or even spiteful about them.

THE LEGACY, by Nevil Shute (Morrow). Jean Paget, a heroic girl who survived a women's death march in Malaya during the Second World War, returns to London, alone and friendless, to find that a recently deceased uncle has left her a lot of money. She immediately returns to Malaya, and goes from there to Australia, where she finds and falls in love with an Australian soldier who once risked his life to save her. This is an honest, matter-of-fact story about plain and worthy people. Although it is actually a love story, the only touch of pure romance is supplied by Jean's lawyer, a widower of seventy, whose hopeless love for his client lends a becoming depth of melancholy and extra emotion to the whole thing.

GENERAL

THE YANKEE EXODUS, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan). A history of the migrations westward from New England, which did much to shape the character, good and bad, of this country. The Yankees began moving out as early as the latter part of the eighteenth century and continued through the nineteenth and into the twentieth. There are many explanations for the exodus—poor land, taxes, religious differences, and bad climate—but Mr. Holbrook thinks that the old Yankee itch to see if the grass was really greener elsewhere was as much of a driving force as anything. Wherever the Yankees went, they took their "notions," which ranged from the Colt revolver to the Concord coach, without which the Old West would not look the way it does today in the horse operas, to theories of education and strong ideas about how other people should behave themselves. The book has been distilled out of an enormous mash of source material, and is written with the same headlong enthusiasm and in the same readable style that distinguish all Mr. Holbrook's excursions into Americana. Many illustrations.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL, by George Backer (Random House). The parallel is between Ivan the Terrible and Joseph Stalin, and it was inevitable that, sooner or later, somebody should write a book pointing it up. The author contends that there is great significance in the current glorification by official Soviet historians of Ivan IV and his bloody reign, because, he says, "history is only the re-creation of the past in the image of the present"—especially, one gathers, in modern Russia, where history is more of an art than a science and is constantly being rewritten to conform to the Party line. Thus, according to Mr. Backer's thesis, Stalin not only must approve of Ivan's ruthless suppression of internal conflicts, his seizure of all authority, and his expansive conquests but must also, in effect, hammer home to the Russians that what was good for them in the sixteenth century is just as good for them in the twentieth. It makes an ingenious argument, and the author has bolstered it up with a good deal of knowledgeable historical background. The flaw in the book comes from Mr. Backer's tendency to wander all over the place in his reasoning.

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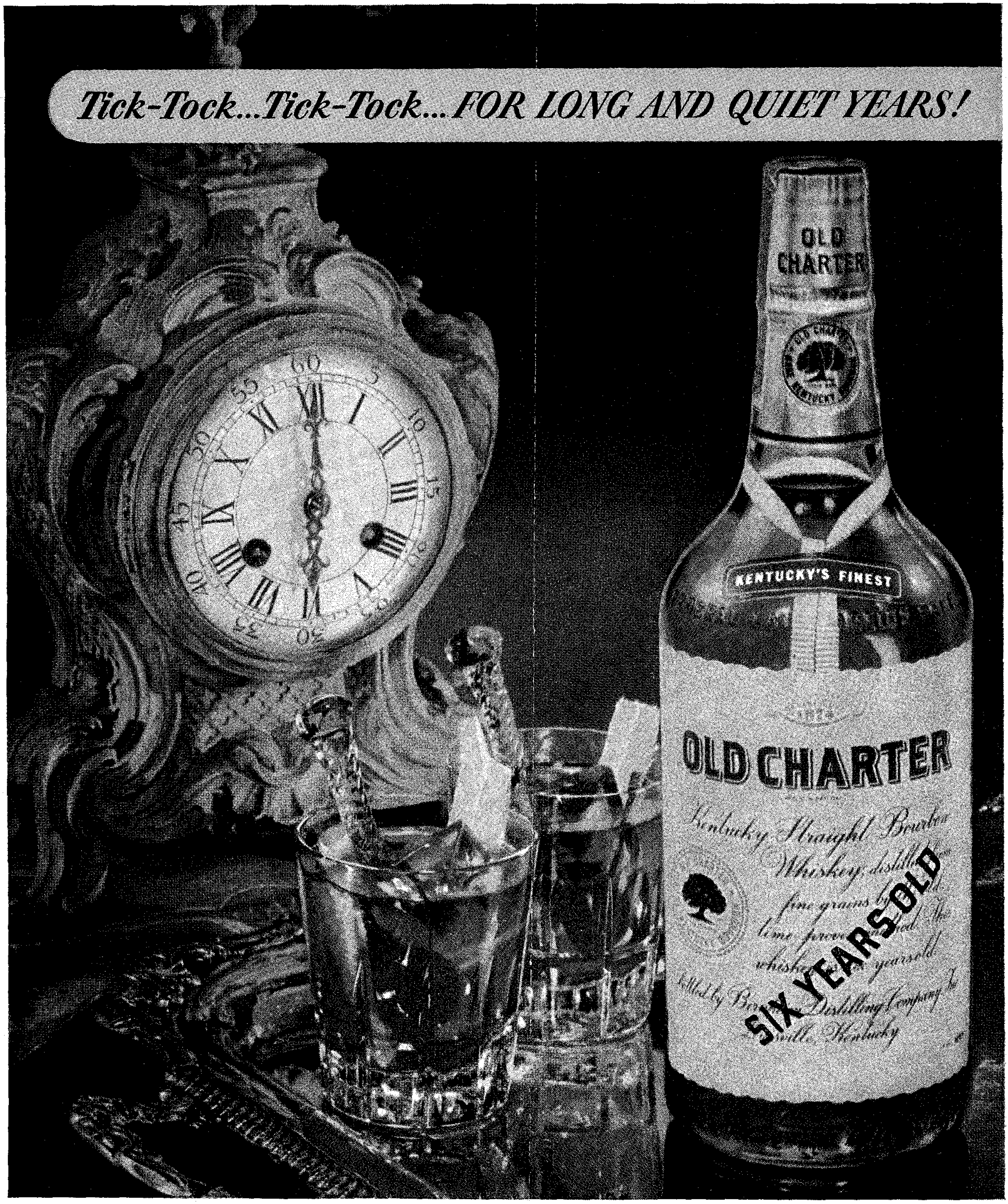
SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Yale Alumni Magazine*]

'87
ALFRED LEEDS

I noticed that President Dodds of Princeton in his message of congratulation to President-Elect Griswold, referred to the fact that Mrs. Griswold's father was a Princeton man, as were also her brothers. I would like to call attention to the fact that Mrs. Griswold's mother was an Archbald of Scranton and she had three brothers, all of whom came to Yale. The oldest one was a James Archbald of the class of '87, and Joseph Archbald, '88S. The class of the other brother I do not remember. I thought this might be of interest to show that Mrs. Griswold has also some Yale background.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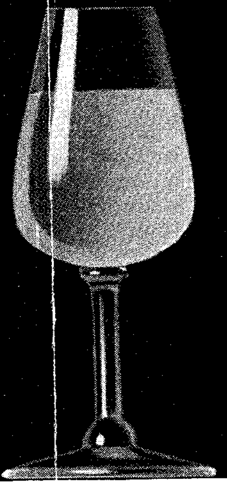

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